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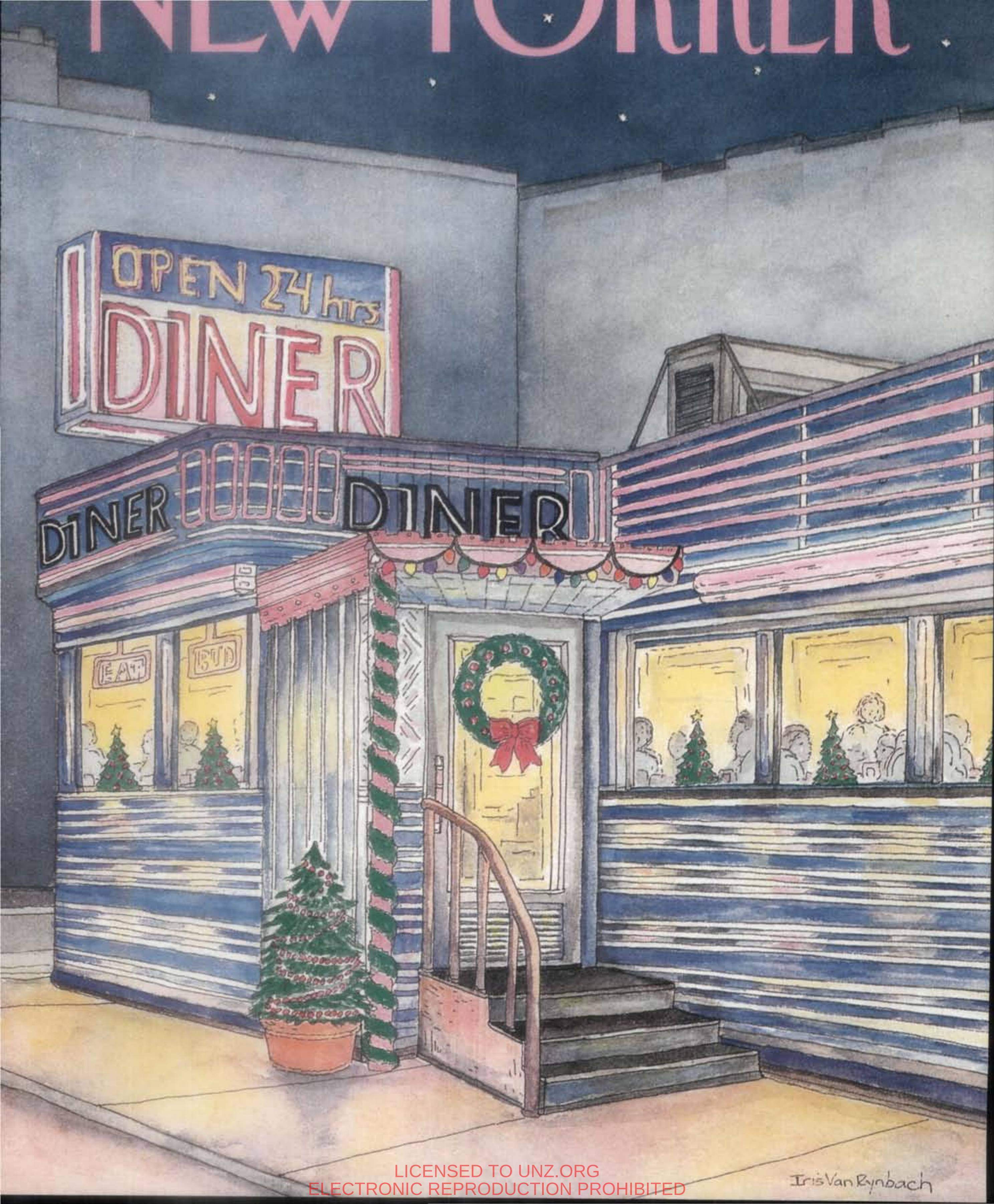
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—The third of this season's series of eight productions will be a revival of **THE GINGERBREAD LADY**, Neil Simon's 1970 play. Opens Thursday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 3. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. Reopens Friday, Dec. 4. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The fourth annual presentation of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the

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DRAWINGS: *Henry Martin, Frank Modell, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Robert Mankoff, William Steig, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Charles Addams, Bernard Schoenbaum, Tom Funk, Ed Arno, Mick Stevens, J. B. Handelsman, Al Ross, William Hamilton, Roz Chast, Leo Cullum, Jack Ziegler*

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 42, December 7, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
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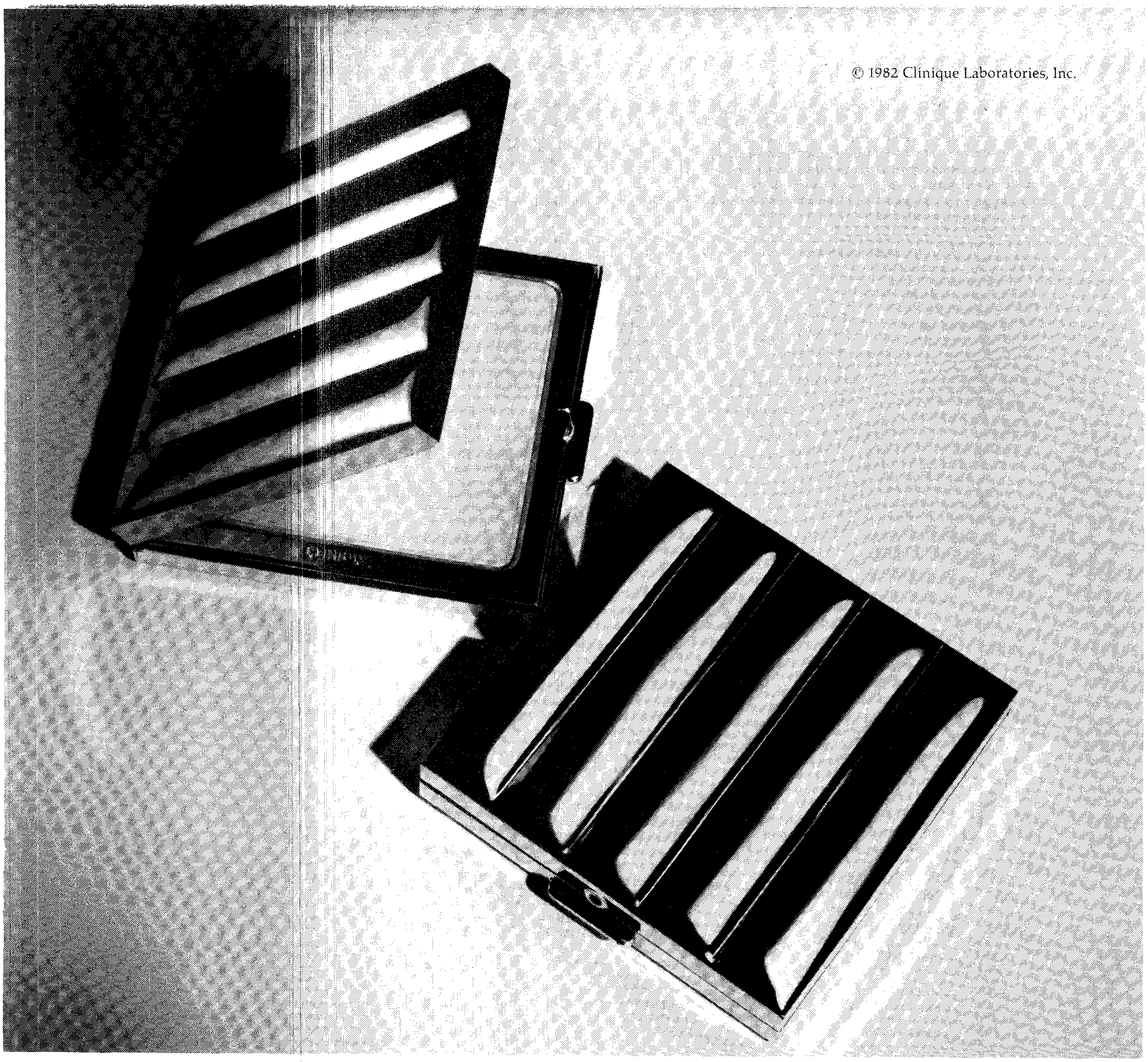
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



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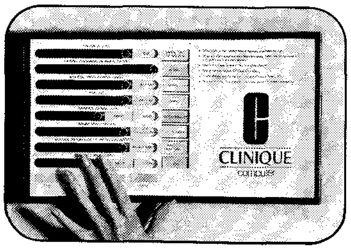

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Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Mahabharata—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Medea—The late Charles Ludlam's parody adaptation of Euripides runs only about fifty minutes and is basically a curtain-raiser. Presented here on its own, in a spirited production directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, with Everett Quinton and Black-Eyed Susan alternating in the roles of Medea and the Nurse, and a three-woman chorus led by Katy Dierlam, it keeps the Ludlam tradition gloriously alive but leaves you wondering what to do with the rest of your evening. The production with Susan in the title role is funnier—possibly because it gives Mr. Quinton a chance to deliver the death-of-Creusa speech in true Ridiculous Theatre style. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore—This Tennessee Williams play dates from the early sixties, the period when the playwright was becoming increasingly dependent on drugs and when his longtime companion and lover, Frank Merlo, was dying of cancer. Essentially a reworking of "Sweet Bird of Youth," with the spectre of Death substituted for Age as its central theme, it represents Williams at his pseudo-poetic and self-indulgent worst. (The play flopped twice on Broadway.) This revival—in which elaborate hamming from Elizabeth Ashley, Marian Seldes, Amanda Plummer, and Stephen McHattie makes the play particularly unpalatable—is strictly for those who feel either that Williams could do no wrong or that no wrong could be done him. The poor direction is by Kevin Conway. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Moms—A celebration of the comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Of Mice and Men—A dreary revival of John Steinbeck's dreary play about a pair of ranch hands—smart little George and big stupid Lennie. (11/2/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Old Business—Joe Silver and Michael Wikes in a two-character play written and directed by Joe Cacaci. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—The comedic duo in a return engagement. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott, and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Puta Vida Trilogy—These three one-act plays by Reinaldo Povod, who wrote last year's fine "Cuba and His Teddy Bear," have strong dialogue, but little else to recommend them. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Real Estate—A play by Louise Page, with Sada Thompson. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—Two one-act musicals by Keith Herrmann and Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 645-0783. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Serious Money—A comedy by Caryl Churchill, performed by a company of actors from London, under the direction of Max Stafford-Clark. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—Barbara Lebow's well-wrought and deeply moving play about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era is set in 1946. The production is beautifully directed (by Mary B. Robinson) and designed (by William Barclay), and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor who comes to New York in search of her husband, and the other by Paul Sparer as her father, who failed to get her out of Europe before the Nazi invasion. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

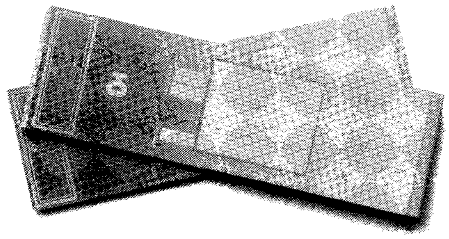
Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Teddy & Alice—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

That Serious He-Man Ball—A play by Alonzo D. Lamont, Jr. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trinity—Three one-act plays by Edgar White. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,488 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little star in Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE**



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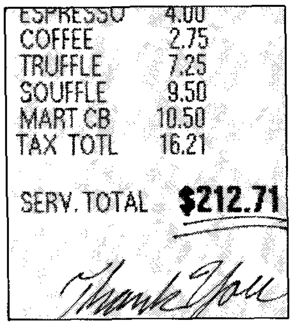

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WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!": Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Presenting the Squat Theatre production of **"'L' TRAIN TO ELDORADO"**—Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 2-5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 7. . . . ¶ John Adams' opera **"NIXON IN CHINA"**—With a libretto by Alice Goodman, choreography by Mark Morris, and direction by Peter Sellars. Friday, Dec. 4, at 7; and Sunday, Dec. 6, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, and Saturday, Dec. 12, all at 8. Through Thursday, Dec. 17. . . . **HENRY THREADGILL**—With an ensemble of instrumentalists and singers. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 5-6, Tuesday, Dec. 8, and Saturday, Dec. 12, all at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8; Monday, Dec. 7, and Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; and Friday, Dec. 11, at 1:30, 5, and 8. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—The seventh season at Lincoln Center for this one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park. Wednesdays, Dec. 2 and 9, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3-4, Tuesday, Dec. 8, and Thursday, Dec. 10, all at 11 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 5-6, at 12:30 and 4; Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 12:30, 4, and 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

CIRCUMSTANCES—A one-man show written and performed by Louis Mustillo. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 691-7641. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ON SECOND AVENUE—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

SING HALLELUJAH!—A gospel-music revue. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3-4, and Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 5 and 12, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1 and 5; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 8-10, at 6. The season continues through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 27—Wednesday evening, Dec. 2: An all-Katherine Dunham program. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 3: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness," "Survivors," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 4: "Speeds," "Bad Blood," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 5: "Divining," "Witness," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 5: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Speeds," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 6: "Bad Blood," "Survivors," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, Dec. 8-10: An all-Katherine Dunham program. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Night Creature," "Witness," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Bad Blood," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "Divining," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:30: "Today, with Dragon," "Ahab," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Summer-Clouds People," "God the Reveller," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2: "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," "Black Lake," and "Agathlon." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

MARÍA BENÍTEZ SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—With Eduardo Montero. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 9-12, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30.)

SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY—A three-week engagement that opens on Thursday, Dec. 3, and will run through Monday, Dec. 21. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Maria Tallchief being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **JULIE WILSON,** who sings here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Michael DiSibio, a trumpeter, works with guitarist **PETER LEITCH** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5. First set at ten.

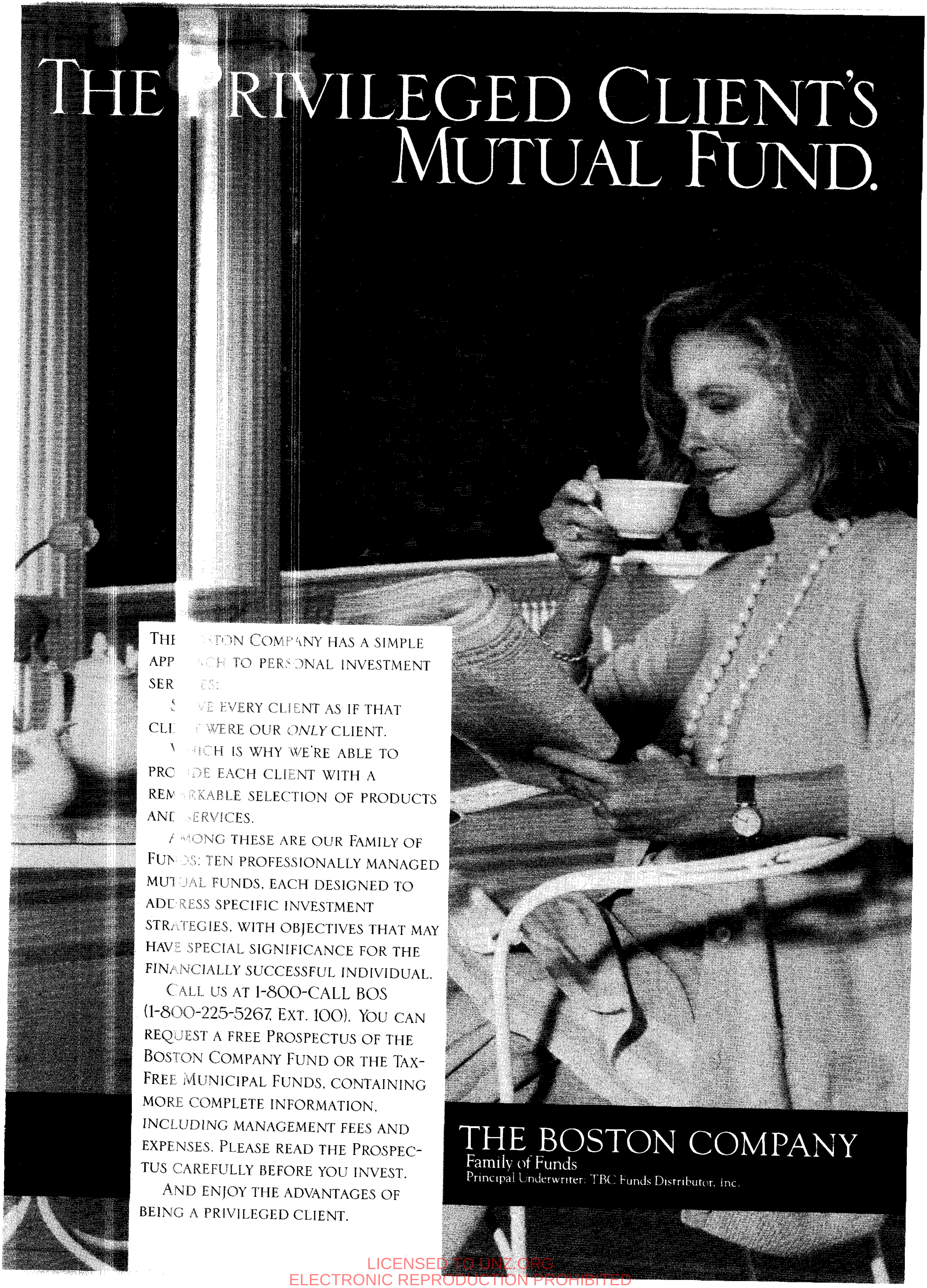
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, making a fine art out of her wee voice. Artificial Intelligence, an eighteen-member comedy troupe, performs at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **TANIA MARIA,** a fiery Brazilian-born pianist and singer, leads a band through Sunday, Dec. 6; bassist **BRIAN TORFF'S** quintet drops in on Monday, Dec. 7; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 8, two crackerjack groups—**PHIL WOODS'** quintet and **ART FARMER'S** quartet—trade sets. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND,** a New Orleans octet whose repertoire runs from traditional parade-band tunes to Ellington, Parker, Monk, and its own high-stepping numbers. The group began as a street band, attached to a New Orleans social club, and it remains a sociable, funky ensemble, undominated by soloists. The D.D.B.B. performs on Friday, Dec. 4; Chris Rush, a bald New York comedian, opens. The rest of the schedule: Thursday, Dec. 3, Phil Ochs Song Night, featuring many folkies (**CHRISTINE LAVIN** and **ERIC ANDERSEN** among them) singing many Ochs songs; Saturday, Dec. 5, **SUN RA** and his acolytes; and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 6-7, pop-jazz saxophonist **SADAO WATANABE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ,** a Filipino-born pianist, will be on hand through Saturday, Dec. 5; **RONNIE MATHEWS,** an admirer of Monk and Bud Powell, takes over with **RAY DRUMMOND** on Monday, Dec. 7. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Former Basie band vocalist **IRENE**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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REID sings through Sunday, Dec. 6; on Tuesday, Dec. 8, the eminent all-reed enterprise known as the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** begins a two-week residence. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Drummer **LOUIE BELLSON** will be behind the wheel of a big band through Sunday, Dec. 6, and starting Tuesday, Dec. 8, vibists **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** and **JAY HOGGARD** share a quintet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** abhors a vacuum and will fill the air with her elaborate musings through Saturday, Dec. 5; **HAL SCHAEFER** holds forth Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 8-10. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle-East Side wing) is visible. **BOB DOROUGH,** the Arkansas-born singer and pianist whose admirers and collaborators include Dave Frishberg (with whom he wrote "I'm Hip"), Blossom Dearie (with whom he has recorded duets, including a contemporary call-and-response number entitled "Answering Machine"), and Miles Davis (for whom he wrote a Christmas blues), is here with bassist **BILL TAKAS** Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Wednesday, Dec. 2, pianist **HERMAN FOSTER** and bassist Lynn Seaton; Thursdays, Dec. 3 and 10, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Fridays, Dec. 4 and 11, Richard Rodney Bennett; Saturday, Dec. 5, singer Randa McNamara's trio; Monday, Dec. 7, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** and Tuesday, Dec. 8, the Joe Derise duo. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

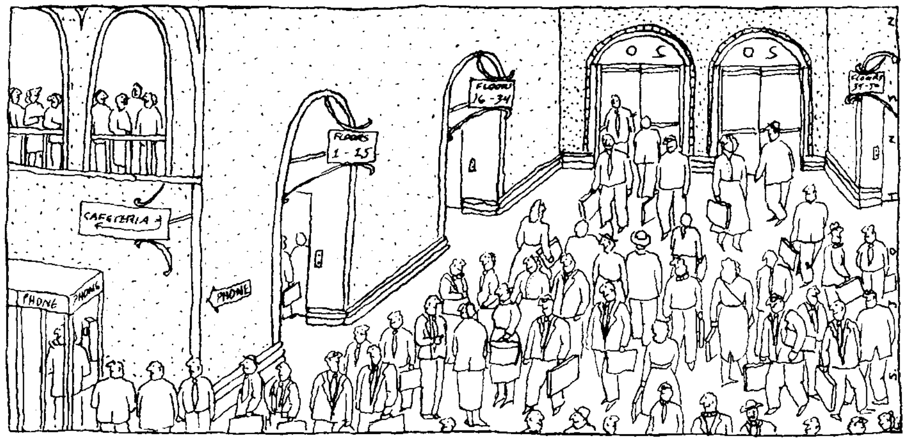
JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. Fridays belong to singer-pianist **DARYL SHERMAN;** Saturdays to Judy Kreston and pianist **DAVID LAHM;** and Sundays to **BARBARA LEA,** who is concentrating on Alec Wilder songs and whose accompanist, **WES MC AFEE,** can be found here on Wednesdays, too, with bassist John Loehrke. Shows at nine and eleven every night but Sunday, when they begin at six and eight. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 5, and on Tuesday, Dec. 8, **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART** go to work. New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. **AHMED ABDULLAH, CARLOS WARD, FRED HOPKINS,** and **CHARLES MOFFETT**—four advanced thinkers known collectively as the **SOLOMONIC QUARTET**—perform on Wednesday, Dec. 2. **OLIVER LAKE,** an alto voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, blows his horn, unaccompanied, on Thursday, Dec. 3. **JULIUS HEMPHILL,** another World Saxophonist, gives a solo recital on Friday, Dec. 4. On Saturday, Dec. 5, far-out multi-instrumentalist **ELLIOTT SHARP** shares the bill with Mercy Seat, a punk-gospel band descended from the Violent Femmes. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 2, Roomful of Blues guitarist **RONNIE EARL** and his band; Friday, Dec. 4, rock-and-roll pioneer and Twist originator **HANK BALLARD;** Sunday, Dec. 6, the **JOHNSON MOUNTAIN BOYS,** a bluegrass group, and the Jumbo String Band; Monday, Dec. 7, Louisiana bluesman **LAZY LESTER;** and Tuesday, Dec. 8, Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A big band directed by clarinettist Walt Levinsky, a hit when it was here last summer doing Benny Goodman material, is now applying itself to the works of Basie, Ellington, and others. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.



MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trio-size helpings of jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues in a spiffy upper West Side café. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, will be in the formidable hands of pianist **HENRY BUTLER,** who sometimes takes a breather from his hard-hitting, demon-fast exertions to sing a spiritual. Music from about ten until two.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 2-3, Argentinian saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** Friday, Dec. 4, the Haitian bands Skah Shah and Ayizan; Saturday, Dec. 5, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Dec. 8, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE,** with his quartet and his reggae-funk band, **JUMP UP;** and Thursday, Dec. 10, calypsonians Denise Plummer, Lady Complainer, and Singing Sandra. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

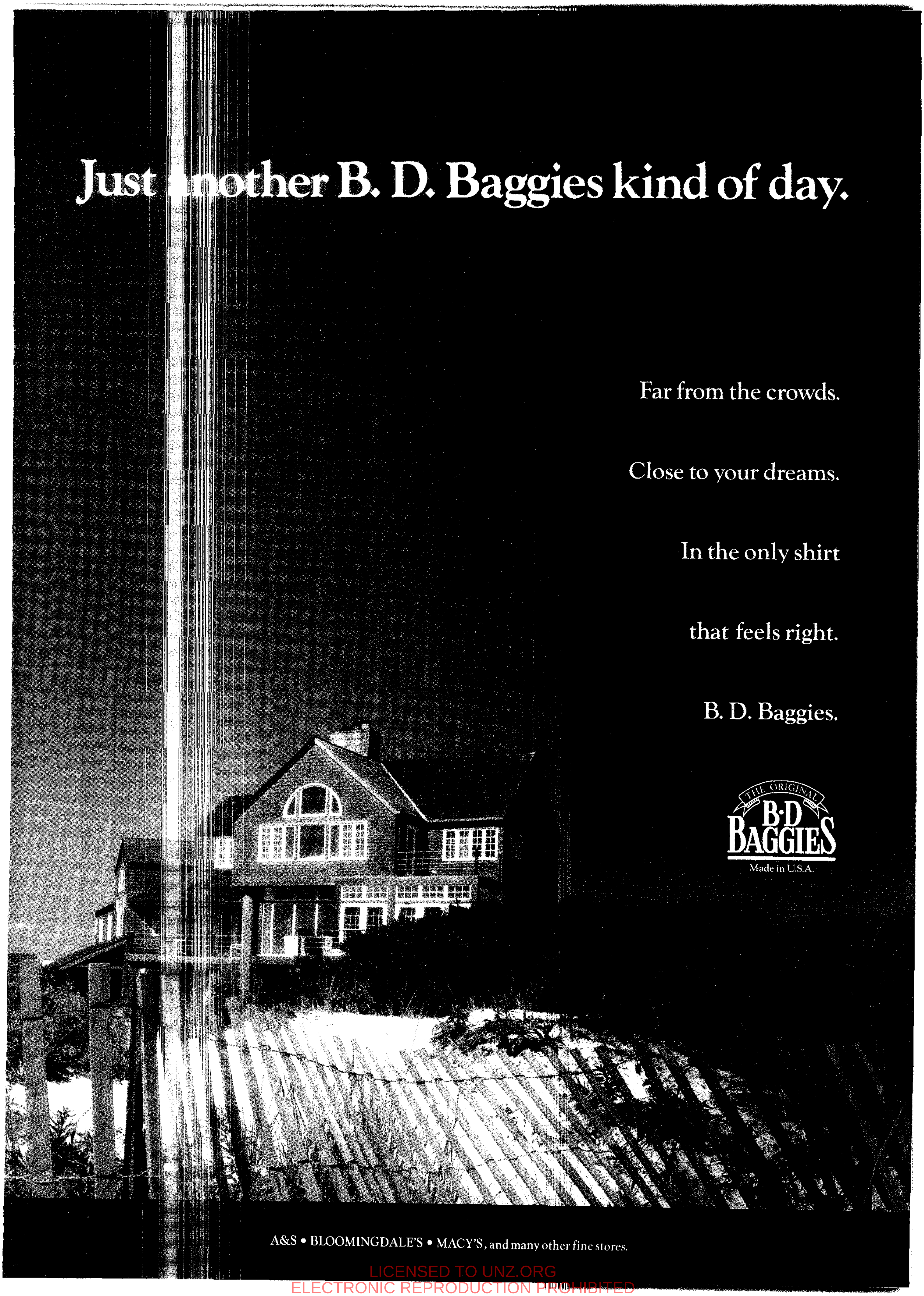
SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). The main events: **ERIC ANDERSEN** on Saturday, Dec. 5; **DAVID MASSENGILL** on Friday, Dec. 11; and **GEORGE GERDES** and Ilene Weiss on Saturday, Dec. 12. Mondays are open-mike nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **DAVID MURRAY'S** bracing octet—a group that, like Mingus's midsize bands, seems to thrive near the edge of tumult (Murray likes to keep several voices going at once)—will be around through Sunday, Dec. 6; **DAKOTA STATON** sings on Monday, Dec. 7; and on Tuesday, Dec. 8, **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the South African-born pianist formerly known as Dollar Brand, brings in his septet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, who roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Weekends are generally reserved for blues people, and on Dec. 4-5 a band led by Chicago harmonica ace **CAREY BELL** will hold forth. The following Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, belong to **VALERIE WELLINGTON,** a young conservatory-trained singer from Chicago. She has a big voice and considerable charm, and she tends to use the combination to bowl you over, sometimes at the expense of plain feeling. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**PATTI BOWN** is in the Terrace Bar from six to nine-thirty Fridays through Sundays, playing the piano in her own adventurous, eccentric, and pleasurable way. **TEDDY CHARLES** and **HAROLD DANKO** perform vibraharp-piano duets Tuesdays through Sundays from about ten. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** string trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Guitarist **JIM HALL,** a quiet, lucent performer, leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 6, and on Tuesday, Dec. 8, **HANK JONES,** a pianist with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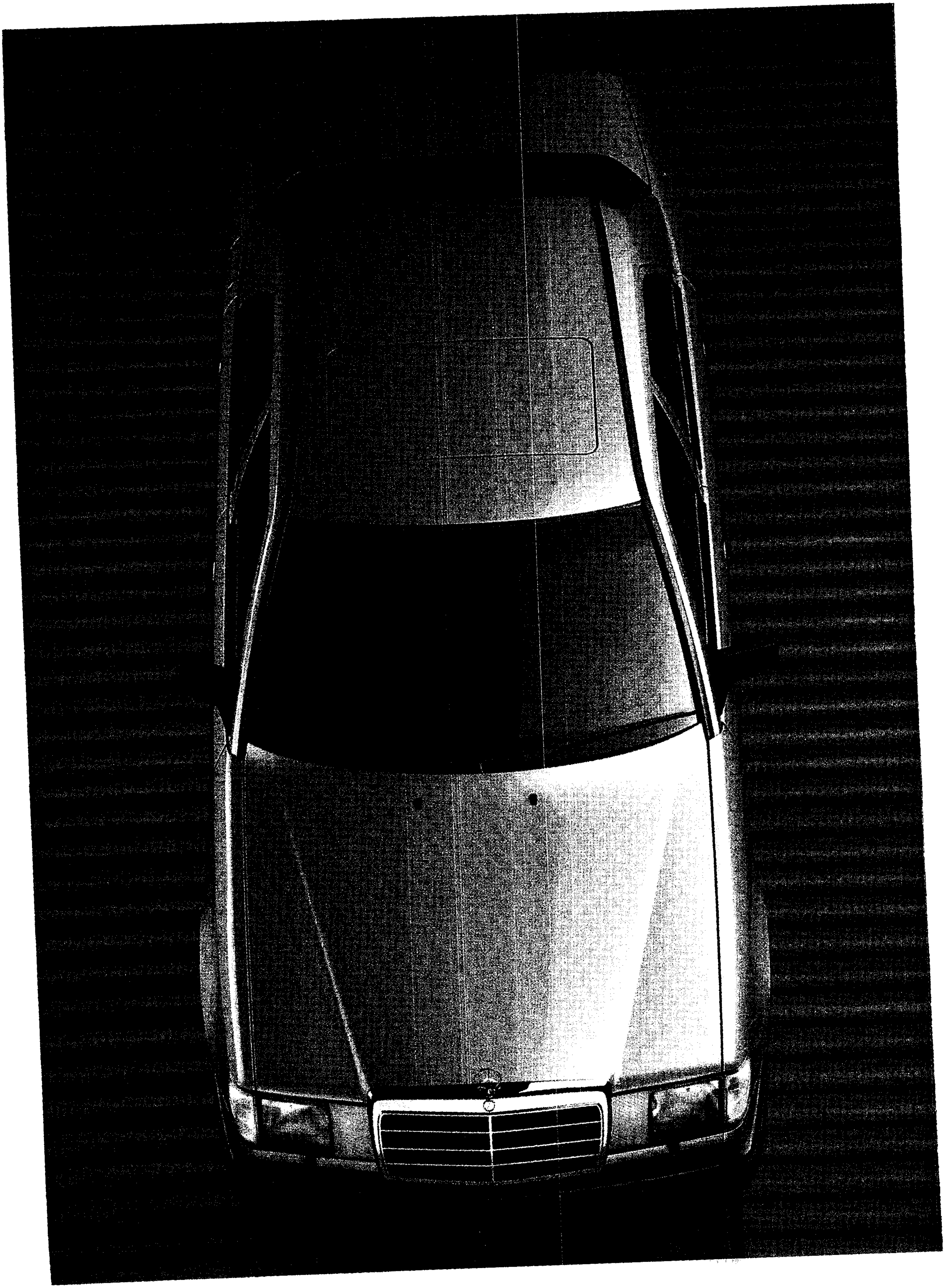

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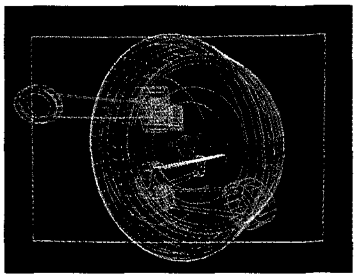

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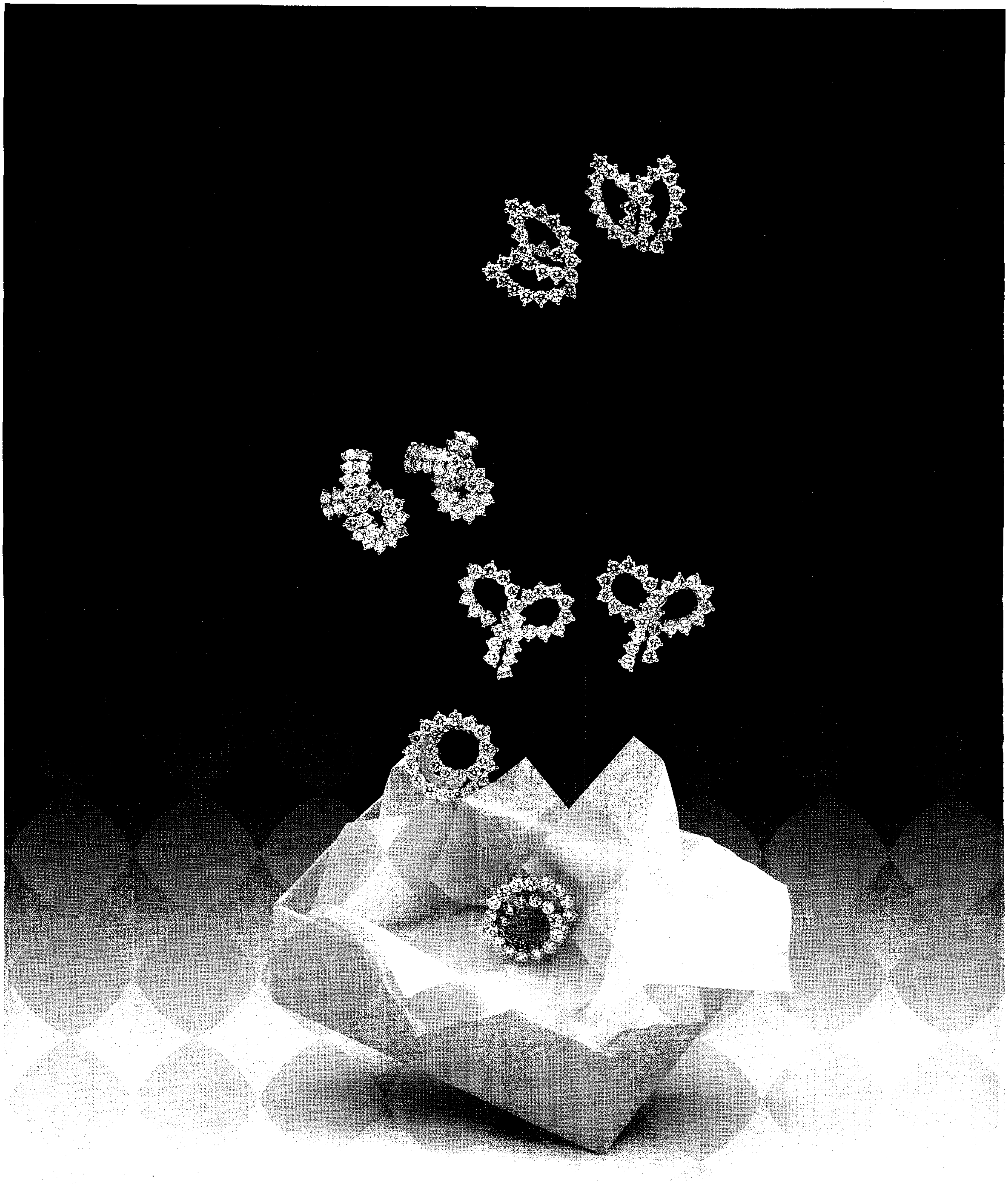

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a delicate touch, descends the stairs with his *trio.* The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. A combo run by hard-bop altoist **LOU DONALDSON** has the floor through Sunday, Dec. 6; on Wednesday, Dec. 9, singer **IRENE REID** takes over. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** work together through Saturday, Dec. 5, and starting Monday, Dec. 7, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will be in charge. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** play their own lovely brand of chamber jazz on Sundays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.

Ronnie Spector, Ben E. King, and the Grass Roots—With Lou Christie. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Billy Taylor—With his trio, in the second of three concert/lectures. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

The Alarm—With Silent Running. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Broadway Musical Theatre—An evening devoted to Noël Coward's music, featuring Steve Ross, Betsy Ann Leadbetter, and Paula Laurence. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

Branford Marsalis—With Donald Harrison, Terence Blanchard, and Harry Connick, Jr. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Andrew Cyrille Group—With Julius Hemphill, Fred Hopkins, Henry Threadgill, and Tony Underwood. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The third in a series of five concerts, this one (a tribute to Dick Wellstood) with Dick Hyman and Kenny Davern. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Highlights in Jazz—Oscar Brown, Jr., and Dave Frishberg. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

American Jazz Orchestra—With Milt Jackson and Al Cohn, in a salute to Woody Herman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4195.)

Jim Hall Trio—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Rush—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—With Queen Ida & the Bon Temps Zydeco Band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—With the Ahmad Jamal quartet, Kenny Burrell & the Jazz Guitar Band, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Figure and landscape paintings with impossibly bright colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

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Varujan Boghosian—New constructions using found objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964) **and Arnold Friedman** (1874-1946)—Paintings by two American modernists. Through Dec. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Dec. 19. (Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Marion Kenyon Jones—Abstract works on paper mounted on canvas. Through Jan. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A benefit loan exhibition of fifty oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Will Maclean / Italo Scanga—Sculptures using such materials as driftwood and bone. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 24. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Paul Manes—Thickly painted abstractions. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Nude figures on docks, near railroad tracks, and in other unlikely settings, by a Nicaragua-born painter. Through Dec. 19. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Raphael Soyer (1899-1987)—Paintings of New York City scenes from the twenties to the eighties, in what has become a memorial show for the artist, who died last month. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bernar Venet—Collaged pastel drawings by a *theoretical* artist. Through Dec. 23. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Sergi Aguilar—Abstract steel sculptures and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—New paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roger Boyce / Elaine Reichek—Trompe-l'œil paintings of multi-strand helices done on shaped plywood. / Large photocollages. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

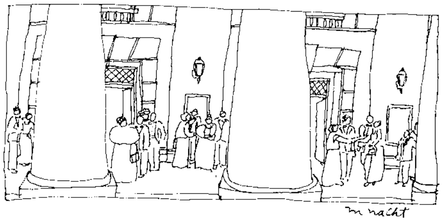
Dan Christensen—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Cast-metal sculptures resembling objects from a laboratory—test tubes, flasks, and a mortar and pestle, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstract paintings, drawings, and photographs from throughout his career. Through Jan. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings and sculptures. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Starts Thursday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street Gallery. Through Jan. 2.)

Jon Kessler—New illuminated kinetic sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)



Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Costantino Nivola—White Carrara-marble sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Luigi Ontani—Shaped canvases with freely interpreted motifs from Indian and Oriental art, and watercolors of Mexico. Through Dec. 15. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Martin Puryear—Large freestanding abstract wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

José María Sicilia / Edda Renouf—Small-scale abstract paintings. Through Jan. 2. / Layered, incised oil-pastel drawings. Starts Thursday, Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Thirty drawings from a single notebook, which the sculptor kept between 1954 and 1964. Through Dec. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Talbot—Small paper collages. Through Dec. 19. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings connected, by virtue of shared symbols, to the moralizing attitude of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch vanitas paintings. Janet Fish, Jerome Witkin, Robert Birmelin, and Alice Neel are among those represented. Through Dec. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENT,** 41 E. 57th St., and **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings, drawings, and photographs that vary in theme and subject but over all reflect the singular point of view of the curator, Douglas Blau. Among the eighteenth-to-twentieth-century works are oils by Joseph Wright of Derby and by Winslow Homer, a black-and-white film still by Cindy Sherman, and an ink drawing by David Deutsch. Through Dec. 31. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the early sixties by four Spanish artists: Rafael Canogar, Manolo Millares, Manuel Rivera, and Antonio Saura. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **SCHMIDT BINGHAM,** 41 W. 57th St.: Animals are depicted in the paintings, drawings, and sculptures of seven artists, including Melissa Miller and Philip McCracken. Through Dec. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carol Anthony—Atmospheric landscapes painted with enamels and Cray-pas, and box assemblages. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Georg Baselitz—Oil paintings dating from 1964 to 1978. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Bill Beckley—Mixed-medium wall constructions. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ariane R. Berman—Stylized figure paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Max Coyer—New paintings. Through Dec. 26. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Adam Cvijanovic—The artist paints landscapes and figures on canvas and Plexiglas, and combines the two parts (one in front of the other) in single works. Through Dec. 23. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Gianni Dessì—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Stewart Hitch—Abstract paintings in which circles predominate. Through Dec. 23. (Shainman, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

David Kapp—In these new paintings and drawings the artist continues to reduce traffic jams to blurred outlines. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Bertrand Lavier—New conceptual pieces—a black filing cabinet with a white portable radiator placed on top and a white filing

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cabinet with an anvil on top. Through Jan. 2. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Keith Milow / Loïc le Groumellec—Gouaches with architectural motifs. / Four black-and-white landscape paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Paul Mogensen—Abstract paintings by an artist who was once allied with the minimalist movement. Through Dec. 23. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Guido Molinari—Abstract paintings, including his most recent canvases in various hues of red. Through Dec. 19. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

James Nares—Abstract oil paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Small nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Brown, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Henry Pearson—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Raffael—Paintings whose subjects are nature, the artist, and his wife. Through Dec. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ed Ruscha—Thirty-five lunette paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Poems by Mr. Schlossberg, silk-screened on large folding screens, scrolls, and canvases framed with bamboo. Through Dec. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Leon Polk Smith—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Stanley—Portraits, from the waist up, of a friend of the artist's named Claudia. Through Dec. 24. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Otto Wagner (1841-1918)—Architectural drawings for some of his structures in Vienna. Through Jan. 16. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Bill Woodrow—Constructions made with found objects and metal modelled into, for instance, roasting chickens. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Tino Zago / Li-Lan—Imagined landscapes painted with acrylics. / Large trompe-l'oeil paintings of business forms, postage stamps, and sheets of computer-printout paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sculpture—Wall reliefs and freestanding pieces by John Duff, Robert Lobe, and Al Taylor. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Chris Burden—Six hundred and twenty-five miniature cardboard submarines hang from the Burgin Gallery's ceiling. Through Dec. 23. (270 Lafayette St.)

David Cabrera—Monochromatic paintings on unfinished-mahogany panels, plus Hydrostone sculptures. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Heidi Glück—Paintings from her "Ramp Series" (1971-85). Through Jan. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Grey Organi$ation—Paintings; the Neale Gallery's press release describes the artists as "a group of sad young men from Europe." Through Dec. 19. (320 Lafayette St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Wall sculptures completed during the last few years of her life. Through Dec. 24. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christopher Lucas—Molded- and laminated-wood constructions mounted on canvases and painted. Through Dec. 19. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

John Miller—Conceptual works. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Edgar Negret—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St., and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ann Purcell—Abstract paintings. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Dash, 632 E. 11th St., between Avenues B and C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Recent painted etchings, plus a group of older works. Through Dec. 20. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

Stephanie Rose—Paintings. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Yolanda Shashaty—Landscapes. Through Dec. 20. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ed Valentine—Stylized still-lifes. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, installations, and videos by artists whose heritage is American Indian. Through Dec. 23. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marina Abramovic and Ulay—Color Polaroid diptychs and triptychs of urns and of the artists. Through Friday, Dec. 4. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Mark Berghash, Rimma Gerlovina, and Valeriy Gerlovin—Collaborative works, usually showing a painted and decorated Miss Gerlovina; a work called "Ego" shows all three of them photographed together. Through Dec. 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Clegg & Guttmann—A nine-by-twelve-foot color portrait of an Israeli men's choir, plus smaller landscape photographs. Through Dec. 19. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Evelyn Hofer—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Len Jenshel—Color photographs of the Southwest. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Michael McCartney—Black-and-white photographs of Liverpool in the sixties, including portraits of the artist, his brother Paul, and the other members of the Beatles. Through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

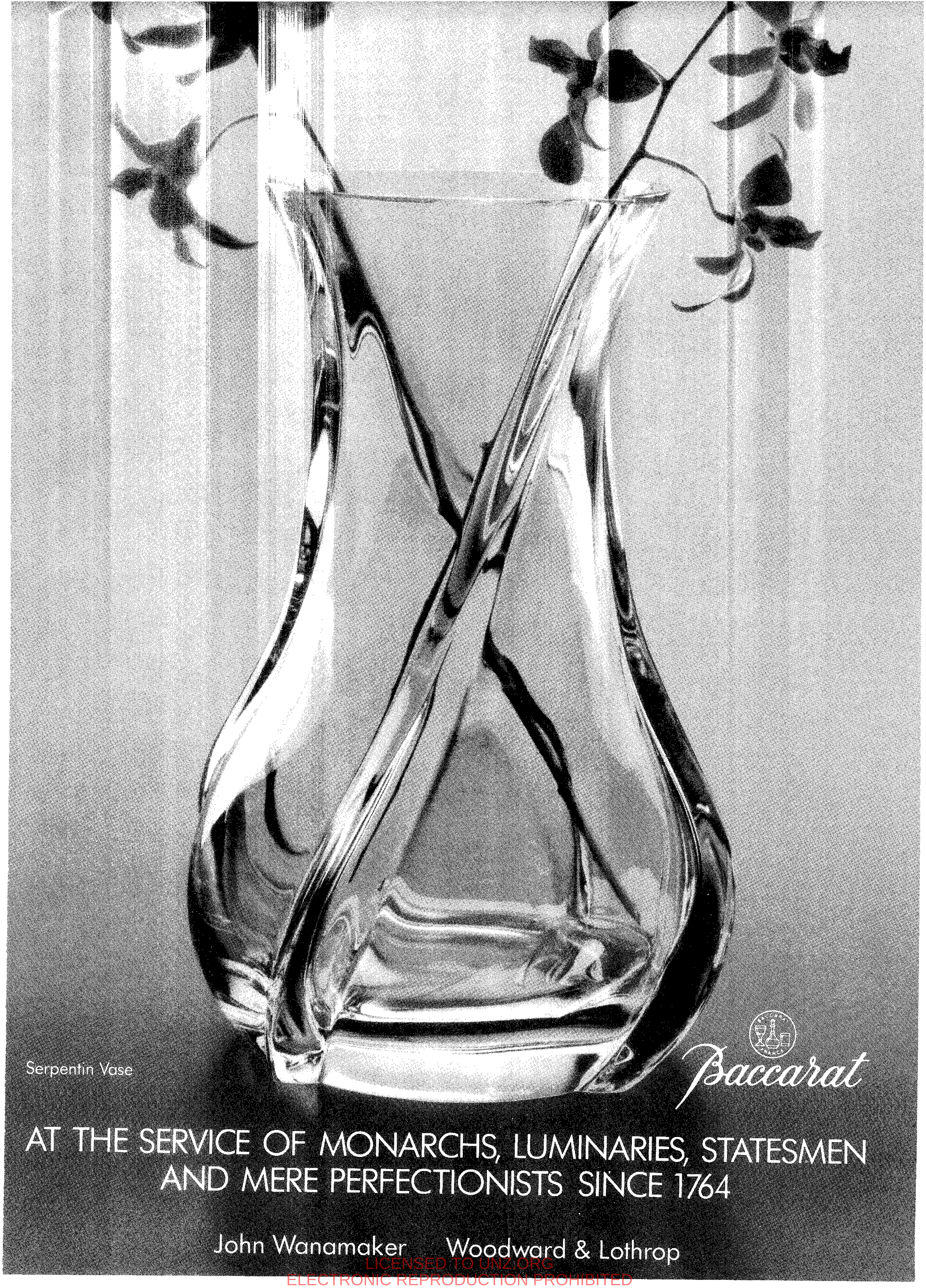
Norman Parkinson—A retrospective of works by this fashion photographer and portraitist, who is now photographer by appointment to the British Royal Family. Through Jan. 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum,** 17 White St.: Surrealist-inspired photographs by more than forty contemporary artists, including Lucas Samaras, Barbara Ess, and Frank Majore. Through Dec. 23. . . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Prints of stairways and chairs. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal


Serpentin Vase
Baccarat
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764
John Wanamaker
Woodward & Lothrop

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar paintings in three installments; the first (through Dec. 20) concentrates on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935): Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A selection of Korean art works from the museum's permanent collection. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . ¶ Paintings and models of dinosaurs as they have been envisioned by artists and paleontologists in the past hundred years or so. Both shows through Jan. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-eight contemporary American artists have paintings, drawings, and prints in the thirty-ninth annual purchase-fund exhibition. Through Dec. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in an exhibition (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, *noon to 5.*)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of a display of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Jasper F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for, and architectural drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Two one-man shows. Emilio Cruz's recent symbolic paintings and drawings; new Abstract Expressionist paintings by Bill Hutson. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Jim Provenzano (performance), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30.

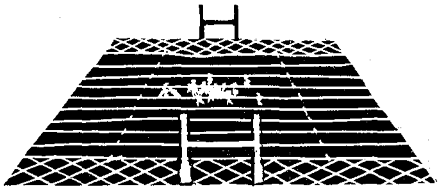
The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Pooh Kaye (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 3-6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Mary Overlie and Sarah Skaggs (solo dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 10-13, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Sunday and Monday, Dec. 6-7, at 9. . . . ¶ Tim Miller (performance), Thursdays and Sundays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 10. Through Dec. 20.

Note—"Get Out of the House," a one-man show by Frank Maya. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 10. Through Dec. 19.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Anthony Laciura; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Claudio Nicolai; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 1:30: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Claudio Nicolai; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8: "La Traviata" (a nonsubscription performance), with Diana Soviero, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Livia Budai, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Claudio Nicolai; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Thomas Fulton.

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday, Dec. 11, and Saturdays, Dec. 5 and 12, at 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8: A Carter-Haydn-Fauré program. With Arleen Augér, soprano; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30: A Fine-Ginastera-Rachmaninoff program, with Barbara Nissman, piano.

Dresden Staatskapelle—Colin Davis conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: A Weber-Haydn-Beethoven program. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: A program of music by Mozart, Strauss, and Sibelius.

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the music of John Van Buren, Vincent Persichetti, and Jacob Druckman. With Robert Taub, piano; the Gregg Smith Singers; the Long Island Choral Association; and the Florilegium Chamber Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting a Stravinsky-Tchaikovsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

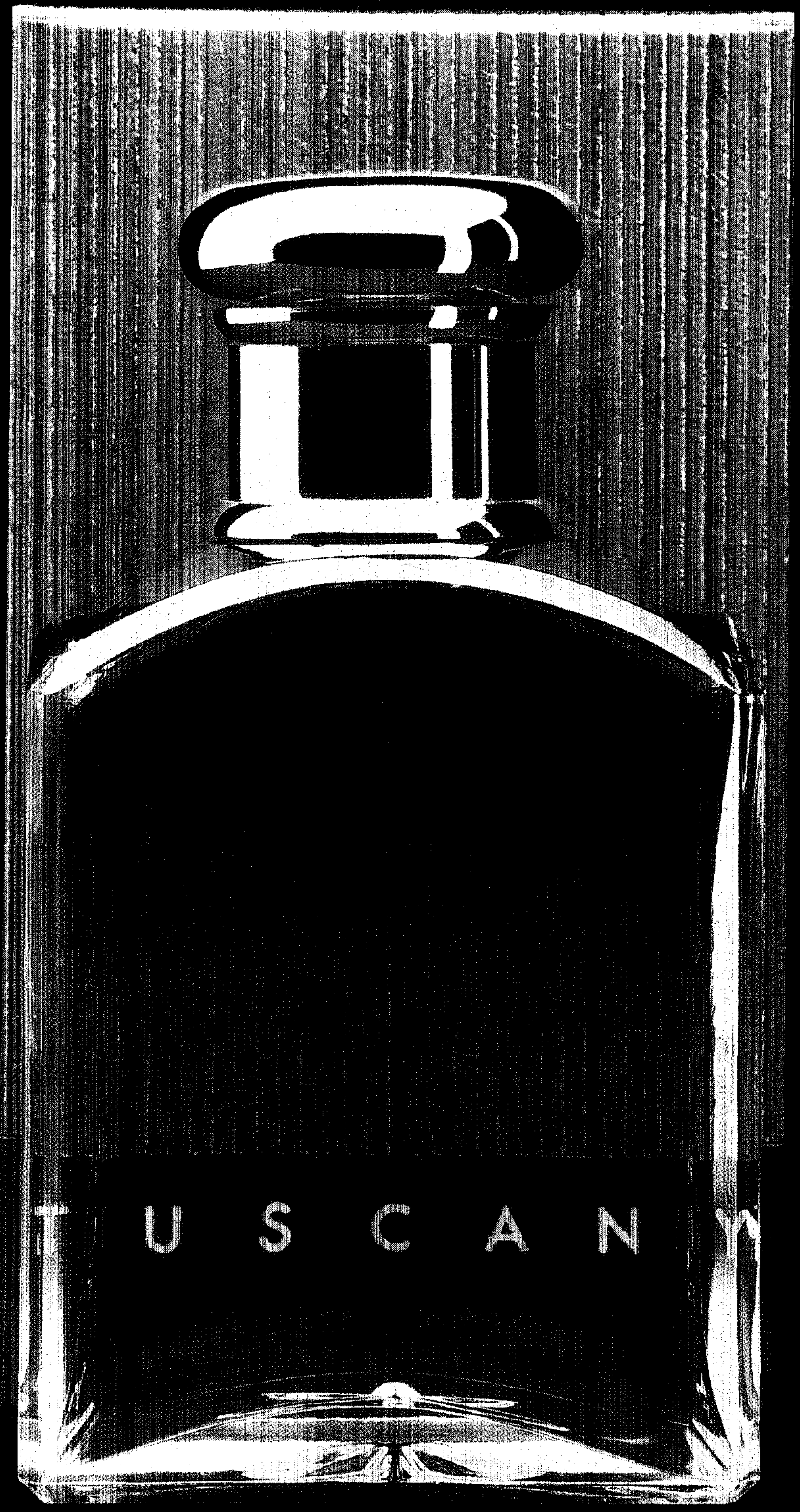
Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Stephen Hough, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting, with Michael Boriskin, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Bruce Ferden conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the first New York performance of Respighi's opera "La Fiamma," in concert form. With Alessandra Marc, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and

FROM THE LAND WHERE MAN WAS BORN



Dalla Terra dove è nato l'Uomo
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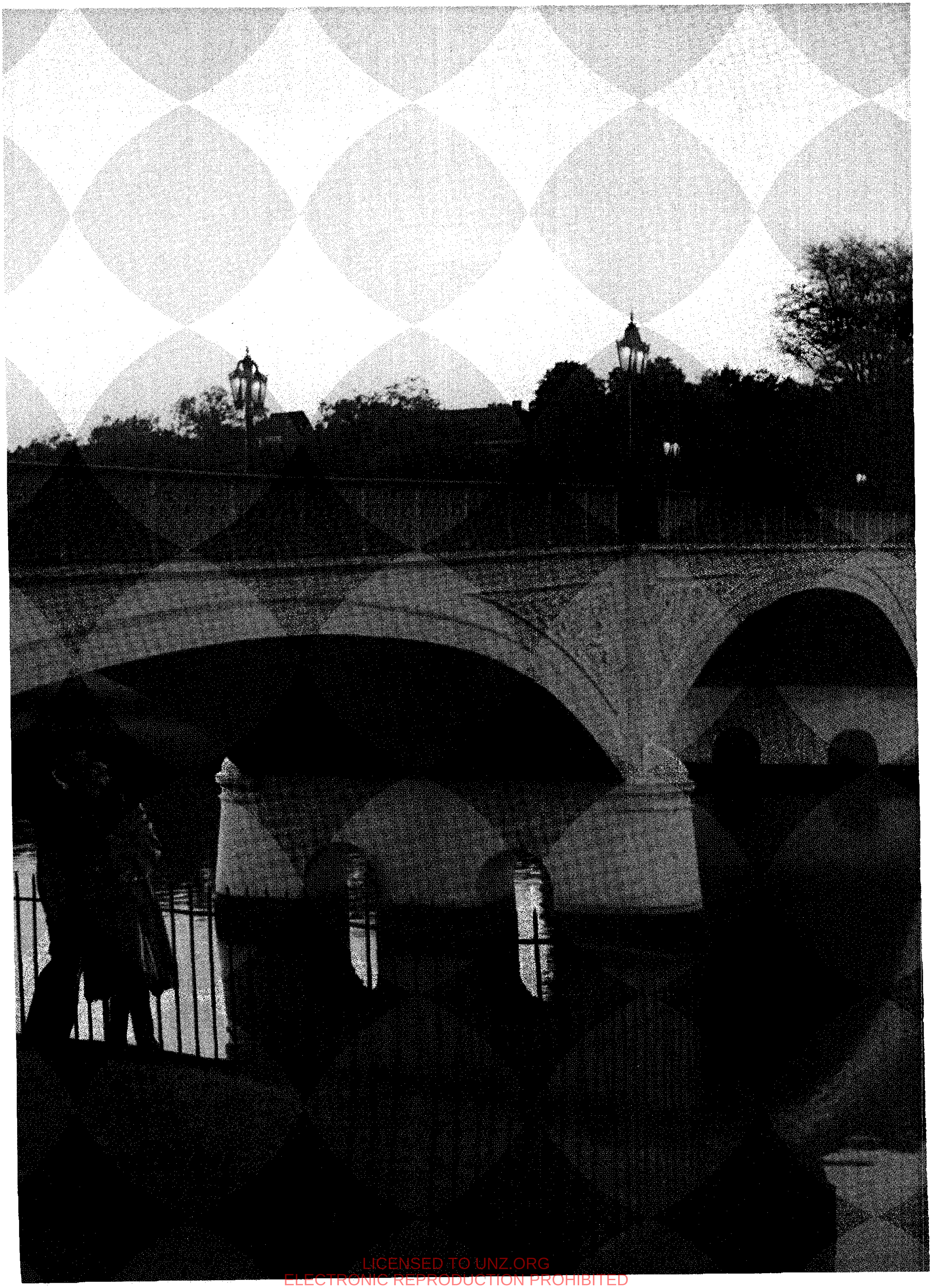

**He's an engineer, you know, the practical type.
But with a soft spot for me.**

**So when he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw
what was engraved on the back, he blushed.**

"I like you, really I do," was about as poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he *said* to me. He was of the school that believes actions speak louder than words.

Every time I brought up the subject of the future he'd smile and say nothing.

Instead, he'd reach out and touch my face or just look deep into my eyes with those incredible eyes of his.

So, after a year of seeing him just about every second day, I thought it was time to celebrate the longevity of our romance.

And perhaps try and prompt him into revealing his future plans, if in fact he had any.

It was at one of the most celebrated jeweller's stores in the city that the man behind the counter suggested a solution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful timepiece he will immediately understand that you are every bit as concerned about tomorrow as you are about today," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something truly special," I replied, "because he's an engineer and knows a lot about design and technology."

The salesman went straight to a Concord display cabinet, unlocked it, and withdrew a single watch. It was called the Concord Mariner SG®

"This is a masterpiece of design, watertight to five atmospheres, and extraordinarily thin, which makes it by far the most exquisite choice you could make for an engineer," he continued.

The textured face featured simple gold bars to indicate the hours. The bezel was solid .585 Swiss plum gold according to the hallmark.

The bracelet was so beautifully engineered that you'd swear it was held together by magic.

This was indeed the gift for a man of science and action.

I left it until after dinner, walking home through the cool autumn night, before I confronted my engineer.

"What time should we meet tomorrow?" I enquired innocently.

He stopped and turned to face me.

Before he could respond I reached into my handbag, pulled out the package and presented it to him.

He opened it quietly and carefully.

Lifting the hinged lid of the case, the timepiece was revealed. He moved beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the message engraved on the back.

"You are very beautiful. And this is very beautiful. I think we should talk about next summer."

And that's all he said before taking me in his arms.

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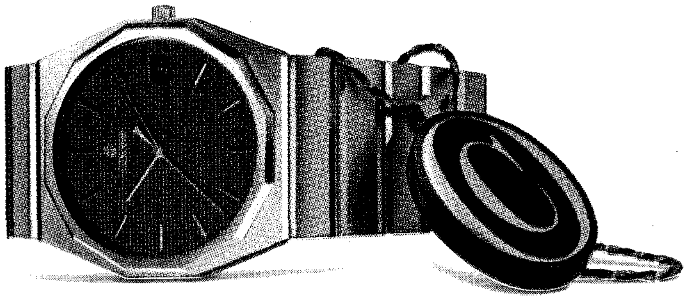

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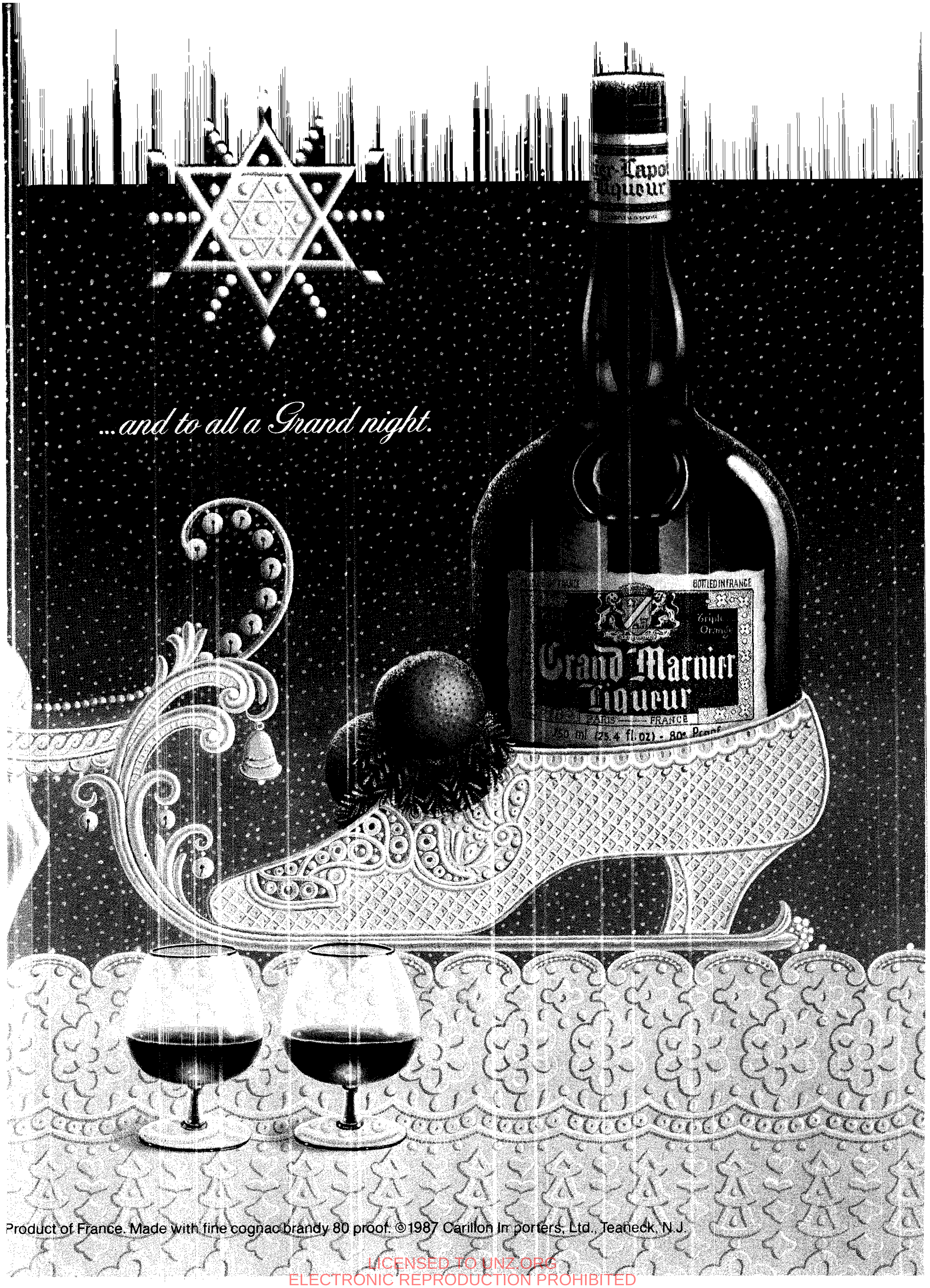
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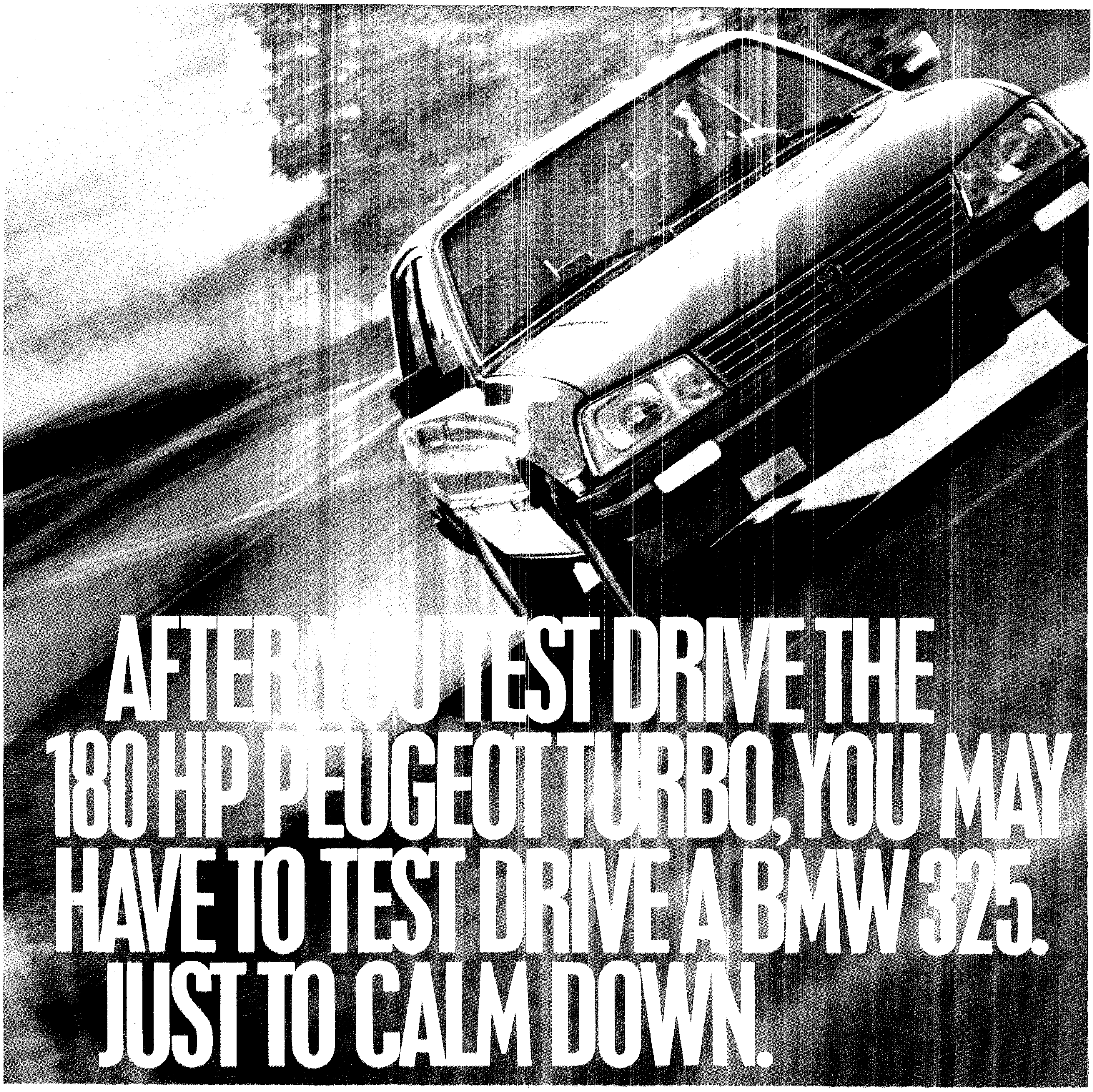

PRESENTING THE PEUGEOT 180HP TURBO S.

The legendary BMW 325. By many car enthusiasts it's regarded as *the most exhilarating performance sedan you can drive today.*

But were you to spend a few minutes on a test track behind the wheel of the new Peugeot Turbo S, you might well be convinced that the legend is riding on its reputation.

With a fully-integrated, turbo-charged engine that develops 180 hp and 205 lbs./ft. of torque, the Peugeot Turbo S would rocket you from a standing start to a speed of 60 mph in a heart-pounding 7.9 seconds. Pinning you to your infinitely-adjustable, orthopedically-designed bucket seat in the process. The less muscular 121 hp 325 would require a full 10 seconds to accomplish the same task.

Next, the Turbo S would whisk you through the quarter mile in just 16.3 seconds while the 325 would need more than another second to get you across the finish line.

Of course a car that puts this kind of power at your disposal (even the sound system features 12 speakers and 200 watts of power) would be irresponsible unless it were designed to give you complete control over it. That's why the Peugeot Turbo S is equipped with fully independent suspension, precise electronically controlled, variable-assist power steering and, of course, computerized ABS braking.

The 505 Turbo S offers you a 5-year/50,000-mile power-train limited warranty and arguably the best roadside assistance plan available: AAA.* So why not call 1-800-447-2882 for the name of the Peugeot dealer nearest you, and arrange for a test drive. And if you emerge from it a little too excited, you know what to do.

*AAA services are available at participating AAA offices throughout the USA and Canada. Membership subject to the rules and regulations of AAA.

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PEUGEOT 505

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Andrew Smith, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing a Kodály-Barber-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Michael Best, tenor; Jeffrey Horvath, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing the Handel oratorio "Samson." With Louisa Jonason, soprano; Margaret Evans, alto; Alburtt Rhodes, tenor; Arthur Burrows and Eugene Perry, basses; Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Arthur Honegger's oratorio "King David." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Anthony Davis—Piano and composer, with his ensemble, Episteme. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-2820.)

Tone Over Tone—A program of contemporary works written for pianos tuned both normally and in quarter tones. With Constance Cooper, Loretta Goldberg, and Ursula Oppens, piano, and assisting artists on oboe, tape, film, and percussion. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: Presenting chamber music by Orlando Garcia and Rocco Di Pietro. With Jan Williams, conductor and percussion; Anthony Miranda, percussion; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8: A concert called "New Music for New Digital Instruments." (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the evenings of the concerts.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Irene Worth will read Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," the inspiration for the evening's featured piece, "Conte Fantastique," by André Caplet. With Elmar Oliveira, violin; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5.)

John Kamitsuka—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of concerts performed by various members of the Yale University School of Music faculty. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Evelyn Simon—Soprano, and Dongsok Shin, harpsichord, with assisting artists. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. 243-6192. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of processions, dramatic scenes, antiphons, and other Christmas ceremonies and festivities of the Middle Ages. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700, Ext. 16. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano, in the fourth of his seven-recital series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Rachmael Weinstock—Violin, with Norman Carey, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

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Steve Reich and Musicians—The composer himself will be among the performers, and critics Tim Page and K. Robert Schwarz will be present to discuss Mr. Reich's work with him. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:30.)

Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

New Music Consort—Presenting an evening of music by William Thomas McKinley. With Jean Kopperud, clarinet; Robert Stallman, flute; the Alexander String Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano, presenting works by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff and providing a commentary on them. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—In a program that features Ursula Mamlok's "Bagatelles," a harpsichord solo written for this occasion. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, performing, among other works, fourteen Chopin études. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Empire Brass—With the Atlantic Brass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—In a Beethoven-Rochberg-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8.)

Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. With Arleen Augér, soprano, and Gary Hoffman, cello. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of contemporary music, honoring the composer Nicolas Slonimsky, who will be present to reminisce about his life (he's ninety-three) and to play the piano. Other soloists will be Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; and Ellen Lang, mezzo-soprano. A small chamber orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Sachs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

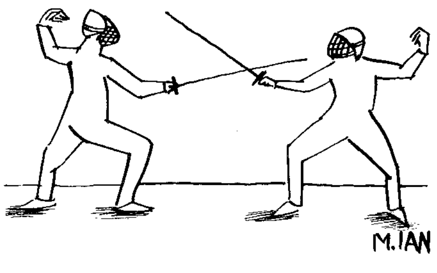
MISCELLANY

"The Christmas Revels"—Carol Duveneck directing the tenth season of a music, dance, and theatre program, this year emphasizing Eastern European traditions. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver Nuggets, Thursday, Dec. 10, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Thursday, Dec. 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Saturday, Dec. 12, at 7:30.



Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1.)

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 3, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Dec. 12, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

Tennis—Nabisco Masters: Ivan Lendl, Stefan Edberg, Mats Wilander, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 2-4, at 6, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at noon; semifinals Sunday, Dec. 6, at 12:30; and final Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Amos Oz, Anton Shammas, and Natan Zach reading from their own works, in a program devoted to Israeli literature. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Two Evenings of Readings in Russian and English—At the City University Graduate Center Auditorium. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30: John Ashbery reading from the poetry of Aleksandr Semyonovich Kushner, and Carolyn Forché reading from the poetry of Yunna Petrovna Morits. The authors will also read from their own works in Russian. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: William Styron reading from the fiction of Daniil Aleksandrovich Granin, and Robert Stone reading from the fiction of Fazil Abdulevich Iskander. The authors will also read from their own works in Russian. (33 W. 42nd St. Admission is free; for reservations, call 334-1660.)

Lectures—At the New York Public Library. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 6: Mark Harris—"Sports and American Culture." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 6: Hanna Holborn Gray—"Our Leaning Ivory Tower." (Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through April 16. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 14 and 18. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 16 and 28. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 20. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Boston Symphony, Dec. 16-18. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 19-20. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Cho-Liang Lin and André-Michel Schub, Jan. 10. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 13 and 15 and Jan. 8-10. . . . ¶ New World String Quartet, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 19. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 15-16. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony, Dec. 19-20 and Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, Jan. 10. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 9.

Other Dates—Winter arrives on Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Fridays. . . . ¶ The National Boat Show, at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Jan. 9-17. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Jan. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Dec. 2: At 5:30, "Equinox Flower" (1958; directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); at 7:40, "La Notte" (1962; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni; and, at 10, "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Dec. 3: At 5:45, "Young Törless" (1968; Volker Schlöndorff; in German); at 7:30, "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and, at 9:15, "Pull My Daisy" (1960; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie), a short film; and "Adieu Philippine" (1961; Jacques Rozier).
Dec. 4: At 5:30, "God's Angry Man" (1980; Werner Herzog) and "Huie's Sermon" (1980; Werner Herzog), both short films; at 7:15, "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel" (1985; Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish); and, at 9:30, "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Dec. 5-6: At 3:30, "Satan's Brew" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); at 5:30, "God's Angry Man" and "Huie's Sermon;" at 7:15, "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel;" and, at 9:30, "Breathless."
Dec. 8-9: At 6, "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and, at 9:30, "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1981; James Ivory), with Anne Baxter and Robert Powell.
Dec. 10: At 5:45, "Bitter Rice" (1950; Giuseppe de Santis; in Italian), with Silvana Mangano, Raf Vallone, Doris Dowling, and Vittorio Gassman; at 7:30, "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and, at 9:30, "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971; Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
From Dec. 11: At 5:30, "São Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 7:30, "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory; and, at 9:30, "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Dec. 9: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Less than Zero" (†). From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 3: "The Princess Bride" (†).
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

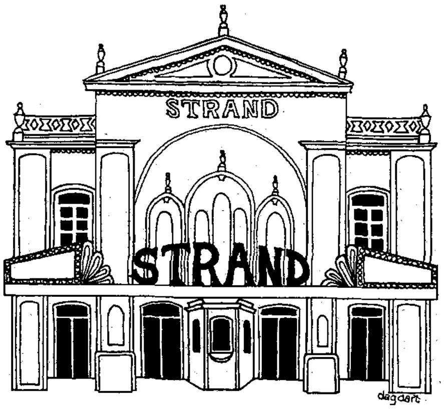
Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 8: "Sign o' the Times" (†).
From Dec. 9: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
(Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Baby Boom" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 3: "Hello Again" (Frank Perry), with Shelley Long, Judith Ivey, Gabriel Byrne, and Corbin Bernsen.
From Dec. 4: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE *DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION,* STARTING ON PAGE 26.

Through Dec. 7: "Less than Zero" (†). No performances Sunday, Dec. 6.
Dec. 8-10: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 10: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.
From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 8: "The Princess Bride" (†).
From Dec. 9: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Anna" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 3: "Teen Wolf Too" (Chris Leitch), with Jason Bateman.
From Dec. 4: "The Trouble with Spies" (Burt Kennedy), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Blind" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: (Separate admissions) The 20th International Tournée of Animation; and "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (directed by Patricia Rozema). From Dec. 4: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing."
Theatre 2: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna. From Dec. 4: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 3: "The Hidden" (†).
From Dec. 4: "A Hero's Journey."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sign o' the Times" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
Theatre 2: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 4: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Baby Boom" (†). From Dec. 4: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 3: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 4: (Matinées only) "Cinderella;" and (evenings only) "Flowers in the Attic."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Wannsee Conference" (Heinz Schirk; in German).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gaby: A True Story" (Luis Mandoki), with Liv Ullmann, Norma Aleandro, and Robert Loggia.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"A Boy from Calabria" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volontè.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barfly" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "The Funeral" (†). From Dec. 4: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 8: "Housekeeping" (Bill Forsythe), with Christine Lahti.
From Dec. 9: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 3: "Baby Boom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Dec. 4: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Siesta."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: (Matinées only) "Cinderella;" and (evenings only) "Barfly" (†). From Dec. 4: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Dec. 3: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.
From Dec. 4: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Hope and Glory" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Hiding Out" (Bob Giraldi), with Jon Cryer. From Dec. 4: "The Trouble with Spies" (Burt Kennedy), with Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart.
Theatre 5: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 6: "Less than Zero" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 3: "The Hidden" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Dec. 11: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Sicilian" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 9: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Sign o' the Times" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 3: "3 Women" (1977; directed by Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Dec. 4-5: "Betty Blue" (1986; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
Dec. 6: "A Love in Germany" (1984; Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.
Dec. 7-8: "Compulsion" (1959; Richard Fleischer), with Orson Welles, Diane Varsi, Dean Stockwell, and Bradford Dillman; and "The Trial" (1962; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles.
Dec. 9-10: "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Dec. 11-12: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Drive, He Said" (1971; Jack Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Dec. 2: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.
Dec. 3-4: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker; and "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy.
Dec. 5-6: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.
Dec. 7: "Ben-Hur" (1925; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, and Betty Bronson.
Dec. 8-9: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.
Dec. 10-11: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
From Dec. 12: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 2: "Wise Blood" (1979; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges.
Dec. 3: "The Mission" (1986; Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.
Dec. 4-5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (1986;

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Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, and Michael Caine; and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

Dec. 6: "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French film with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti.

Dec. 7: "The Undercover Man" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Glenn Ford and Nina Foch; and "Port of New York" (1950; Laslo Benedek), with Scott Brady and K. T. Stevens.

Dec. 8: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.

Dec. 9: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "World Première" (1941; Ted Tetzlaff), with John Barrymore and Frances Farmer.

Dec. 10: "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon; and "Privates on Parade" (1982; Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Dec. 11-12: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 2: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, and William Eythe; and "Tarnished Lady" (1931; George Cukor), with Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, and Alexander Kirkland.

Dec. 3: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949; Preston Sturges), with Betty Grable, Rudy Vallée, and Cesar Romero.

Dec. 4-5: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Dec. 6: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

Dec. 7: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Dec. 8: "Hell's Angels" (1930; Howard Hughes and James Whale), with Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon; and "Wings" (1927; William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.

Dec. 9: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

Dec. 10: "King Lear" (1971; Peter Brook), with Paul Scofield; and "Hamlet" (1970; Peter Wood), with Richard Chamberlain.

Dec. 11-12: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Daisy Miller" (1974; directed by Peter Bogdanovich), with Cybill Shepherd, Barry Brown, Cloris Leachman, and Eileen Brennan. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Goodbye, Columbus" (1969; Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6 and Dec. 5 at noon: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (1981; Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Karen Allen. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Three Days of the Condor" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, and Cliff Robertson. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: "Dragonslayer" (1981; Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Charles Grodin, Frances Lee McCain, and Brooks. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5: "Baby, It's You." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Dragonslayer." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Three Days of the Condor." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Days of Heaven." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "Real Life." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 12:30: "The Journey" (1985; Markus Imhoof; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3:15: "Silence of the Poet" (1986; Peter Lilienthal; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5:30: "The Chinese Are Coming: The Bavarian-Chinese Heimatfilm" (1986; Manfred Stelzer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 7:30: "Joe Polowsky—An American Dreamer" (1986; Wolfgang Pfeiffer), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Location—Berlin" (1987; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: "Days to Remember" (1986; Jeanine Meerapfel; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at noon: "Joe Polowsky—An American Dreamer." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "The Chinese Are Coming: The Bavarian-Chinese Heimatfilm." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5: "Silence of the Poet."

Theatre 2: Dec. 3 at 3 and 6:30: "And the Pursuit of Happiness" (1986; Louis Malle), a documentary. Mr. Malle will be present at 6:30. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 3: "The Yotsuya Ghost Story, Parts 1 and 2." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6:30: "A Record of Youth." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "A Japanese Tragedy" (1953; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30 and Dec. 6 at 2: "You Were Like a Wild Chrysanthemum" (1955; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30: "The River Fuefuki" (1960; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: A program of films by Alan Berliner, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3: "The River Fuefuki." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6:30: "A Japanese Tragedy." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3 and 6:30: A program of films by Richard Leacock, who will be present at the 6:30 showing. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3: "The Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg; a silent film), with George Bancroft, Betty Compson, and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: "The Canadian" (1926; William Beaudine; a silent film), with Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Are Parents People?" (1925; Malcolm St. Clair; a silent film), with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: "The Wedding March" (1928; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with von Stroheim, Fay Wray, and ZaSu Pitts.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 5, a retrospective of films and videotapes by Shirley Clarke. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Miss Clarke will be present on Dec. 10 at noon. Closed Mondays.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Reel Pieces: Film as Collaborative Art—The final program in a series of films and lectures. Dec. 10 at 8:15: "Quartet" (1981; James Ivory), with Alan Bates, Maggie Smith, Isabelle Adjani, and Anthony Higgins. Ismail Merchant, the producer, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—"Big Business" (1929; James Horne; a silent film), with Laurel & Hardy; "Salome" (1922; Charles Bryant; a silent film), with Nazimova; and "The Little Match Girl" (1928; Jean Renoir; a silent film), with Catherine Hessling. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Dec. 9 at 7 and 9.)

Native American Film and Video Festival—Free programs of more than twenty-five works by North, Central, and South American Indians, shown over three days, at three locations. Dec. 11 from 11 to 6:30: A symposium and videotapes. (American Indian Community House Performance Space, 842 B'way, at 13th St.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 from 10:30 to 6: Seven films. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 from 11 to 6: Video documentaries. (Millennium Film Workshop, 66 E. 4th St.) For information, call 283-2420.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Baby Boom—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. Keaton is smashing: she's an ultrafeminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema. Evenings only. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 3, evenings only.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine)

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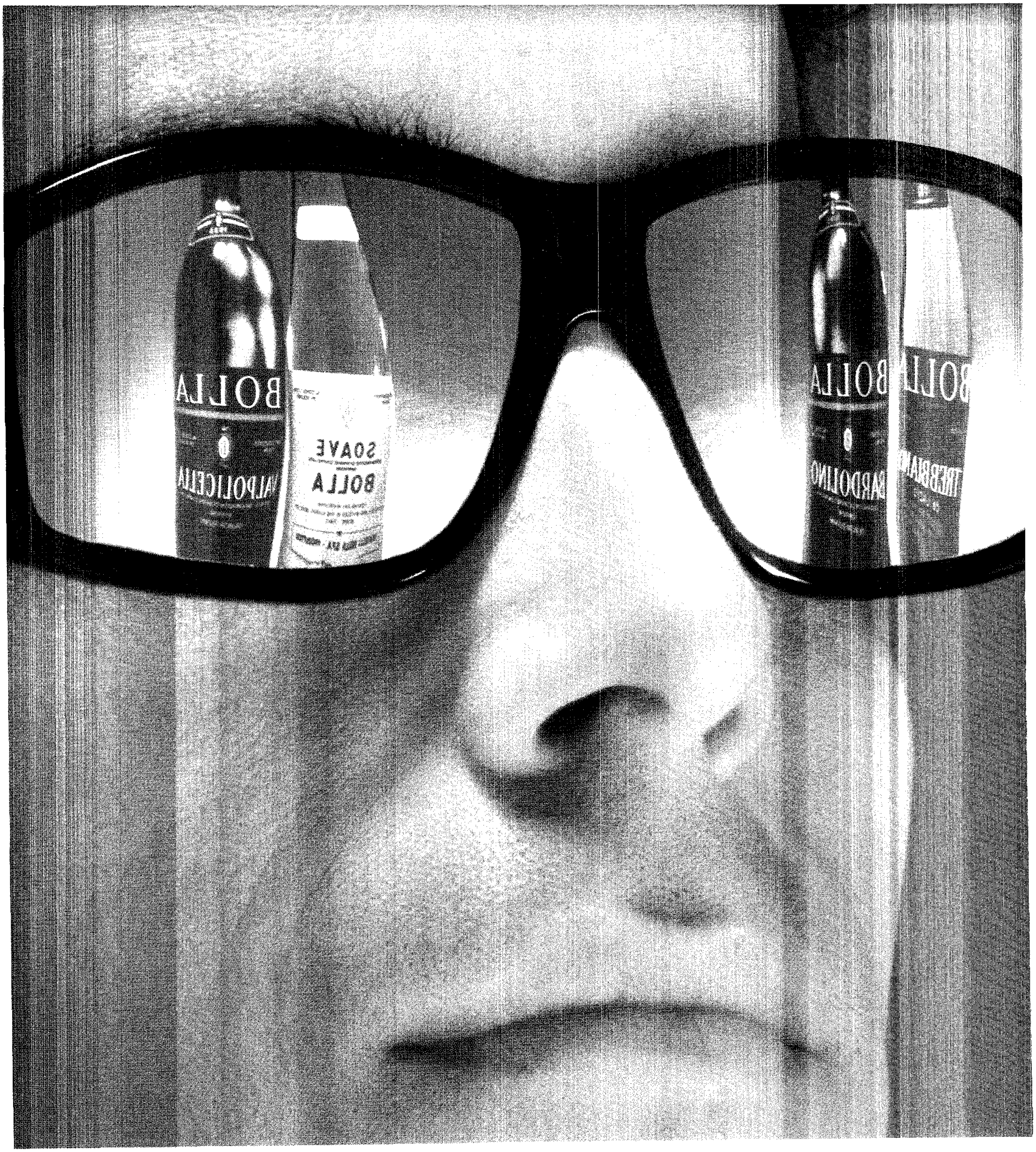

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twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (11/2/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Dec. 3, evenings only.)

Blind—The best scenes in Frederick Wiseman's new documentary on the Alabama School for the Blind come in its first hour, when the film focusses on small children. The toddlers' attempts to negotiate the corridors and stairways of the school are filmed in extremely long takes, and are fascinating. Wiseman shows us the processes by which these kids, with the usual short attention spans of the very young, are trained to apply rigorous logic and unwavering concentration to their everyday geography, simply to eliminate its dangers. Everything has to be analyzed before it becomes familiar enough to move through: these sequences are adventures in cognition. But the film doesn't sustain the intensity of the early scenes. Wiseman shifts his gaze to the workings of the school's staff and to the more ordinary classroom activities of the older students, who are experienced enough in their handicap to be able, almost, to ignore it. He seems to be aiming for a skewed portrait of "normal" American education, but he hasn't shaped the material well enough—every sequence goes on much too long—and the film becomes puzzling and static. Like much of Wiseman's work in the past ten years, "Blind" has the strange, still quality of an abstraction that hasn't quite found its material form—and maybe isn't sure that it wants to. "Blind" is one of a series of four Wiseman films on the different facilities of the Alabama Institute for the Deaf and Blind: "Deaf," "Multi-Handicapped," and "Adjustment and Work" are the others.—T.R. (Film Forum 1.)

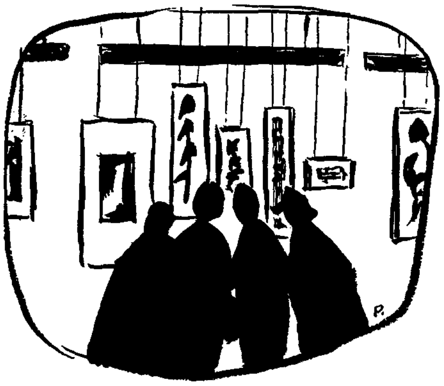
Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. When Attenborough starts crosscutting from the escape to Woods' flashback memories (with bursts of choral music), the movie is dumbfounding. It looks as if Attenborough staged scenes and then didn't know what to do with them, so he stuck them in by having the escaping Woods think back. And every time Biko appears in a flashback our interest quickens; this man with fire in his eyes commands the screen—Denzel Washington is the star by right of talent. When the movie cuts back to the grayish, undefined Woods, the family-escape story recalls "The Sound of Music." And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Loews New York Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Dirty Dancing—With Jennifer Grey, Patrick Swayze, Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, and Jerry Orbach; directed by Emile Ardolino. (8/24/87) (Quad Cinema, and New Carnegie.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 11.)

The Funeral—This 1984 comedy was the first film written and directed by Juzo Itami; the second was "Tampopo." "The Funeral" isn't as exuberant and recklessly imaginative as the movie that followed it, but it's a funny and intelligent work in its own, more deliberate way. An Altman-like take on an Ozu theme, the film follows a large, extremely modern Japanese family through the ordeal of arranging a traditional religious funeral. Crowded together for several days in the country house of the deceased, the bewildered relatives seem like actors in a poorly rehearsed classical play on an unfamiliar stage—bumping into each other, blowing their lines, looking anxious and miserable. Itami orchestrates their discomfort with real visual wit, and the genuine grief that lies beneath his characters' farcical panic emerges clearly and unsentimentally. With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki (the stars of "Tampopo"), and Ozu veteran Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 3.)



The Hidden—Director Jack Sholder's cops-and-aliens urban thriller is fairly representative of the current comic-book style in violent entertainment. This one has a sluglike extraterrestrial monster that slithers from one human body to another, causing a succession of previously ordinary folks to go on nasty sprees; while inhabited by the beast, each turns into a savage, unstoppable consumer, a dangerous customer indeed. (Anyone who denies it its favorite things—red Ferraris and heavy-metal tapes—is dead meat.) In pursuit are an L.A. cop (Michael Nouri) and a mysterious F.B.I. agent, played by Kyle MacLachlan, of "Dune" and "Blue Velvet," whose overpoweringly weird presence gives the picture a few moments of inspired deadpan comedy. Unfortunately, Bob Hunt's screenplay isn't quite inventive enough to sustain the fun all the way to the end—in the last half hour or so, as the monster flops from body to body with increasing rapidity, we feel as if we're watching the same chase-and-shootout scene over and over again. If you're keeping score: better than "RoboCop," not as good as "The Terminator." Also with Clarence Felder, Claudia Christian, Chris Mulkey, and, memorably, William Boyett as the most hilariously avid of the alien-possessed Angelenos.—T.R. (Embassy. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 3.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet, and Olympia.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. This epic is meant to be an attack on privilege (and at times it's like a replay of "The Conformist" in Manchuria). Bertolucci (and Mark Peploe, who wrote the script with his assistance) wants us to believe that Pu Yi became a model citizen through the ministrations of the kindly prison governor (Ying Ruocheng), and that in his later years, when he worked as an under-gardener, he experienced freedom for the first time. They want us to believe that what some might disparage as Communist brainwashing

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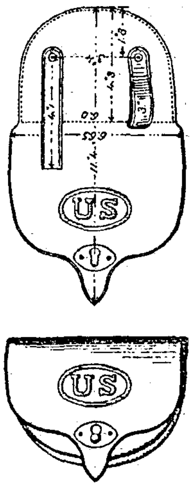

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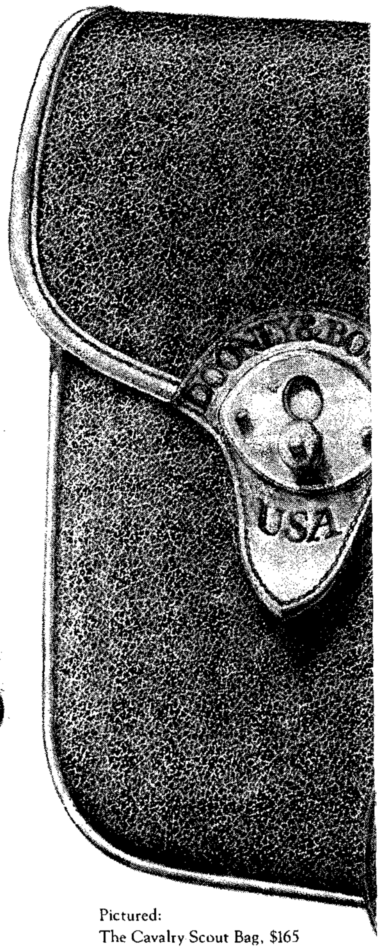

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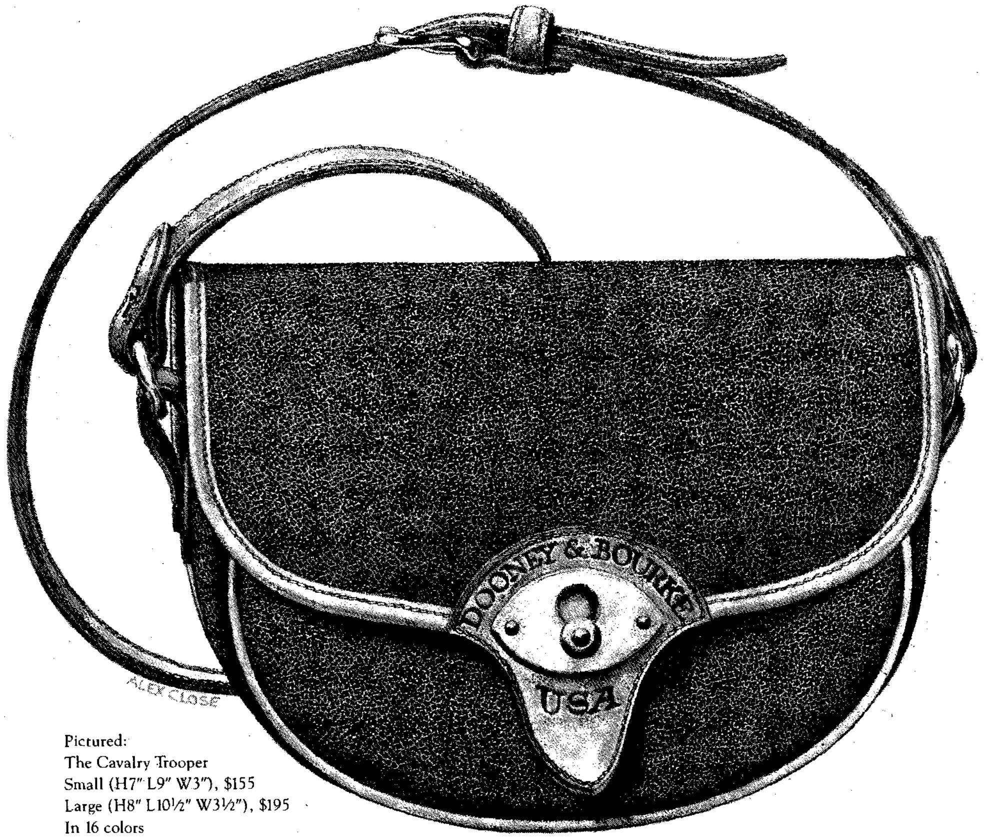

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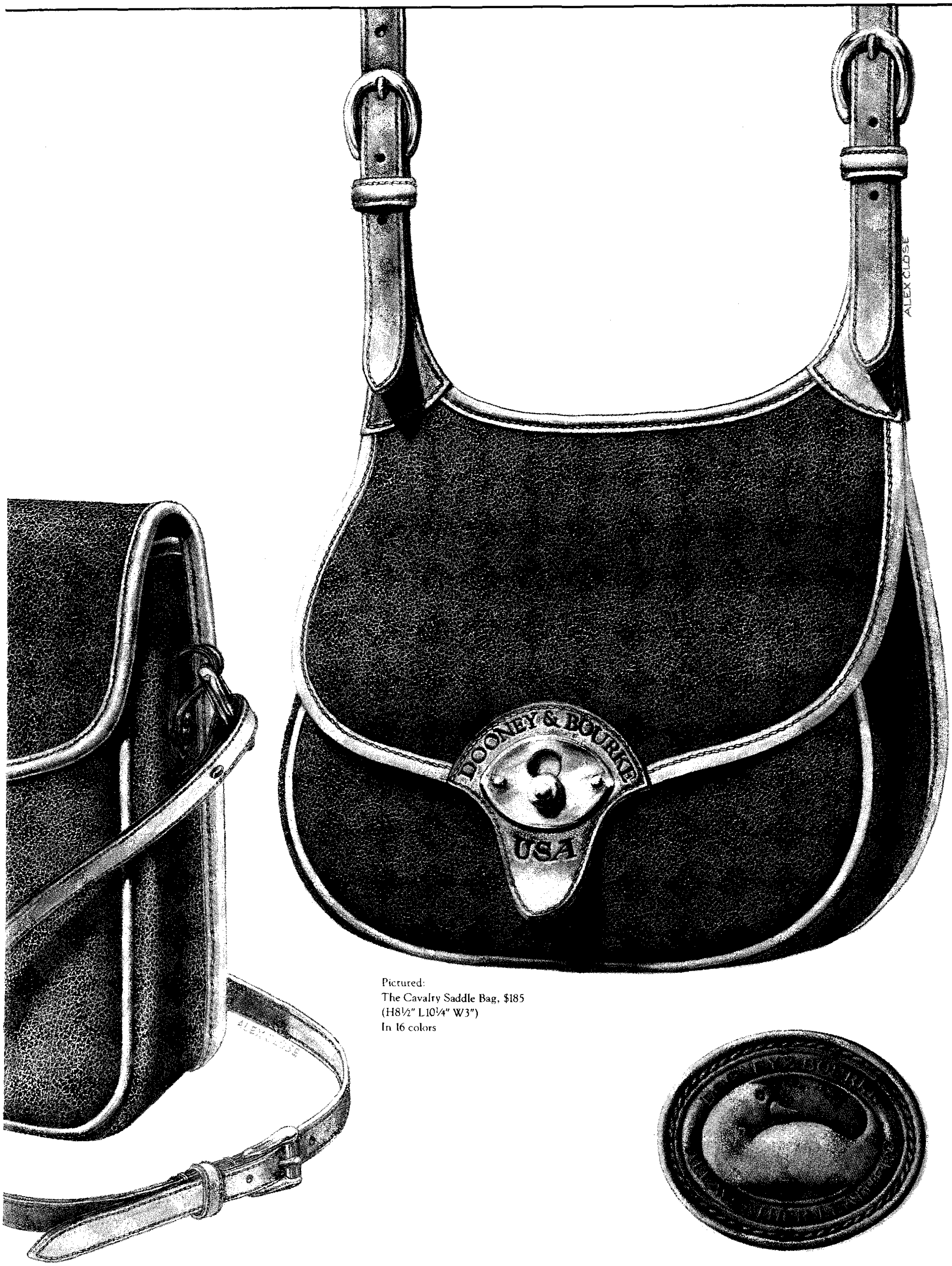
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Dooney & Bourke, Inc. • P.O. Box 841, 1 Regent St., S. Norwalk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598 actually cleaned away his decadence and healed him. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Cinema I.)

Less than Zero—Bret Easton Ellis's fast-lane best-seller about alienated L.A. rich kids—their heartbreaks, their nosebleeds—has been turned into a wildly overwrought Hollywood melodrama: "Valley of the Dolls" in super-saturated colors. Thanks to screenwriter Harley Peyton, who gives Ellis's free-form narrative a "classic" (i.e., simple) structure, and director Marek Kanievska, who heats up the book's cool style with feverish visual effects, the movie is terrible in a completely different way. It isn't dull, though; it has the lurid, hyper pace of a B picture, the earnest moralism (anti-drug) of a TV movie, and the sleek surface of an arty commercial. All this, plus a couple of strenuously awful performances by Andrew McCarthy as the straight-arrow hero and Jami Gertz as his cokehead girlfriend. As Julian, the most self-destructive of the kids, Robert Downey, Jr., has the worst role and performs with heroic lucidity; at times, he almost convinces us there's something real going on in this demented movie. Also with James Spader and Tony Bill. The flashy cinematography is by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Dec. 7. No performances Sunday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Dec. 10.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette": changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Alridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

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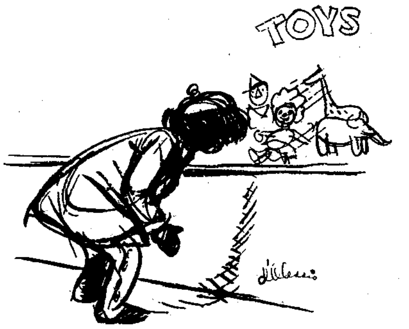
The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. (10/19/87) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Dec. 8.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)



The Sicilian—Michael Cimino's film of Mario Puzo's fat best-seller is solemn, incoherent, and aggressively inauthentic. Cimino casts the pale-eyed Frenchman Christopher Lambert as the legendary Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano, and surrounds him with such convincing Mediterranean types as Joss Ackland, Terence Stamp, Richard Bauer, Ray McAnally, and Barry Miller. (John Turturro, an Italian-American, looks jarringly plausible in this company.) Barbara Sukowa, hilariously dubbed, plays an American. None of it makes a bit of sense, and the direction isn't even energetically bad. Script by Steve Shagan. (Gore Vidal, who's uncredited, also worked on it.) The story was the basis of Francesco Rosi's classic "Salvatore Giuliano," filmed in 1961.—T.R. (National Twin.)

Sign o' the Times—This is by far the most entertaining of Prince's movies, because it's the simplest—just Prince and his wonderful band, in concert, playing a dozen or so numbers and dancing as dirty as they can. There's more than enough to look at and listen to: the stage set, a riotous neon cityscape, is always teeming with strange people (even when Prince is alone on it); the costumes range from bizarre to inconceivable; and the music is mercurial rock-jazz-funk-soul-folk, a roomful of styles all rubbing provocatively against each other. So we don't much mind that the direction (by Prince) is banal—lots of fast cutting and colored smoke—or that brief "allegorical" sequences occasionally deaden the spaces between the songs. Or even that the concert, filmed on Prince's 1987 European tour, ends with the heavy, messagey "The Cross," which puts a bit of a damper on the irresponsible fun of the previous eighty minutes. If the movie were less trashy and thrown together, if its taste were less erratic, it wouldn't represent its subject nearly so well. As an added attraction, the band includes percussionist Sheila E., who manages to look ravishing even surrounded by her massive drum kit; and when she steps out to the front of the stage, revealing her long, perfect legs . . . Well, she's a terrific musician, too. One number, "U Got the Look," while also part of Prince's live show, is actually a music video directed by David Hogan.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 8.)

Suspect—Is there a piece of casting more ineffably Hollywood than Cher as a busy, weary public defender? She's all wrong for this role: her hooded, introspective face doesn't give you enough—she needs a role that lets her use her body. This laboriously set-up thriller has her defending a deaf-mute (Liam Neeson) accused of murder, in a Washington, D.C., courtroom, before a rigid, cold-eyed judge (John Mahoney). It's impossible to know how we're meant to interpret the lamebrained job this lawyer does at the trial. She'd be lost if one of the jurors—a young lobbyist (Dennis Quaid)—didn't do the detective work that helps her out. Probably the director, Peter Yates, and the scriptwriter, Eric Roth, were just so proud of not having made the woman a bimbo that they didn't notice they'd made her a lummox. (11/16/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Whales of August—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhovian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction; the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity. Also featuring Ann Sothern, in good sidekick form as a gossipy neighbor, and Vincent Price.—T.R. (Cinema II.)

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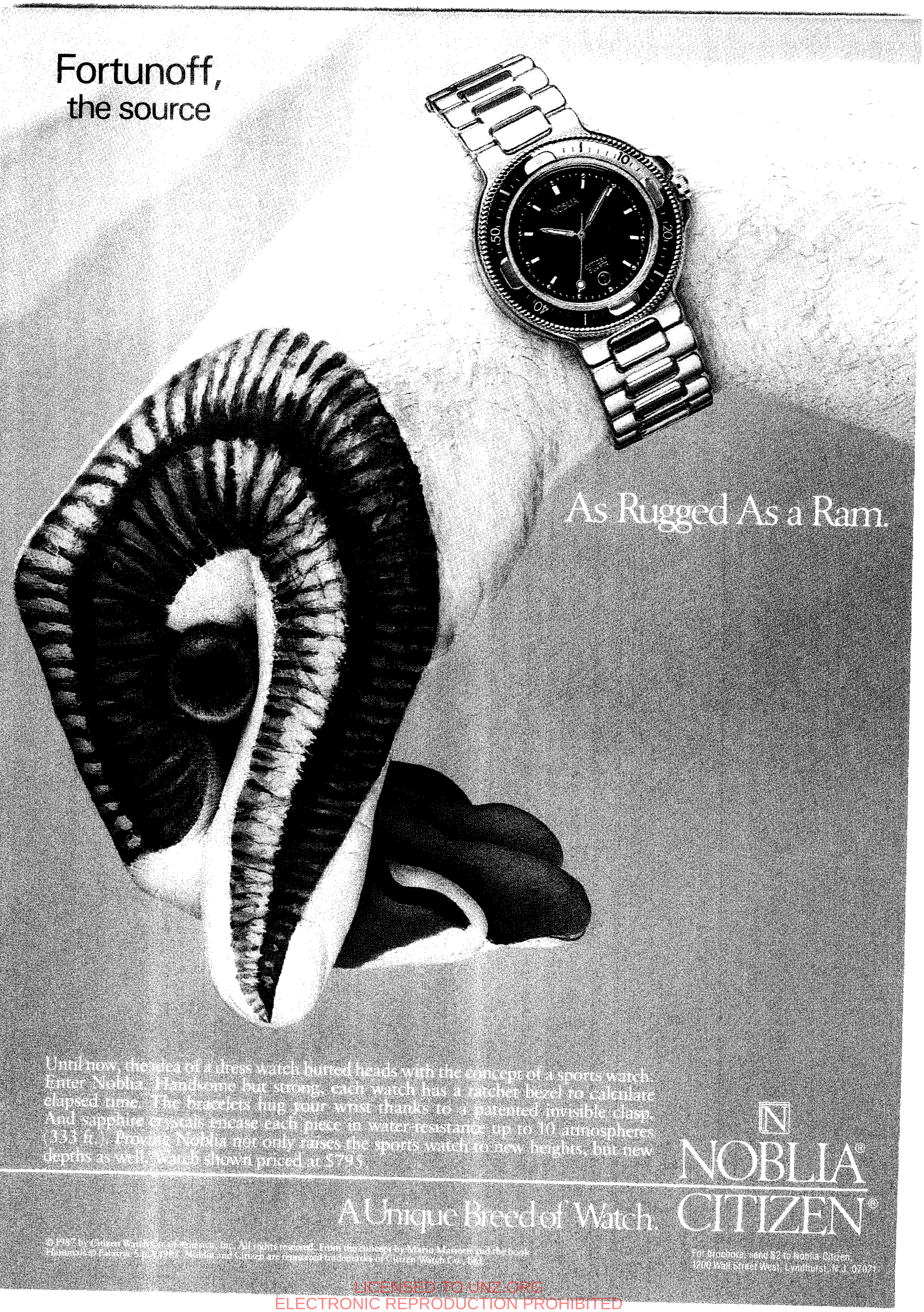

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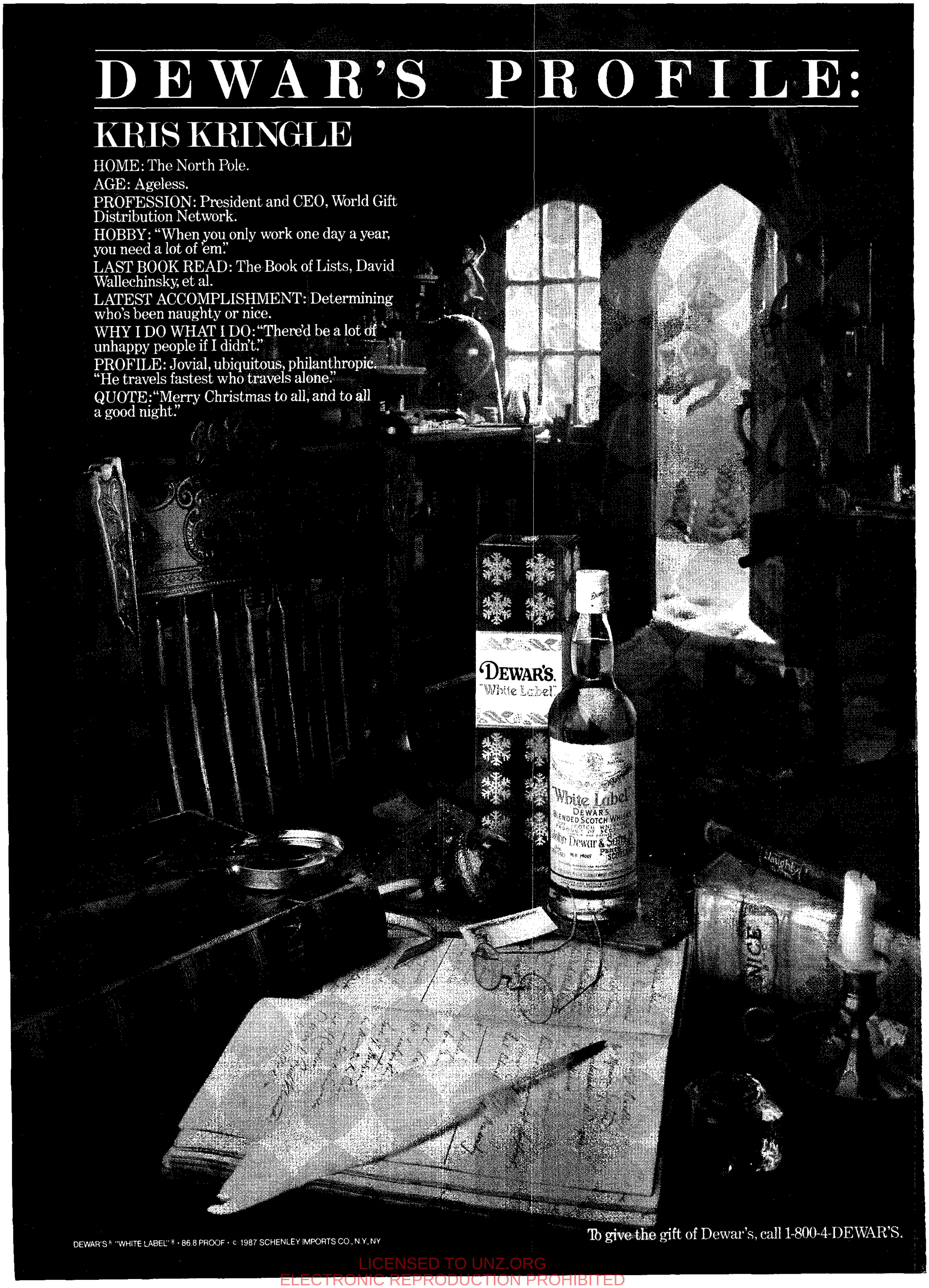
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JUNK bonds may be selling slowly on Wall Street these days, but the White House is still eager to have the federal government underwrite one extremely high-risk public venture. President Reagan evidently remains willing to gamble the better part of a trillion dollars on the missile-defense program known as the Strategic Defense Initiative, and he used his Thanksgiving trip home to California to call attention to what he regards as the blessings to come from Star Wars research. During a stopover in Colorado, the President visited a Martin Marietta plant, one of the facilities working on the program, in order to emphasize the "vital" importance of the effort as the "cornerstone" of the nation's future national security, and he once again made clear that at the upcoming summit meeting with General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev he does not intend to bargain Star Wars away.

As an investment strategy, the President's approach is curious, and it has encountered stiff congressional opposition, because it entails placing a higher value on the long shot offered by yet-to-be-invented technology than on something closer to a sure thing, which might be achieved by shrewd diplomacy. True, there is some chance that in the next few decades American scientists will be able to design, say, orbiting battle stations that can deftly shoot a large number of advancing Soviet missiles out of the sky—as long as the Soviets forgo the option of knocking out the battle stations first. However, if the Soviets agree, as part of an arms treaty, to permit a significant portion of their strategic missile force to be destroyed outright, in plain view of the world, protection against their grotesquely large nuclear arsenal might be achieved sooner, and at a bargain-basement rate. Sledgehammers and crowbars, not satellites and space stations, could do the job.

Timing, as today's woeful stock-market investors know, is everything, and while we wait for the results of the summit meeting, where a treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces is presumably going to be signed, the brevity of President Reagan's remaining term and the uncertainty of Gorbachev's tenure and powers create one of those moments when history holds its breath. If Gorbachev is ready to agree to intensified negotiations on strategic weapons next year, President Reagan might have the opening for a second, vastly more significant arms-control treaty. This is not a payoff that should be dismissed lightly. Obstinacy about Star Wars could, of course, mean simply that the chance to reach an accord on strategic arms would be left to Mr. Reagan's successor—provided, among other things, that Kremlin hard-liners do not force Gorbachev from office in the meantime. But if President Reagan can learn to recognize a good deal when he sees one, he may, a year from now, be able to count a monumental blessing in his final Thanksgiving in office.

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Street Scene

ON a recent Saturday afternoon, we went to N.Y.U.'s Tisch School of the Arts along with some seventy senior citizens to attend a special performance of an undergraduate production of Elmer Rice's 1929 Pulitzer Prize-winning play "Street Scene." The matinée was the brainchild of Kay Matschullat, a busy young woman who was the show's guest director. " 'Street Scene' is set in the late nineteen-twenties, outside a lower–East Side tenement full of immigrants, but in a university situation you tend to get an audience of mostly students and parents," Ms. Matschullat had told us over the phone. She went on to say that when she came up with the idea of giving her actors an audience that had actually grown up in the time, and perhaps even at the site, of Rice's drama she got in touch with the Caring Community in the Village, St. Joseph's Church, on Monroe Street, and the lower–East Side office of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged, and ended up with a packed house.

Red-cheeked, and muffled in thick coats (it was bitterly cold outside), the audience assembled at the theatre—a small, curtainless house called Mainstage 1—and carefully climbed the risers and took their seats. We sat next to Rose Silvan, who had come with the

Caring Community group. Mrs. Silvan, a pretty, dainty woman old enough to murmur "Now, which war was that? Not the Second World one" in the course of an anecdote, has spent most of her life in the city. We asked if she'd grown up in a neighborhood like the one depicted by the grimly realistic set before us. "Near," she said. "Not in."

Ms. Matschullat came onstage and invited the audience to stay after the performance to talk about "what the production got right and what we got wrong." The lights went down. The roar of a train filled the auditorium. The lights came up, discovering the actors on the sidewalk in front of the tenement, fanning themselves, on "the hottest June 14 in forty-one years." Throughout the opening scene, they gossiped in German, Irish, Italian, Swedish, and Yiddish accents.

"Look at those old-fashioned shoes!" a woman in the front row exclaimed as a street person stumbled across the stage. (Ms. Matschullat said later that she found the presence of street people only one of many similarities between the twenties and the eighties.)

Jordan Hunt, playing a nerve-racked father-to-be, appeared in an upstairs window. "I think the baby's coming!" he cried.

Waves of knowing laughter from the audience, which was largely female.

A bloodcurdling yell from the woman in labor offstage.

"Good screaming!" someone remarked.

The action progressed toward evening. "The Italians built New York, the Irish run it, and the Jews own it," Jim Corrieri, playing the Irishman George Jones, declared, to appreciative laughter.

Night fell. Two women, one in a tuxedo, entered, drank, flirted, and kissed. Whispers in the audience: Was the actress in the tux supposed to be a man, or what? There had been a certain amount of doubling already, to cover the play's forty-five roles, so it might just be that. Uncomfortable stirring nevertheless. (Ms. Matschullat told us afterward that the women were supposed to be lesbians. She was interested in the sexual explorations of the twenties, which seemed to her to parallel our own, she said, and had taken a liberty with the script.)

Blackout. End of Act I.

"Very good," pronounced a man behind us.

In the lobby, we talked to Leon and Gertrude Schop, who had seen not only King Vidor's 1931 film of "Street Scene" but the original stage production. How did this one compare so far?

"Terrific," said Mr. Schop.

"Too many Irish accents," said Mrs. Schop.

"I grew up in Yorkville in the twenties," said Mr. Schop. "Seventy-sixth between Second and Third was Irish, between First and Second Italian. Below Seventy-fifth were Bohemians and Czechs."

"The actors talk too fast," said Mrs. Schop. "They need to take their time. Every word should count."

Mr. Schop said, "I lived through such racial slurs when I was young."

"We're not interested in racial slurs," Mrs. Schop said. "We're talking about the play."

Act II began with the clopping of horses' hooves.

"Italy is beautiful, but is no money," James Miller, in the role of Filippo Fiorentino, said to Elizabeth Posella, who was cast as the ingénue, Rose Maurrant. "Here is no beautiful, but is money."

Tasha Wenger, as Rose's mother, entered for a poignant scene in which she obliquely asked Rose's tolerance of her affair with the milk collector.

"That's her mother?" exclaimed a woman in the front row.

Urgent shushing.

Jordan Hunt entered and announced the birth of a daughter. In his joy, he sang a few bars of "Hard Hearted Hannah."

"He's very good, that boy," we heard Mrs. Schop say, some rows back.

"Sh-h-h," said Mr. Schop.

Jesse Kaye, as the cuckolded Mr. Maurrant, entered suddenly and roared his outrage on discovering his wife with the milk collector.

Mrs. Silvan's hands flew from her lap and covered her mouth in horror as Mr. Maurrant shot his wife and her lover.

A married man offered help to the newly homeless Rose.

Mrs. Silvan frowned deeply.

Rose refused.

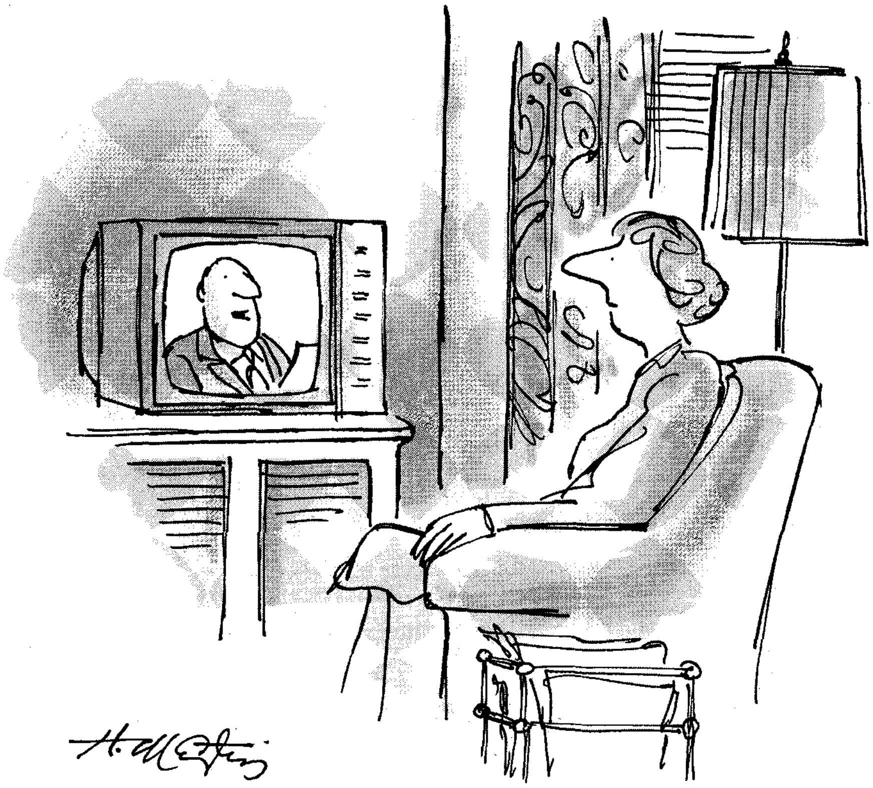
Mrs. Silvan smiled and relaxed.

The penniless Jewish Sam, played by Daniel Doyle, proposed to the Catholic Rose.

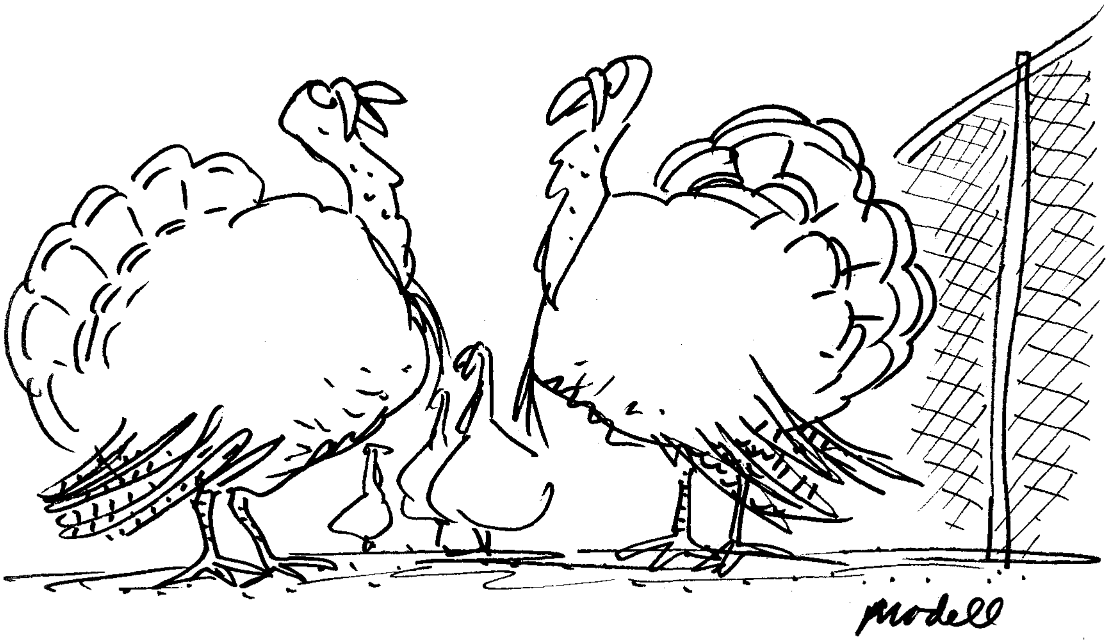
Mrs. Silvan shook her head vehemently.

Rose said no, they were too young—she could even end up pregnant without meaning to.

Mrs. Silvan vigorously nodded approval.



"And now a traffic update: A parking space has become available on Sixty-fifth Street between Second and Third. Hold it! A bulletin has just been handed me. That space has been taken."



"Well, at least the worst is behind us."

Blackout. End of play.

"Very good," pronounced the man behind us, beginning to search for his coat.

Ms. Matschullat reappeared, and then the actors. "Did it seem like New York was then?" she asked the audience. "Did the different ethnic groups have trouble getting along in those days?"

Many voices said "Yes!"

"Is it better now?"

"It's different," a woman said.

Ms. Matschullat put her hand on Paul Urcioli's shoulder. As the patriarch Abraham Kaplan, Mr. Urcioli had had the difficult task of acting old in front of an audience that had no choice in the matter. "Did you believe Mr. Kaplan was an old man?"

Smiling, everyone agreed that he was very good.

"Is New York tougher to live in now?"

"Yes! We didn't have murder then," a woman said.

"I saw a murder," a man said. "With an icepick."

"The city's worse now," a woman said. "It's the dope, and the nuclear war."

"We didn't have doctors, you know," someone volunteered. "We had midwives."

"That's Elmer Rice," Ms. Matschullat said.

"*My* mother had a doctor!" a woman called out.

"People had more of a sense of satisfaction in those days," Mrs. Silvan said. "People worked together."

"Really?" Ms. Matschullat asked.

"Really!" Mrs. Silvan replied emphatically.

"Thank you," Mrs. Schop said to the actors. "You gave us a lot of culture today."

On Display

STEVEN JENKINS' grandfather Adolph Mayer has a big beefsteak tomato named for him. "The Adolph Mayer is a really wonderful tomato," Mr. Jenkins told us the other day when we dropped in at Fairway, the busy produce market on Broadway near Seventy-fourth Street, where he is one of four junior partners. "My grandfather helps the University of Missouri test new vegetable seeds, so they honored him by naming one after him." Being immortalized anywhere, especially in association with an appetizing vegetable, would probably please almost anyone, but for Mr. Jenkins that kind of recognition has special significance. "Would I like a cheese named after me, the way my grandfather had a tomato?" he asked himself. "That sounds great. You bet I would. You *bet*."

Mr. Jenkins' specialty at Fairway is cheese, but his real passion is writing chatty and enticing signs for all the store's products. A few of the Fairway signs just do their job—they say something simple, like "NEW CROP YAMS" or "CRISPY WESTERN ICEBERG SOLD AT COST PRICE"—but those are made by the other Fairway partners, who figure that a sign's a *sign*, especially when you're in a hurry and there are crowds stretching from the cash register to the back door. Mr. Jenkins' signs have become something like required reading among shoppers in the neighborhood—they can be informative, argumentative, comic, autobiographical, or sassy—and whatever time he finds between checking cheese orders he spends making them.

The signs are about five by seven inches and are made of white tagboard. Mr. Jenkins hand-letters them with bright-red or orange or blue or purple laundry markers. One of his signs that day said:

HOOP CHEESE: NO FAT! NO SALT!
AN INTRIGUING MARRIAGE
OF WET COTTON AND LIBRARY PASTE

"I'm very opinionated about cheese," he explained to us, and he pointed out another sign, which said:

MIMOLETTE: HARD, BLAND. DE GAULLE'S
FAVORITE,
WHICH FIGURES. I DON'T KNOW WHY,
IT JUST DOES.
WE STOCK IT BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE
CHEESE.

His all-time favorite sign is no longer in service, but Mr. Jenkins was so pleased with it that he saved it for display. It's stapled to the store's back wall, and says:

RAW SEX
FRESH FIGS
SAME THING. 49 CENTS

Some of Mr. Jenkins' signs acquaint shoppers with people who supply choice items or who figure in his interest in food. On signs here and there throughout the store are mentions of Ted and Sally (makers of Wieninger cheese), Laura (California chèvre), Jane and Bo (pie bakers), Nana (Mr. Jenkins' grandmother, who introduced him to kohlrabi), Dr. Scott Severns (his dentist), and Al Grimaldi (bread baker). "I think it's important to know where food is from—that's why

I name some of the suppliers,” he said. “I wanted to write about my grandmother because she really taught me about the value of fresh foods, and my dentist just asked me to order sorrel for him, so I thought I’d mention him, too.” Some signs have won Mr. Jenkins gratitude from customers. His treatise “Never Wash a Mushroom!” was very popular, for example. Other signs, however, have been controversial. A sign on some Illinois goat cheese asserting that the cheese was exciting but Illinois was really boring offended so many shoppers that for a while he had to post a note beside it admitting that he was from Missouri and considered it even more boring than Illinois.

Mr. Jenkins, who is late-thirtyish, curly-haired, blue-eyed, and barrel-chested, told us that he moved to New York fourteen years ago to become an actor. His career went well—he played the Dean & DeLuca counterman in “Manhattan” and had a shot at a major role in the soaps—but he soon realized that his day job as a cheese man was making him happier than his acting did. He decided to get serious about food, and he discovered that the thing that made him happiest of all was driving around Europe looking at food and finding the villages that his favorite wines and cheeses were named for. He also liked finding towns famous for their sauces. He more or less gave up acting, and seven years ago he joined Fairway. Today, Mr. Jenkins has credentials in cheese—he is America’s only Master Cheesemonger, which means he’s an elected member of the Guilde des Maître-Fromagers, Compagnon du Saint-Uguzon—and he manages to satisfy his hunger for an audience by making signs. He recently described this professional odyssey in a sign for cornichons:

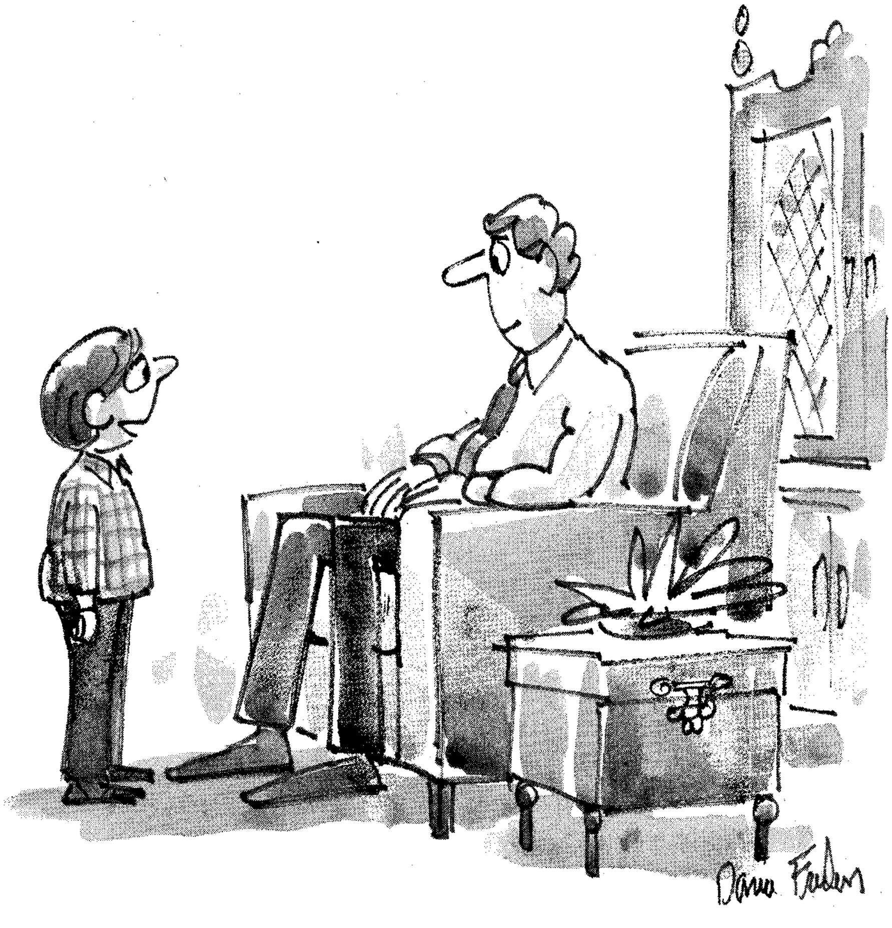
When I Got Started in This Business
13 Years Ago, I
Thought Cornichons Were Little
Corn Cobs.
And Now Look at What a Gourmet
I’ve Become.
My God, Life Is Amazing.

“I think the best way to show off food is to have a big, huge, untethered pile of stuff,” he said as he tidied up around his department, straightening a sign that chided the makers of Pecorino Toscana sheep cheese for charging so much. “Then you stick a big, funny, outrageous, eye-catching sign in the middle of it. You say everything there is to say about the product. There are several schools of food-display signs. One is the fancy-shmancy school, where you have a tiny little sign that says ‘One-Hundred-Year-Old Quail Eggs, Eight Thousand Dollars a Dozen.’ Another school, which is the one I’m in, is where you take a garish sign and staple it to a big stick and you wedge it into the pile of food. It’s a real peasant way of life, making your living from food, and I enjoy the peasant quality of putting a sign on a stick into the food. My partners are always yelling at me for spending so much time on my signs, but I love to do it. You can tell the ones I didn’t make. They’re rather terse.”

As he walked past a sign that said

Handmade Stuffed Peppers: Wow!
Hooo!
Strange but True!
From Rhode Island. . . . Crazy
Americans!

he spotted a woman in the checkout line clutching a bottle of olive oil. “Hey, you’re not going to buy that, are you?” he asked her. She eyed him nervously. “There’s another brand that’s better and it’s seven dollars less,” he explained, pointing toward a shelf. Then, to us, he said, “I do have an urge to communicate. The truth is, my ideas about food are not necessarily commercial, but I think they might help people know more about what they’re getting. I think people should come into the store to have fun and learn something. If you’re not going to learn something, why get out of bed?”



“Dad, tell me about the birds and the bees and safeguards.”

And Joy

A FRIEND writes:

“Your cuff has shredded,” the tailor from the alterations department had said on the phone, and since this seemed an unduly coy, and even vaguely dishonest, way of saying, “We have shredded your cuff,” I was in a foul mood as I walked across the Grand Army Plaza toward Bergdorf Goodman last Tuesday noon. My head was bowed, my jaw was set. Then, suddenly, I heard a sound like all the Salvation Army brass bands in the world playing "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" together, and I looked up, and there, mounted layer upon layer on the balustrade of the now dry fountain, were all the Salvation Army brass bands in the world playing "G.R.Y.M.G." together. Seated in front of them, beneath the fountain, were Pia Lindstrom and George Plimpton. All this—a brass band in a fountain, two celebrities listening—was sufficiently surreal to make me stop and look around, and for the first time I noticed that the Grand Army Plaza was full of beautiful young women dressed in the uniform of the Salvation Army—navy-blue jacket, navy-blue skirt, navy-blue hat with turned-up brim—and holding tambourines decorated with long ribbons of many colors. It looked like the overflow from an immense casting call for "Guys and Dolls."

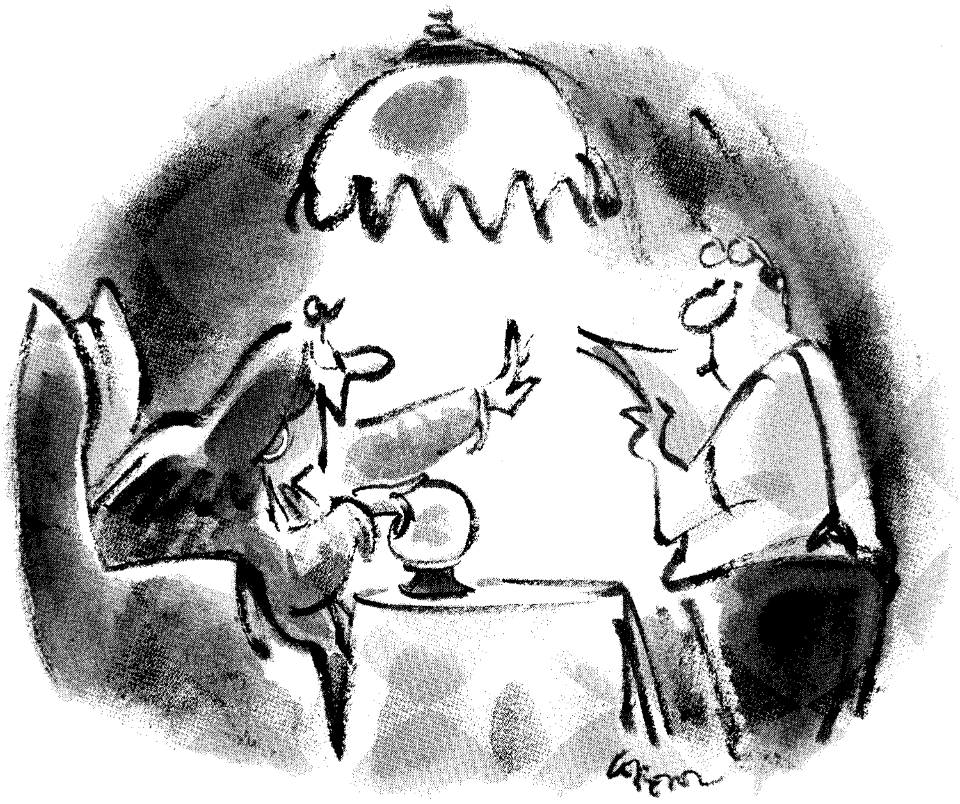
Actually, one of a row of six Major Barbaras sitting on a bench at the north end of the plaza explained to me, this was the kickoff of the Salvation Army's annual Christmas drive. The band up on the fountain, she said, was the staff band of the Army's Eastern territory. "They tour, just like Bruce Springsteen," she added. During the Christmas season, the band members are dispersed—a tuba at this corner, a trombone at that one—but for the kickoff they are brought together to play standards like "God Rest You," "Good King Wenceslas," and "Deck the Halls" in Hollywood-style arrangements. As each tune ended, it was reduced to a little two-note figure (and joy, and joy, and joy), which was then transformed into a little two-note figure beginning the next (jingle, jingle, jingle).

A man in a long blue overcoat and a visored cap approached a microphone and told us that George Plimpton would now say a few words. Plimpton, who looked exactly like a man who had himself been waylaid by the Salvation Army on his way to Bergdorf Goodman to inspect a cuff shredded under suspicious circumstances, said a few words about the good works of the Salvation Army and announced that the band would play a couple more numbers.

"That's Lieutenant Colonel Paul Kelly," my informant on the bench said. She meant the man in the long blue coat. "He runs the Army in New York." She went on to tell me that she and her five companions were cadets in training at the Army's officers' school, in Suffern. "It's like a seminary, I guess," she said brightly. "You study for a couple of years, but you have to do duty standing at Christmas kettles. It's sort of on-the-job training. Even after you've graduated, you can do Christmas-kettle duty, but everybody tells me you're not so gung-ho after you've done it for a while. Right now, I'm *really* gung-ho."

After George and Pia and Lieutenant Colonel Kelly had rung Christmas bells together for photographers and TV cameramen who had assembled in the plaza, the Lieutenant Colonel explained to a handful of reporters who had also gathered there that the first event of the Salvation Army's Christmas drive would be a Thanksgiving dinner, at which the Army expected to feed almost eight thousand homeless men and women. Each year for the last five years, he went on, the number of homeless people seeking help from the Salvation Army had gone up by ten per cent. "So while our numbers are keeping up pretty well, and we don't have any trouble getting some good recruits," he said, pointing toward the six young women, "our responsibilities are increasing all the time, too. We seem to have had more people to care for in the last five years than at any time since I joined the Army, thirty years ago."

The photographers and reporters turned toward the six young women in uniform and, recognizing a perfect photo opportunity, began to take pictures. The look on the photographers' faces spoke so clearly of hunger for youth and innocence and old-fashioned purity that as I walked on toward the big department store (the cuff turned out to be O.K.) I couldn't bear to tell any of them what one of the girls had said while Pia and George and the Lieutenant Colonel were ringing their bells, which was "Now, *there's* the last fifteen seconds of the eleven-o'clock news."



"Get the S.E.C.! I've got Bernard Baruch on hold."

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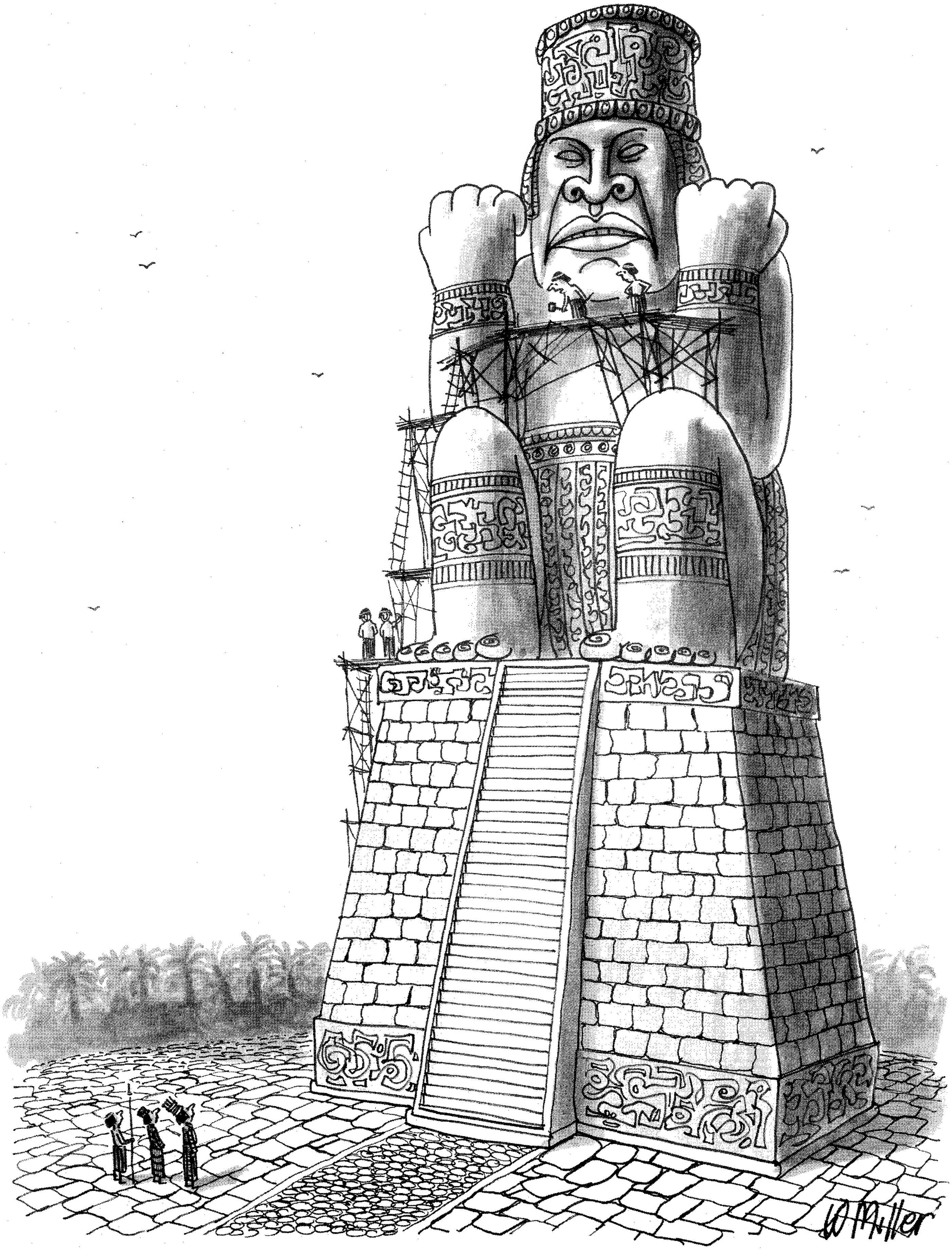


"I said does he or doesn't he have a cleft in his chin?"

WOMB WARD

EIGHT beds in a large room, four on either side and too close to each other. This was a shabby Victorian hospital in west London, and probably the room had not been designed as a ward. But it was decent, with pink flowery curtains at the windows, and on runners to separate the beds for moments needing privacy. Because the room was tidied for visiting time the long decorous swathes of pink were tied back. A lot of people sat about on chairs or on the beds. Mothers and sisters, brothers and cousins, friends and children had been coming and going since two in the afternoon. Not the husbands: they would be in later. But there was one husband who sat close to the head of a bed where a pretty woman of about forty-five lay turned toward him. She gazed into his face while he held both her hands, one in each of his. They were large hands, and he was a big man, wearing good clothes, tweedy gray jacket and a white shirt that dazzled, like those in the advertisements. But he had taken off his tie, which hung on his chair back, and this gave him an informal look. The intensity of his concern for his wife and her imploring gaze at him isolated them as if a curtain had gone up on them in their own home. Certainly neither was aware of the visitors who came and went.

He had brought her in at midday and had been sitting with her ever since, before formal visiting hours began.

This was a ward for gynecological problems, or, as the women joked, a womb ward. The seven other women had had or would have operations or other treatment. No one was seriously ill, and more joking went on than in any other kind of ward, yet low spirits were never far away, and the nurses who were always in and out kept an eye open for a woman weeping, or one silent for too long.

At six o'clock the suppers were brought in and most visitors went home. No one had an appetite, but the husband coaxed his wife to eat, while she protested she did not want to. She cried a little but stopped when he soothed her like a father, and she sat obediently with a bowl of custard in her hand while he fed her with a spoon from it, sometimes putting down the spoon to blot her eyes with a large old-fashioned very white handkerchief, for she could not keep back the tears for long. She wept like a child, with little gulps and snuffles and heaves of her chest, always watching him with her wide, wet blue eyes. Blue eyes meant to be happy, for crying did not suit her.

The other women watched this scene. Sometimes their gazes met, commenting on it. Then husbands came in after work, and for an hour or so the room contained couples in close practical talk about children and domestic matters. Four husbands had come. One old woman sat alone, turning the pages of a magazine and watching the others over it. Another, Miss Cook, had never been married. She, too, watched what went on, while she knitted. The third who had no man beside her read a book and listened to her Walkman. She was "the horsy one." (Whether she was horsy or not no one knew; she was presumed to be, being upper class.)

Then it was time for the men to leave, and they went: kisses, waves, see you tomorrow. The woman who had come that day clung to her husband and wept. "Oh don't go, don't go, Tom, please don't go." He held her and stroked her back, her shoulders, her soft gray nicely waved hair, now in pitiable disorder. He repeated, "I must go, dear. Please stop crying. Mildred, you must pull yourself together—please, dear." But she saw no reason to stop. She lifted her face to show a mask of tragedy, and then she laid it against her husband's shoulder again and cried even harder.

"Mildred, Mildred, please stop. The doctor told us he didn't think it would be anything much. He told us that, didn't he? I said to him that we had to know the worst, but he said there wasn't any worst. You'd be out in a week, he said. . . ." He went on talking like this in a soothing, firm voice, and stroked her, and made concerned noises, and she burst out in worse sobs and clung and then shook her head to say she wasn't crying about her medical treatment but for reasons he knew about yet willfully chose to ignore.

So noisy were her tears that a nurse came in and stood staring, but did not know what to do. The husband, Tom, looked gravely at the nurse. This was not a helpless look, far from it; rather, he was saying, There's no more I can do and now it's your job.

"Mildred, I am going now." And he disengaged himself, pulling down her arms, which instantly flew up again around his neck. He finally got free, laid her back on her pillows, stood up, and said generally (not apologetically, for this was not a man who would easily see a need for apologies, but giving an explanation they were entitled to have), "You see, my wife and I have never been separated, not even for one night, not since we were married, not for twenty-five years." Hearing this, his wife nodded frantically while the tears rained down all over her pretty pink jacket. Then, seeing him stand upright there, refusing to bend down to her again, she turned her gaze away from him and stared at the wall.

"I'm going now, dear," said Tom, and went out, giving the nurse a look that silently commanded her to take over.

"Well, now, Mrs. Grant," said the nurse in the cheerful voice of her discipline. She was a girl of about twenty, and she looked tired, and the last thing she needed was an old woman (as she would see it) complaining and carrying on. "You're disturbing all the others; you mustn't be selfish," she attempted, hopefully.

The appeal had no effect, as the ironical faces of the other women showed they had expected. But Mildred Grant was crying less noisily now. "Would you like a nice cup of tea?" No reply. Only gasps and little sniffs. The nurse looked at the others, who were all so much older than she was, hesitated, went out.

Nine o'clock. Soon they would be expected to sleep. In came a trolley with milky drinks of a sleep-inducing kind. Some of the women were brushing their hair, or putting in rollers, or rubbing cream methodically into their necks and faces. There was a feeling of lull, of marking time: the day shift had gone home and the night staff were coming on.

The old woman—the really old

woman, whom the nurses called Granny—remarked brightly, "My husband died twenty years ago. I've lived by myself for twenty years. We were happy, we were. But I've been alone since he died."

The crying stopped. One or two of the women sent congratulatory smiles and grimaces to the speaker, but then there was a fresh outburst from the abandoned wife.

A sigh from the old woman, a shrug. "Some people don't know their luck," she said.

"No, they don't," said the woman opposite her, Miss Cook. "I've never had a husband at all. Every time I thought I had one nice and hooked, he wriggled away!" She laughed loudly, as she had often done at this brave joke, and glanced quickly at the others to make sure she had made her effect. They were laughing. Miss Cook was a comic. Probably it was this very joke that had set her off on her career of being one, decades ago. She was a large, formidable, red-faced woman of about seventy.

Soon they were all washed, brushed, tidy, and in bed. The night nurse, another fresh young woman, came to look them over. She had heard from the nurses going off duty about the difficult patient, and now she gave the sobbing Mildred Grant a long, dubious inspection and said, "Good night, ladies, good night." She hesitated, seemed as if she might try admonitions or advice, but went out, switching off the light.

IT was not dark in the room. The tall yellow lamps that illuminated the hospital car park shone in here. There was a pattern of light and dark on the walls, and the pink of the curtains showed, a subdued but dauntless note.

Seven women lay tense in their beds, listening to Mildred Grant.

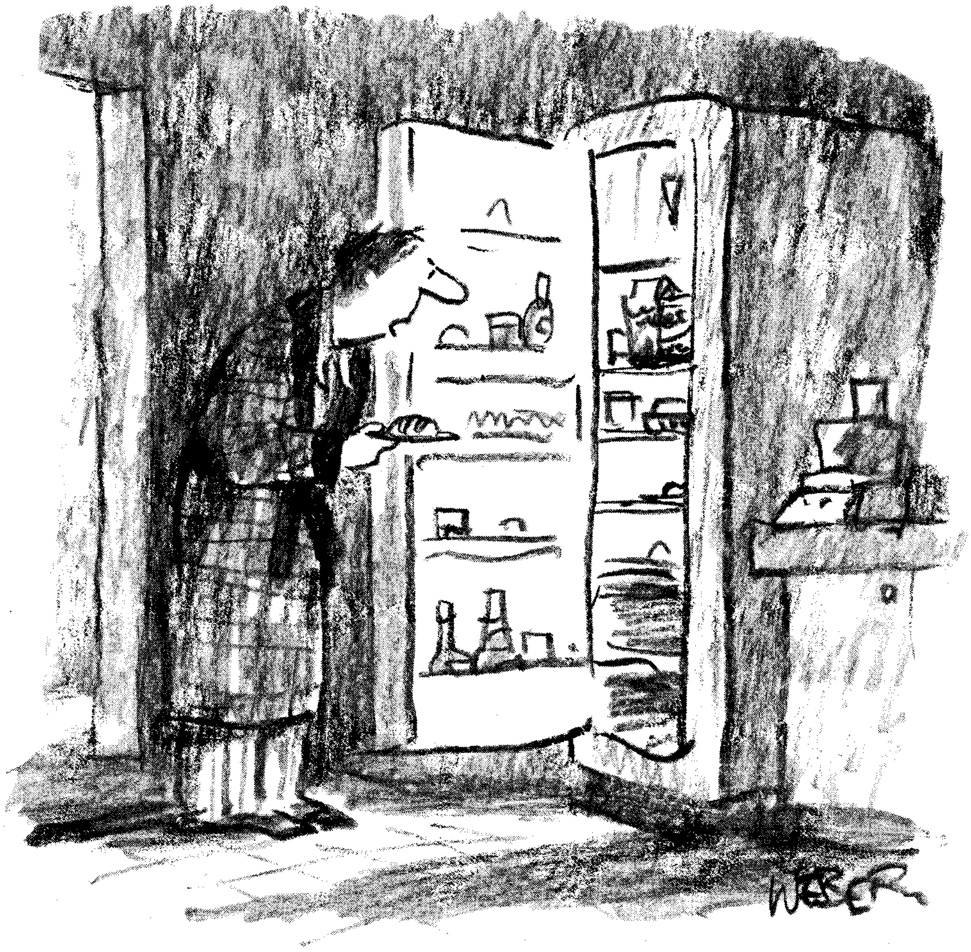
Her bed was near the door. In the two beds close to hers were matrons in the full energies of middle age, who commanded children, daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, husbands, relatives of all kinds, and these were always dropping in with flowers and fruit in what seemed to the others like a continuing family party. Mrs. Joan Lee and Mrs. Rosemary Stamford demanded the movable telephone several times a day to organize dentists' and doctors' appointments, to remind their families of this or that, or to ring up butchers' or greengrocers' shops to order food the happy-go-lucky ones at home were bound to forget. They might be in the hospital with womb problems, but in spirit they had hardly been here at all. Now they were forced to be here, to listen. The fourth bed on that side held the joker, Miss Cook. Opposite her was the very old woman, the widow. Beside her, "the horsy one," a handsome young woman with the high, clear, commanding voice of her class, who was neither chummy nor standoffish, defended a stubborn privacy with books and her Walkman. Atavistic dislikes had caused the others to agree (when she was out of the room) that her abortion on the National Health was selfish: she should have gone to a private hospital, for, with those clothes and her general style, she could certainly afford to. Next to her, a recently married young woman who had miscarried lay limp in her bed, like a drowned girl, pale and sad but brave. Next to her and opposite Mildred Grant was a dancer, no longer young, and so now she had to teach others how to dance. She had fallen and as a result suffered internal hurt. She was depressed but putting a good face on it. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you!" she often cried, full of vivacity. This was her motto, and, too, "It's a great life if you don't weaken!"

The women were shifting about in their beds. Their eyes shone in the lights from the car park. An hour passed. The night nurse heard the sound of weeping from outside, and came in. She stood by the bed and said, "Mrs. Grant, what are you doing? My patients have to get some sleep. And you should, too. You're going to have an examination in the morning. There's nothing to be afraid of, but you should be rested."

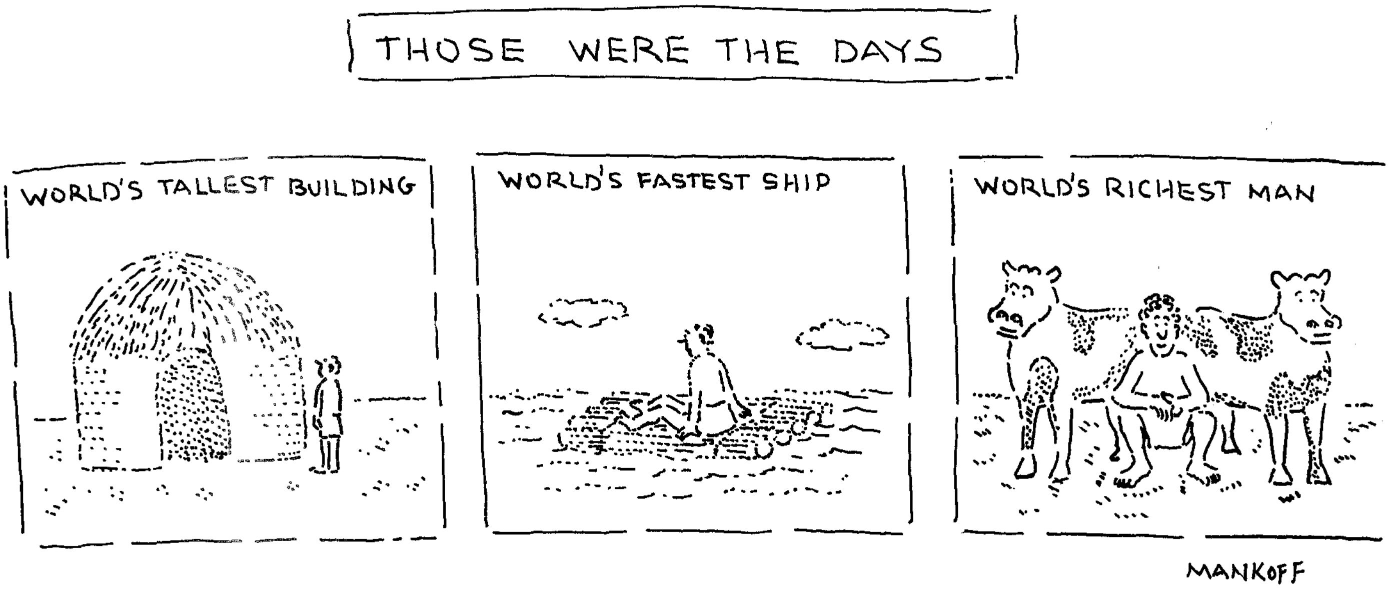
The sobbing continued.

"Well, I don't know," said the nurse. "If she doesn't stop in a few minutes, ring the bell." And she went out.

Mildred Grant was now crying more softly. It was a dreary automatic sobbing, and by now it was badly on their nerves. In every one of them dwelled the unappeased child with her rights and her claims, and they were being forced to remember her, and how much it had cost each of them to subdue her. The pale girl who had miscarried was weeping. Silently, but they saw the tears glisten on her



"Damn it, who ate all the chèvre?"



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cheeks. The gallant dancer lay curled in a fetal position, her thumb in her mouth. "The horsy one"—she in fact loathed horses—had slipped the Walkman's earpieces back on, but she was watching, and probably unable to stop herself listening through whatever sounds she had chosen to shut out the noise of weeping. The women were all aware of each other, watched each other, afraid that one of them would really crack and even begin screaming.

Mrs. Rosemary Stamford, a tough matron, the last person you'd think would give way, said in a peevish end-of-her-tether voice, "They should move her into another ward. It's not fair. I'm going to talk to them."

But before she could move, Miss Cook was getting out of her bed. She was not only large and unwieldy but full of rheumatism, and it took time. Then, slowly, she put on a flowered dressing gown, padded because she said her room was cold and she couldn't afford what was needed to keep it heated, and bent to pull on her slippers. Was she going out to appeal to the nurses? Taking herself to the toilet? At any rate, watching her took their minds off Mildred Grant.

It was to Mildred Grant she was going. She settled herself in the chair that had been occupied for all those hours by the husband, and laid a firm hand on Mildred's shoulder.

"Now, then, love," she said, or commanded. "I want you to listen to me. Are you listening? We are all in the same boat here. We've got our little troubles, we have, all of us. I had to have a hysteriaectomy"—so she pronounced it, as a joke, for while she was a real old-style working-class woman, unlike the others here except for the widow, she knew quite well how the word should be said. "The way I see it, it's not fair. What's my womb ever done for me, in the way of children at least? . . ." Here she raised her face so the others could see that she was closing her left eye in a large and pronounced wink. Always good for a laugh, that's me, said this wink. Now she said loudly, to be heard over the sobbing, "Look, dear, if you've had someone to say good night to every night of your life, then it's more than most people have. Can't you see it like that?"

Mildred went on crying.

They could all see Miss Cook's face in the light from the window. It looked strained and tired, the jolly clown notwithstanding.

She laid her arm around the weeping woman's shoulders and gently shook her. "Now, my dear," she said, "don't cry like that, you really mustn't. . . ."

But Mildred had turned and flung her arms around Miss Cook's neck. "Oh," she wept, "I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I've never had to sleep by myself, not ever. I've always had Tom. . . ."

Miss Cook put her arms right around Mildred, cradling and rocking the poor bereft little girl. Her face was, as they say, a study. She seemed to be struggling with herself. When at last she spoke, her voice was rough, even angry. "What a lucky girl you are, aren't you? Always had Tom, 'ave you? And I'm sure a lot of us wish we could say the same." Then she checked her anger and began again in a soothing monotonous tone: "Poor little thing, poor little girl, what a shame, is that what it is, then, oh dear, poor thing. . . ."

The other women were remembering that Miss Cook had not had children, had never been married, and lived alone, and apart from her cat had no one to touch, stroke, hold. And here she was, her arms filled with Mildred Grant, and probably this was the first time in years she had had her arms around another person, man or woman.

What must it feel like, being reminded of this other world where people hugged and held and kissed and lay close at night, and woke in the dark out of a dream to feel arms around them, or were able to reach out and say, "Hold me, I've been dreaming"?

But her voice was going on, kindly, impersonal, firm. "Poor little thing. Poor little girl. What a shame, but never mind, you'll have your Tom back soon, won't you. . . ."

This went on for a good quarter of an hour. The sobbing stopped. Miss Cook laid down the exhausted woman, letting her limbs and head flop gently into a comfortable position, as one does with a child.

When she stood up and looked down at the sleeping woman, Miss Cook's face was, if possible, even more of a study than it had been. She went to her bed, removed her flowery gown and her slippers, and lay carefully down.

It was necessary for someone to say something. It was she, Miss Cook, who had to say it. "Well," she remarked, "you live and learn, don't you?"

Soon they were all in their own worlds, fast asleep, or nearly.

—Doris Lessing

JACK'S GIRL

I TALKED to a ghost once, but he didn't talk back. I asked the ghost questions and then I told him I hated him. The ghost was my father, who had died a month earlier. We sat on a curb and ate candy bars together. I ate the real thing; he ate candy that you couldn't exactly see through but that wavered whenever the wind blew. By the time we parted, I no longer hated him. Or I realized it wasn't as simple as that. He was standing next to his rose-colored convertible—he'd always liked racy cars. The top was open. It was a lovely night—hazy, but the sort of haze that makes the air itself seem to be all different colors.

This happened in Arizona about ten years ago, when I was twenty. My father—whom I called Jack—had died in Barstow, California. That's where he'd been living, with his wife and kids, when he met my mother, the year before I was born. I lived only a few hours' drive away, in Los Angeles, but Jack and I hardly ever saw each other.

When my father was alive, he was "in vending machines," as my mother used to say, when she said anything about him at all. He owned and serviced a vending-machine route, and when he died his wife, whom I knew even less well, asked me to take over the route until she could sell it. A vending-machine route had to be kept alive, she said. If the machines stayed empty too long, the customers—gas stations, bus stops, offices, and schools—might let new venders move in. Even if that didn't happen, the route would shrivel and die without constant servicing. Jack and his wife had two sons, but neither of them could get away just then, and his wife was in bad health. For helping her, she promised me a very small percentage of the profits from the sale of the business. The route was in California, Arizona, and Nevada, and it was while I was servicing it that I saw the ghost. The last time I'd seen Jack alive was five years earlier. I'd always lived with my mother and stepfather—whom I called Dad—and my three younger brothers.

A year before Jack died, I left college and moved in with a boy I loved. Of course, my parents wanted me to stay in school, and it felt strange to go against their wishes about something so important. But it also felt good. My boyfriend and I lived in a stucco apartment house near downtown Los Angeles. Music ruled that building, in an insane sort of way. The man in the adjoining apartment used to practice throwing knives into the wall while listening to loud classical music. He was a former child movie star.

Below our apartment lived a girl who couldn't have been more than eighteen years old, and she played disco music constantly. She didn't always close the curtains, so if you were outside you could see into her place. She would be sitting in front of her tape player and turntable changing songs. She'd play a song from an album and just as it was ending she would start a tape. On weekends she would play disk jockey like that for hours, from when she woke up to when she went to bed.

Jack's wife sent all of his business papers, maps, keys, and files to me in Los Angeles, and I tried to figure everything out. Jack used codes that I couldn't always understand for the machines' keys. I'd planned to organize for a couple of days before I left to service the route, but it took me nearly a week. As I sat at my desk and started decoding, I felt surreptitious and secretive, like a spy, but that illusion was destroyed by the din of the disco from below and the knives thumping alongside.

I had written my mother about all this, and she called me one night while I was decoding. "Honey, your dad says he would be glad to go with you on the route," she said.

I could hear his voice in the background saying, "Tell her things aren't that busy at work for me right now." He owned a garage, a good one, and I had never known him not to be busy.

"I can do it myself," I said. Actually, I had some doubts about that, but I didn't want to admit them to my parents.

I heard my dad, closer to the phone now, saying, "What did she say?"

My mother said, "Well, your dad just thought maybe you wouldn't want to be alone."

I asked whether he would come just until I felt comfortable, and he agreed. I didn't doubt that he wanted to help me, but I also thought he was curious about the man he had perceived as a rival: when he married my mother, she still loved Jack. She had married my dad because she was pregnant with me, and though she later claimed that she loved him, I was never really sure. The first time my mother saw me with my boyfriend, she'd kept staring at us in a funny way. Later, when I asked her what had made her stare, she

Tar

said we'd both had the same look on our faces, as if we'd been washed over with the same water. I used to try to picture her with Jack, both of them washed over with the same water.

MY dad and I left Los Angeles on one of those hot, ashy days when the surrounding hills are burning with brushfires and a feeling of siege has settled on the whole city. The fires filled me with languor and restlessness, so it was a good time to leave.

Since the time I went to college, when I was eighteen, I had seen little of my family; it took me by surprise how naturally and quickly new people covered the surface of my life. My dad and I didn't talk much on the phone, and though my mother and I wrote, my dad and I never did anymore. We had at first, but one of my brothers told me that whenever my dad received a letter from me he got a weary look on his face, the way he did when he had to do a chore like filling out tax forms. He always wrote me back, but I knew it was a burden. "It's almost as bad as having to read a book," my brother told me he'd said.

I had worked out a logical route, to cover the territory in the most efficient way. The first day our stops were mainly gas stations, plus a couple of offices. Mostly small stuff. Our last stop, in the evening, was a Chinese-Italian restaurant. The restaurant had live entertainment—a man in a bow tie singing ballads. Signs hanging inside and out said that if you bought two entrées you'd get the second free.

"Let's eat here," said my dad. "A free meal." Bargains always delighted him in ways that were embarrassing or that seemed to me out of proportion to the amount of money saved. Once when I was younger, my dad took us over to the house of a friend of his to pick up some spare car parts for his garage. Our own car was being fixed at the time. On our way back, we walked through town, one of my brothers carrying a carburetor, another brother, my father, and I carrying a blue car door, and my youngest brother carrying two hubcaps that he kept trying to balance on his head.

"It's not really a free meal," I said. He mumbled something I couldn't quite make out, but it sounded like "Killjoy." "Oh, all right," I said.

My dad ordered sweet-and-sour pork with spaghetti for twelve ninety-five, and I wanted to order a vegetable plate.

"That's only five ninety-five," said my dad. "Besides, didn't you tell me when you were in high school that eating too many vegetables would make your complexion orange?"

"It's what I feel like eating."

"You had a date with that Scott guy, or Trott, or whatever his name was, and you wouldn't eat any carrots all week."

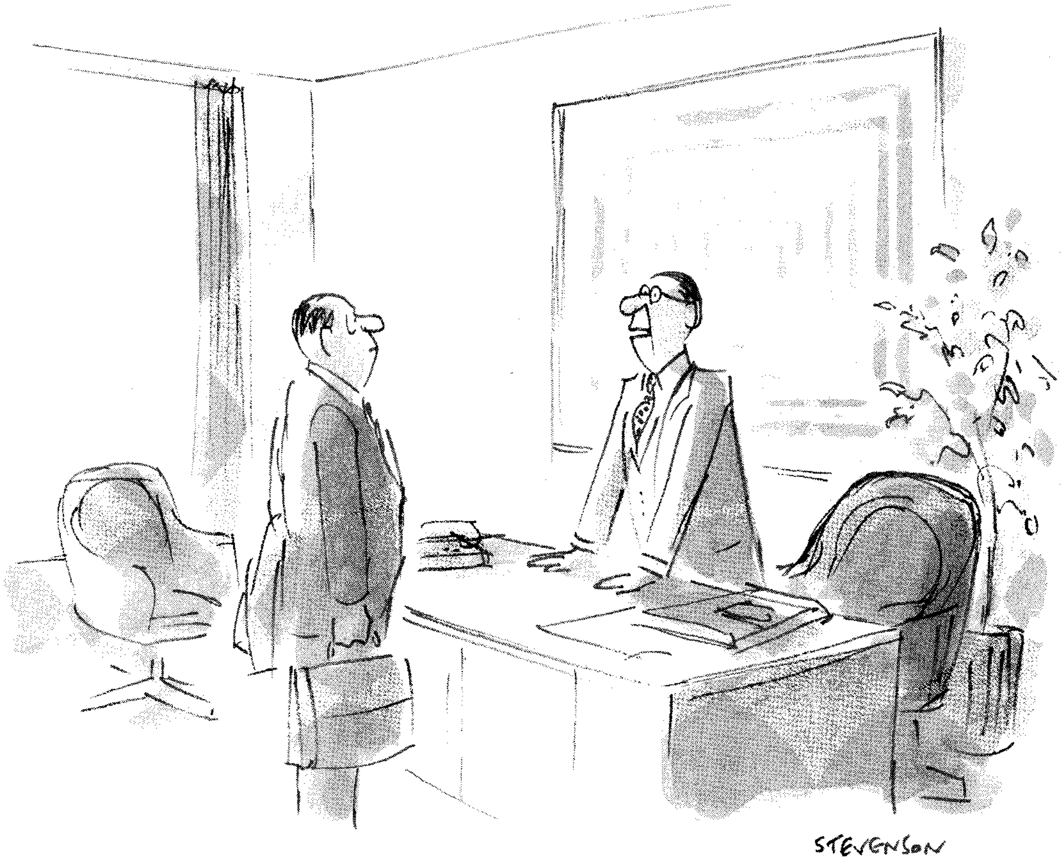
The waitress came and I asked for the vegetable plate. My dad looked crestfallen. "Don't you feel like shrimp? Look, here's some great shrimp for fourteen ninety-five." His face, always changeable, looked hopeful now. I gave in, which didn't seem to surprise him.

The shrimp was supposed to be marinated in ginger sauce; it arrived bathed in ketchup, but my dad didn't want me to return it. "We got a free meal!" he said.

When we were finished, we went into the foyer, where I had to climb on the cigarette machine to reach the lock on the candy machine. I smiled to myself when I realized that Jack must have done the same thing. "Can you hand me a screwdriver?" I said. "The lock is stuck." My dad didn't answer, and when I looked down he was staring glassy-eyed out a window into the parking lot.

"You know, sometimes I have thoughts so big they scare me," he said.

A couple of customers walked by and gave each other a look on the way out. "The screwdriver?" I said. My



"Look at it this way, Crosley—unemployment could be a real stretch for you."

• •

dad kept staring. "What was the big thought?"

"I don't know. I can't explain it. It's gone now anyway."

"About Mom?"

"Maybe."

My dad handed me the screwdriver. "So have you thought any more about going back to school?" he said. He spoke tentatively, as if he were afraid I would lose my temper and say once again that it was *my* life. "No" was all I said.

His face took on a sad aspect and I wondered whether he was having a different kind of thought now—a practical, unhappy one. He had never finished high school himself, and I think he felt that going to college would guarantee me my place in the world. Maybe he worried I might end up unhappy, the way he thought my mother was.

MANY of the machines we filled were in small towns, clusters of one-story buildings surrounded by yellowed weeds. The buildings had cracked stucco walls of pale pink, pale yellow, or white, and nearly all the windows in all the buildings were open, the curtains behind them shivering in the breeze. The children I saw always appeared to me tan and curious without being either healthy or alert, and the houses, as if they were organic, seemed to blend into the fields. In the background there were water towers, silver globes protecting the towns from the surrounding desert. At night the scenery was bare but not barren. There were no lights along the highway, and sometimes it was hard to tell we were in a real car, because the scenery on either side changed hardly at all. It was like one of those pretend cars in arcades, where you have a seat and a steering wheel and the road moves on a screen in front of the wheel. When trucks passed us, their emblems hung surreally in the blackness between the headlights.

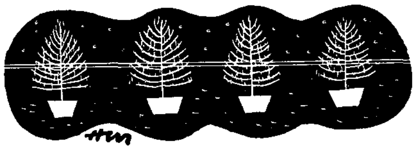
JOHN MUIR REMEMBERS ELIZA HENDRICKS

Eliza, if
wood smoke had not hung above the road
if the road had not been warmed, then cooled, then warmed
then frozen over with ice too smooth
to give firm footing
if we had not seen the ruffed grouse perched
in the poplar like a fat, mottled pear
if its flanks had not been puffed
or streaked with brown
its tail not fanned with silver
if it had not been feeding on winter buds
if it had not been silent
if it had drummed or whirred its wings
or lifted its ruff or called
if it had been afraid of you
or me, if you had not pressed your hand gently
against the small of my back, if the grouse
had not smoothed its feathers
not arched its neck
not raised its crest
not lengthened its body slowly
opening like a fist unclenching
if you had not touched me
if the bird had not tilted its head
to listen to us breathe
if there had been a wind
if the bird had separated itself from the tree
to fly down close
to the ground with rapid wingbeats sweeping away the invisible
intricate paths of mice
if the sun had not burned through the smoke
or parted the haze or surrounded
your hair with light
then I would have walked back with you that afternoon
to the house where the pewter bowls sat
on the oak table in the room where I used to watch you
ironing sheets, opening each crumpled hem, smoothing
the lace with cast iron and steam, I would
not have to bear the weight of all
the wings I've failed to see,
all of them folded in the tops
of the closest trees, Eliza,
I wish I had not fled from you.

—Christianne Balk

• •

ONE day in the car my dad said that he'd already stayed away from the garage longer than he'd planned to. But he quickly added that he would be glad to continue the route with me. Who knows what he really wanted to do? I told him I thought I could handle things by myself now. There was a machine in an Arizona bus-stop restaurant that we'd reach in a few more hours, and my dad decided to catch a bus back to his home from there. When we got to the restaurant's address, I asked a passerby where the place was, and he pointed to a white frame house and said, "Second floor." I hesitated, because there was no sign anywhere, and he said again, this time irritably, "Second floor." We followed his directions and found a small, quiet, dark restaurant up a flight of squeaky stairs. A young girl served us. She lingered at our table, eager to talk. She wanted to know where we were from and what we did. Ordinarily my dad was the talkative one, but this time I answered. He had been looking more tired each day.



"So you're only halfway done with the route," he said, after the girl left. "Think you can hold out?"

"I'm fine. I kind of like it." And in fact I did—I realized it was the first time I'd ever had any genuine responsibility.

My dad was quiet again. A little boy

AaBbCcDd
JEB
RANDI
ZOE
ANNIE
NICHOLAS
SASHA
WILLY
NAT
HALLIE
KOREN

"Hey, you guys, don't you remember? The big word here is 'compromise.'"

• •

at the next table dropped a container of milk and knocked over his chair as he caught it. His mother told him to sit still, and he smiled at me, sly and angelic.

When the bus came we went downstairs. My dad idly leaned over and knocked on one of the wheels of the bus. He examined the tread, nodded approvingly, then got that glassy-eyed look again.

"What are you thinking about?" I said.

"To tell the truth, I was thinking did you know your mother had an affair once?"

I hesitated, then said, "I know."

"Did you know I almost had one, too, a couple of years ago?"

I shook my head, though his back was to me now. I felt sick and sad inside to hear this, and I was glad he didn't turn to look at me.

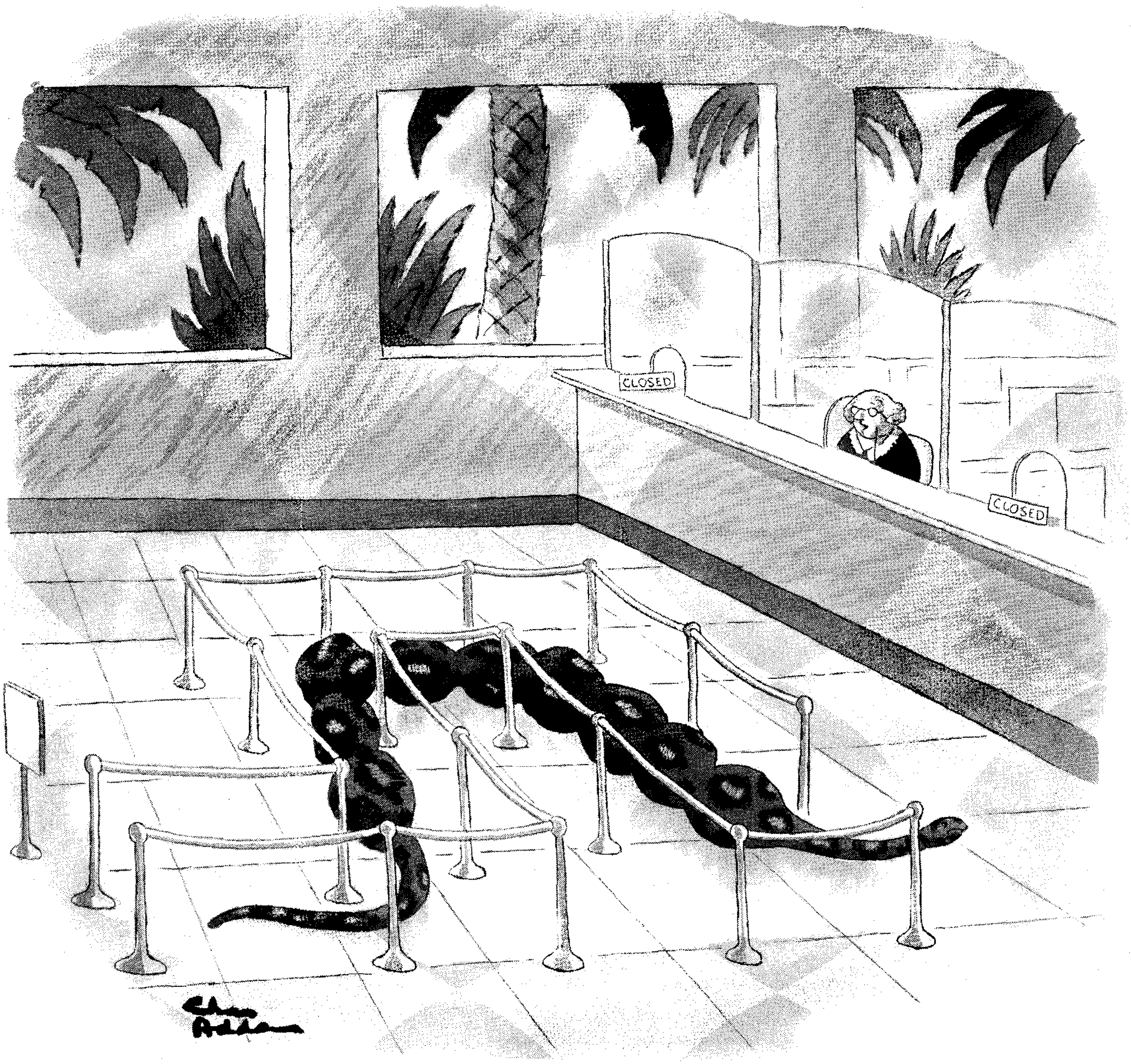
He shrugged. "It doesn't matter. We went out to dinner a couple of times. See, I wanted to tell you because nothing happened. See, your mother told me once how she ended with Jack. She said he took her to his house one day and on the wall was this thing called a Wish List. It had writing all over it, like 'toy truck' and 'stuffed animal,' and Jack's wife had written 'a new couch for my birthday.' Your mother was about seventeen years old. A few weeks later he took her there again and a new couch was sitting in the living room. His wife had wanted this thing for the house and he'd gotten it for her, and that made your mother see for the first time the way his wife was connected to him and the way he was connected to her. She and Jack went into the bedroom then, but the whole time she just lay there feeling sad. So I kept thinking about that when I met this other lady, and somehow that stuff your mother had told me meant more to me than the other things, the things she did to me." He turned to me and became energized for the first time in days. "It's wrong!" he said. "Two people get married! They get married. Period."

There had always been something primitive about his morality; it was as if his need for a moral order were as strong as the need for food and water. When I was growing up, I'd always felt sheltered by his convictions, and by his belief that all his children would grow up "good." Whenever we did something "bad" or "wrong," he wasn't so much disappointed as confused and disbelieving.

As my dad was about to get on the bus, he reached into his wallet and took out all the money in there: twelve dollars. "Here, you might need some cash."

"Dad, I'm grown up, I work, I have money—remember?" I said. "Plus, I've got all the change from the machines."

"Don't worry, I have credit cards,"



"Next . . . next . . . next . . ."

• •

he said, handing me the bills. As he was going up the bus steps, he paused and turned and said plaintively, "Now, don't you write me." Then he took his seat.

After the bus left, I walked back upstairs to the restaurant. I felt greasy and ragged, and I noticed spots on my blouse, and bruises on my hands from working.

The girl from the restaurant talked with me while I filled the candy machines. She said her town was bigger than it looked, maybe ten thousand people. She said she was fifteen, then seemed to be studying my face to see whether I believed her. Before I left I gave her a bottle of clear nail polish and she gave me a few breakfast rolls she sneaked out of the kitchen.

WORK grew less complex as time passed, because the more machines I serviced the fewer keys remained that I hadn't matched with a machine. I worked harder, but I also felt relaxed. I would sit on the car in the sun eating candy bars and figuring things out—working on adjustments to my route, computing how much money I'd spent. Jack's wife was going to reimburse me for my expenses. Using Jack's notebooks, I saw that his neat handwriting had changed over time, the slant moving from left to right. Occasionally, there was a note in the margins: "Need new lock for C-24. . . . New man trying to take over territory, A-5." I wondered what *he* had written on the Wish List.

I knew I didn't have to service all the machines. I had originally planned to leave some, doing only enough to keep the route salable. But then I decided to do them all anyway, just for

ON THE LIST

As Who Isn't? his snobbery protests.
Still, he is pleased to be included.
As if his daily imitation
Of one of the grownups had succeeded,
Here he is among the real
Doctors and other serious persons.
Now he is somebody at last,
And there is his full name to prove it.
And an occupation. Out of the wide
Range of narrow choices the proprietors
Of the list provided he elected one.
He appears in print to be an Educator.

Most of the rest the proprietors
Left entirely to him.
Here he may be born when he chooses
And no one will correct him—
Certainly not his curtly acknowledged parents.
Now he may have as few wives as he wanted.
For a couple of lines his schooling goes smoothly.
Then he begins to rise in his profession,
Arriving at last at his home
Or office address and telephone number.

Every couple of years they ask him again
Who he is. He adds a child, a line
Of honors and awards, the grants
That prove he is a formidable beggar.
Yet it goes without saying that much
Must go unsaid. One principle
Ruling these little lives is omission.
Even the proprietors do not pretend
To offer anything like a full account.
Think how many things there is no room for.
Here everyone is friendless and unbrothered.
And where shall he record his treasured losses?

Someday when they ask their question
He will not be able to return an answer.
Then the proprietors must
Edit him out of the list.
By name. The object of an intention.
Perhaps this confers some distinction:
One dies and has to leave the foolish pages.
As if some purpose had been served at last.
But for now he is one inch tall
Including all his publications,
And he is a little proud of that.
Although he knows it comes to nothing much,
Bound in the color of blood
He soldiers on among his gray companions—
He and all these strangers by the thousand.

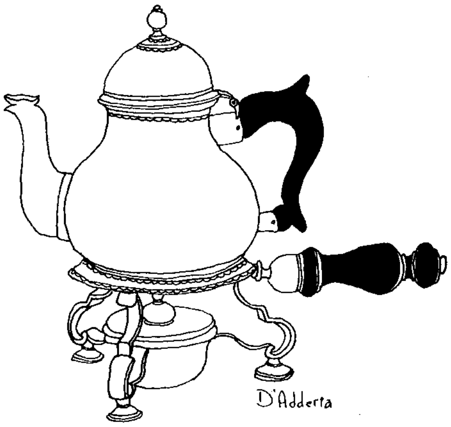
—John N. Morris

• •

the obsession of it. A couple of the most out-of-the-way places were tiny offices for which Jack had simply laid out candy on shelves, with no machines, and the office workers paid on the honor system. He'd gotten to know the people in those offices better than the people at his more profitable locations. I thought maybe he'd told some of those smaller customers about me, maybe showed them pictures if he had any. In any case, "Jack's girl" is what a couple of them called me.

I SAW my father's ghost when I was almost finished with the route, at one of those out-of-the-way places I had considered not servicing. Earlier that night someone had been tailgating me, though the road was empty and he could easily have passed. I slowed, he slowed, I pulled over, and he stopped rather than pass. Finally, I turned onto a side road and he sped on.

It was very late, but I had only two more stops for the night. The next-to-last one was a gas station; it had two machines, one with snacks like potato chips and cookies, and one with candy bars and gum. I was testing keys when I suddenly noticed Jack standing next to me, at a third vending machine that had appeared out of nowhere. I think I screamed and ran a few steps toward my car, but something made me stop and turn. Jack was shaking his keys, but I heard no jingling. "Jack?" I called. I walked back. His image was not quite right. I realized he was a ghost when the wind came up but didn't muss his hair, just made his whole body flow to the side and back. His personality seemed to flow back and forth as well: at first, with his cagey glances to one side, he reminded me of a weasel; then he smiled to himself and seemed almost innocent. I looked around and behind me and saw nothing, no one. I had that same relaxed feeling I'd had a lot lately, a hypnotized feeling. "Do you always come out here to service this machine, even though it's so out of the way?" I said. Like me, he had probably been tempted to skip it. But I bet he never did. He needed to be diligent for a business like this to work, I realized. I'd never thought about that before. The first time I remember seeing him, he was driving a convertible, and I guessed he didn't need to worry much about money. It had probably been important for him to appear that way to people.



He began putting coins into the machine and checking each candy slot to make sure nothing was out of order. Before he put his key into the lock he studied the key, blew on the metal, shined it with his shirt. He paused for a split second, and I realized it was to see whether he could catch a piece of his reflection in the key.

"I see your car over there," I said. "You were following me earlier." My voice sounded the way it always did, but it also sounded strange, because I was basically talking to myself. We worked silently together.

When he was finished, he sat on the gas-station curb, and I joined him. Across the road the ground was so flat it exhilarated me, the way it went on and on. We both tore open a candy-bar wrapper. I had never eaten so much candy in my life. For the last couple of weeks, I'd been living mostly on candy bars and milk.

Jack ate appreciatively, as if chocolate were his favorite food. I reached out and ran my hand through him, only it didn't go through, exactly, it just stretched him out in the middle, as if he were elastic. I asked him about my mother, what she had been like and how much he had loved her, and when he didn't answer I told him I hated him for putting a curse on my dad's life. He tore the wrapper on his candy bar lower and wiped his mouth with his shirt. It seemed like such a lonely life suddenly—before he died he had sat out here in the middle of this nowhere or another again and again for twenty years.

"Well, if you're just going to be sitting there we ought to talk," I said. "Do you have any questions? Shall I tell you about my brothers? Do you want to hear about my boyfriend?"

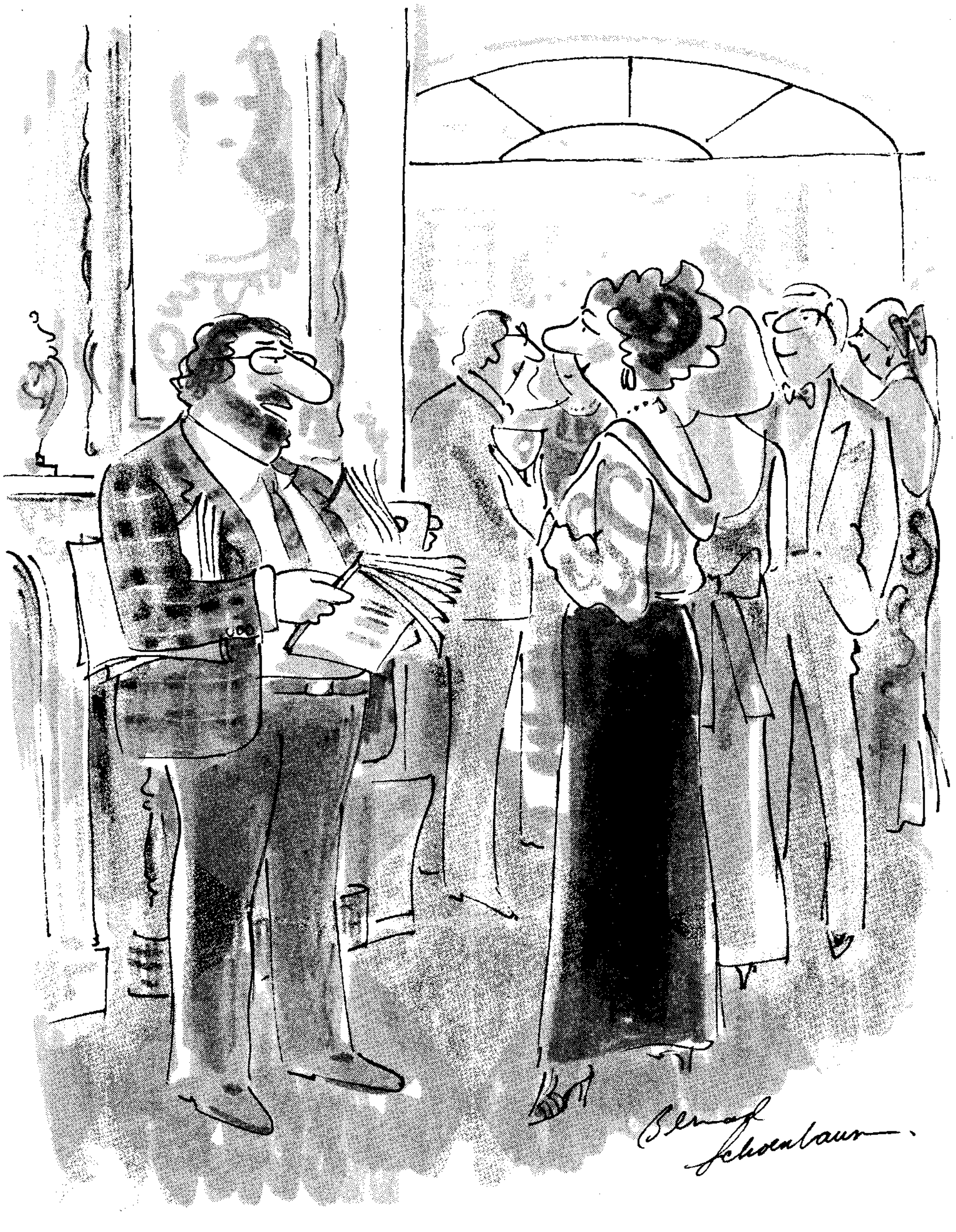
He nodded at an appropriate moment, but I guess it was just coincidence. "My boyfriend's name is Andy Chin. He's twenty, like me. He's moody, but I wouldn't say he has a bad temper. Sometimes we talk about having a baby and about what kind of house we'd like. But the thing is, we'd rather get a really nice apartment than a house. A condo is more our ideal." Jack sneezed soundlessly. "Bless you," I said. "Did I ever show you any pictures of my brothers? Walker's really quiet, but he's not really shy, the way he used to be. He just doesn't like to talk to people if they don't interest him. Ben's the opposite. He has too many friends. Walker and Ben are in high school. Peter's in grammar school. He skipped a grade because he's so smart." I couldn't help adding, "I bet neither of your sons skipped a grade."

I took a breath. I noticed for the first time that Jack was quite young, maybe about my age or a few years older. He was younger than I could remember ever having seen him. That meant he'd probably just bought the candy route. I think he met my mother around that time. But perhaps that was still in the future for him, a few months or years away. I hadn't been born yet as he sat there. When my mother fell in love with Jack, she must have realized how young they were and that things wouldn't turn out well.

Jack got up and went to his car, brushed it with his hand, admired it. He took out a small notebook and started writing. I wondered where he was going now. Down the highway past the gas station sat a couple of small signs, the back of a billboard, another gas station, and then the highway curved into the night. In the other direction there were no signs and no buildings, just the highway cutting through the fields of yellowed grass. The grass was so pale with dryness it looked almost snow-covered.

Jack started scribbling in a bigger notebook, probably one that I later read. I got angry again, because he wouldn't or couldn't pay attention to me. "If it weren't for you, maybe my mother would have loved my dad more," I said. But that didn't quite make sense. I tried to figure why not: I was at Max's Texaco, but Jack wasn't, although in a way he was, and I wouldn't be there if it weren't for him, even though he . . . What time was it? I was getting sleepy. The dry air smelled faintly of gasoline. I still had another stop, and for a moment I began to worry about my work and forgot about Jack. I tried to calculate from the night sky what time it was, but then I gave up. It didn't matter; it was high time I left.

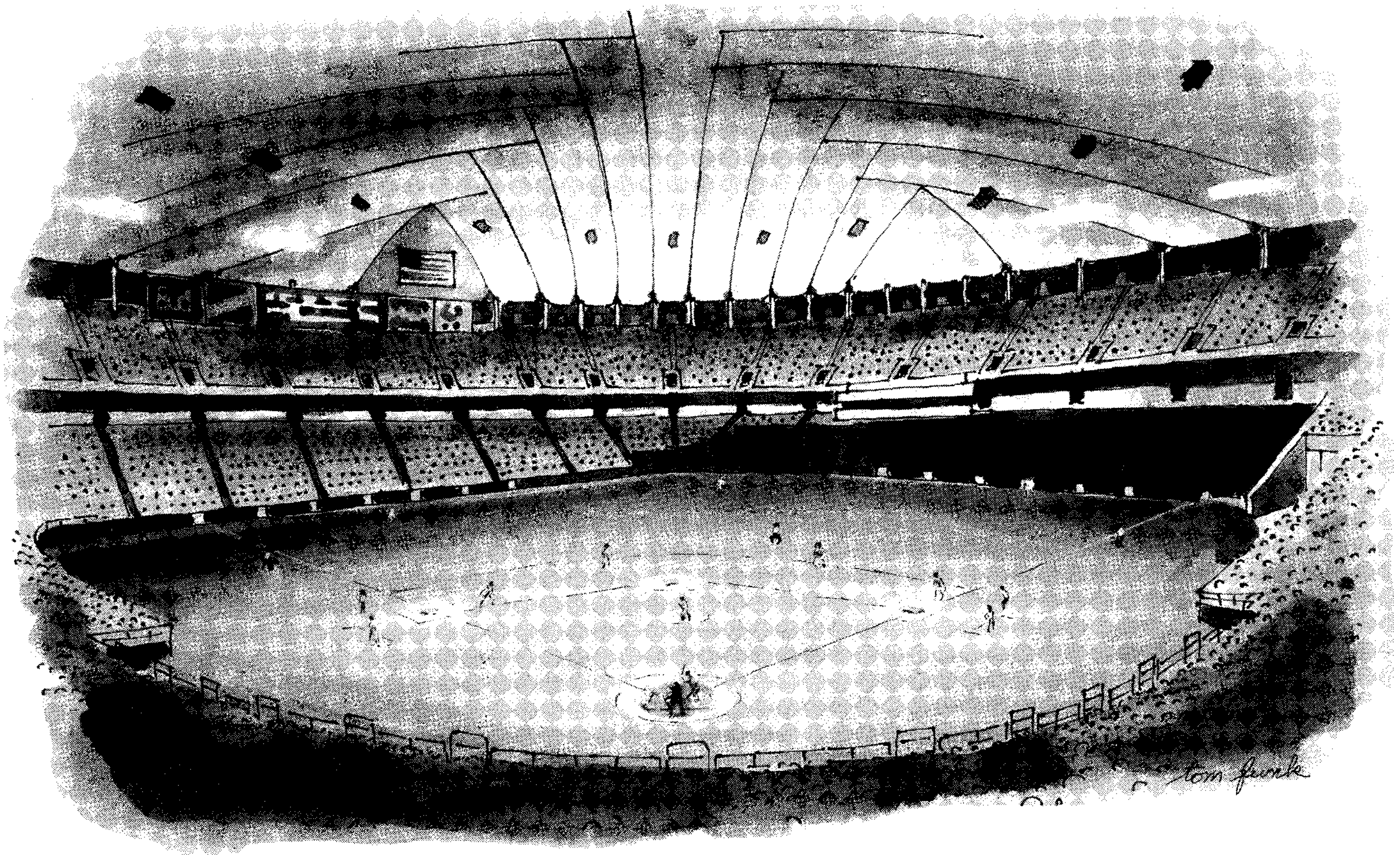
—Cynthia Kadohata



"I read manuscripts."

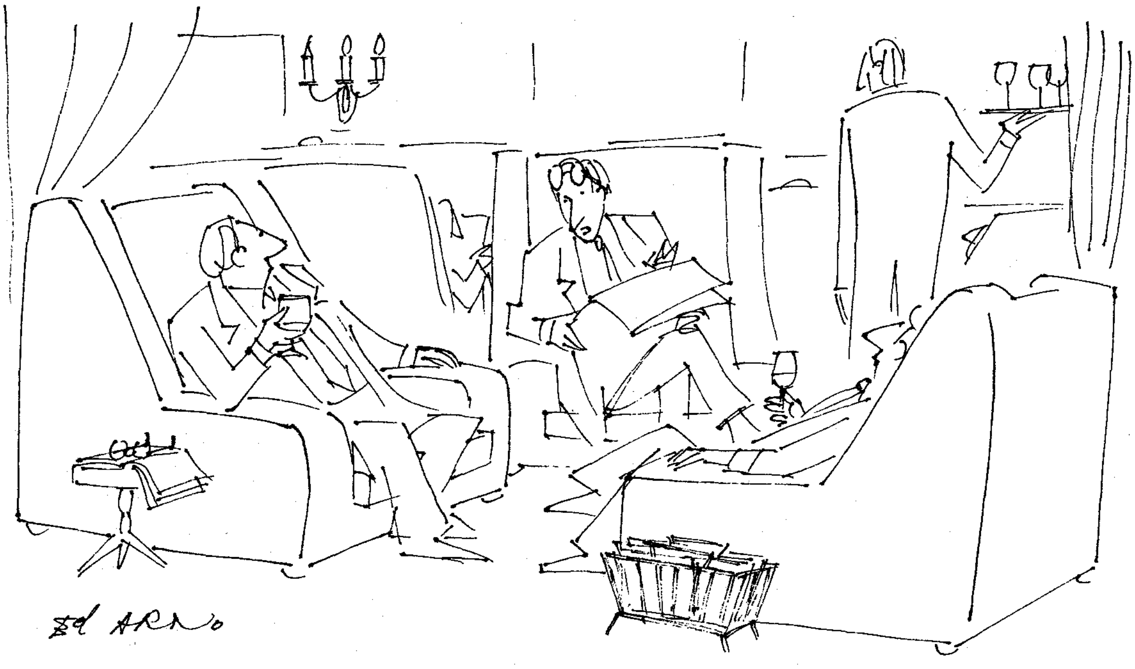
THE SPORTING SCENE

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS



THE tumult and the shouting dies, thank God, the hankies and the Cards depart, and the Minnesota Twins are the world champions of baseball. It will take some getting used to, but let's see it for what it is: a wonderful surprise; a championship, however unexpected, captured by a team of attractive and resolute and talented young strangers (to most of us, I mean); and a World Series of surpassing unlikelihood, which, in the end, outgrew its oddity and its dismal environs and its ratings, and even its distractions, thanks to a couple of action-stuffed closing games that at last repaid a careworn troop of fans (the hoarse soldiers, perhaps) who, for all their screaming, must have secretly expected the opposite result, because abysmal baseball news was what they had known best. The outcome has not been well received in some quarters. The defeat of the Cardinals, the only team to compete in three World Series in this decade (they lost a seven-game Series to the Royals in 1985, and beat the Brewers over the same distance in 1982), removed the last celebrity team from the boards, thus completing a process that began late in the summer and continued through the championship playoffs, in which the best-known and possibly the better-qualified teams were perversely knocked down and snatched away from our consideration. Some fans in my neighborhood became downright sulky about this. "A terrible year," I kept hearing. "What's happening? I don't even *know* these guys." What was happening, I believe, was that a lot of folks in New York and Long Island and upstate, and around Boston and the Cape and the rest of New England, who had suddenly fallen in love with baseball during the eventful playoffs of last year and then the clangorous, Athens vs. Sparta World Series between the Mets and the Red Sox, learned this summer that the sport is deeper and harder and even more surprising than they had understood, and that baseball form, in metaphor, is better represented by the infield pop-up than by the bases-clearing double to the wall. This season did feel strange and misshapen from start to finish, for several reasons, but I don't think much is gained if we fans who are distant from the Mississippi (both the World Series parks lie within fungo distance of the river) turn our backs and give up on 1987 simply because we called it wrong or because we live and root in subscription areas where "Hrbek" looks like a typo and "Yastrzemski" is still an anthem. The fun of the Series and the interest and tension of its games (we will get back to these in due course) are there for the finding and the keeping, even for those of us who must rationalize our involvement a little at the outset; fans who fail in the effort will only prove once again that not caring is the ultimate provincialism.

When the baseball ended, up in Minneapolis—the Twins took the last game by 4–2 and the Series by four games to three—Commissioner Ueberroth said that the rooters at the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome were "the best fans I have ever seen," and I think we can accept his assessment if the title is awarded on the same terms that made Toots Shor the world's best singer. The late Mr. Shor, who owned a New York restaurant much patronized by celebrities and athletes, once engaged Bing Crosby in a bibu-



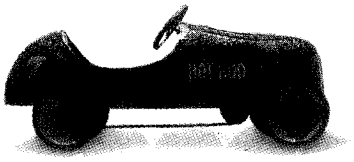
"One dollar is worth a thousand words."

lous after-hours argument over their relative abilities as baritones. Crosby, convulsed with laughter and modesty, tried to beg off, but Toots persisted, and finally challenged Der Bingle to a public sing-off, to resolve the matter on the spot. He extracted a few hundred dollars of the day's take from a cash register and threw the bills on the bar as a wager, and then named several surviving drinkers and waiters to act as jury. "I'll go first," he announced. He climbed up on a chair, loosened his collar, and then paused and said, "Remember, this is for *loud*."

The Dome, as the world must know by now, is a windowless blue studio with a drooping, tentlike ceiling, AstroTurf lawns, and steeply stacked grandstands. When fifty-five thousand fans there scream and roar and blow whistles in unison, with assistant amplified cacophonies from an electric organ, the effect on a visitor is close to what he might feel if he had somehow happened to share an I.R.T. express car with the Purdue Marching Band during a rush-hour rehearsal of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Fingers in the ears help a little, as some of the visiting writers and visiting Cardinals discovered, but one can't eat peanuts or keep score (or play ball) that way, and in the end there was nothing to do but wince and smile and hope for the next Twins batter to ground out and end the inning. Noise, like pain, can never quite be described, particularly at its outer limits, and before long the local media and the network-TV crews began to bring meters to the park, so they could tell us in decibels what we were suffering. Worse than a David Bowie concert! Worse than standing down-runway during a jet-airliner takeoff! The Minneapolis *Star Tribune* ran a box each day with replica meters and needles denoting the decibel level for various plays—115 dBs when the Cards' Tommy Herr was tagged out in a rundown, a record 120 dBs when Willie McGee grounded into the last out of the year—in what had become baseball's latest and dumbest stat. Dome hysteria was further evinced and sustained by those Homer Hankies—fifty thousand-odd promotional *mouchoirs*, promoting the *Star Tribune* as well as the Twins—that were flourished and flung and flapped during each bit of good news for the good guys, right down to the foul tips. Somehow, you got used to it; baseball fans can get used to *anything*, I've begun to think.

The noise was terrific fun when it was spontaneous—sudden screechings over something that had just happened on the field—but oppressive when it came in response to the stuff emanating from the eighteen overhanging loudspeakers that face the helpless masses around the park: the full-bore organ fanfare that greeted every home-team player before each plate appearance in the game; the shouted intros ("Now coming up to bat for your Twins: K'RRRRRRRRRRR-BEEEEE PUCK-ett!!!!") by announcer Bob Casey; and the hundredth or thousandth rendition of the vapid hankie aria ("Mah bay-bee waves a *Homer Hankie!*"), to the tune of the once mercifully forgotten "My Baby Does the Hanky-Panky." I know I sound like an old crab (an *out-of-town* crab) to carry on like this, but one need not be a purist to point out that baseball is a long and various sort of game, with many slow stretches and downsides, as Twins fans need no reminding. What I worry about is what it will be like at the Dome on some evening next July, when the Twins are trailing the Royals by five runs in the seventh inning, let's say, and perhaps (it could happen—it's happened to every champion team in this decade) are already fourth or fifth in their division. Will the fans still feel like screaming? Will their babies wave their Homer Hankies? Or will the management and the loudspeakers leave them alone for a change, in the quieter but still delectable backwaters where most of this game is played?

Right to the end, there was a special timbre to the Domescreamers' chorus that we outsiders may not have understood. I think they were trying to scream away doubt. Attendance in Minneapolis this year went up by a record jump of 826,523—from 1,255,453 in 1986 to 2,081,976 this year (thirteen teams exceeded the two-million mark at the gate this summer) —but the diehard old Twins rooters in among all those newcomers had some glum memories to deal with, along with the happy stuff just unfolding. The team that arrived in the Twin Cities in 1961 as a result of league expansion was the transferred franchise of the abominable old Washington Senators ("First in war, first in peace, and last in the American League"). Those early Twins were in fact a pretty fair team, and in 1965, with Harmon Killebrew, Tony Oliva, the M.V.P. shortstop Zoilo Versalles, Jim Kaat, and Mudcat Grant aboard, among others, they won a pennant, but lost the World Series to the Dodgers



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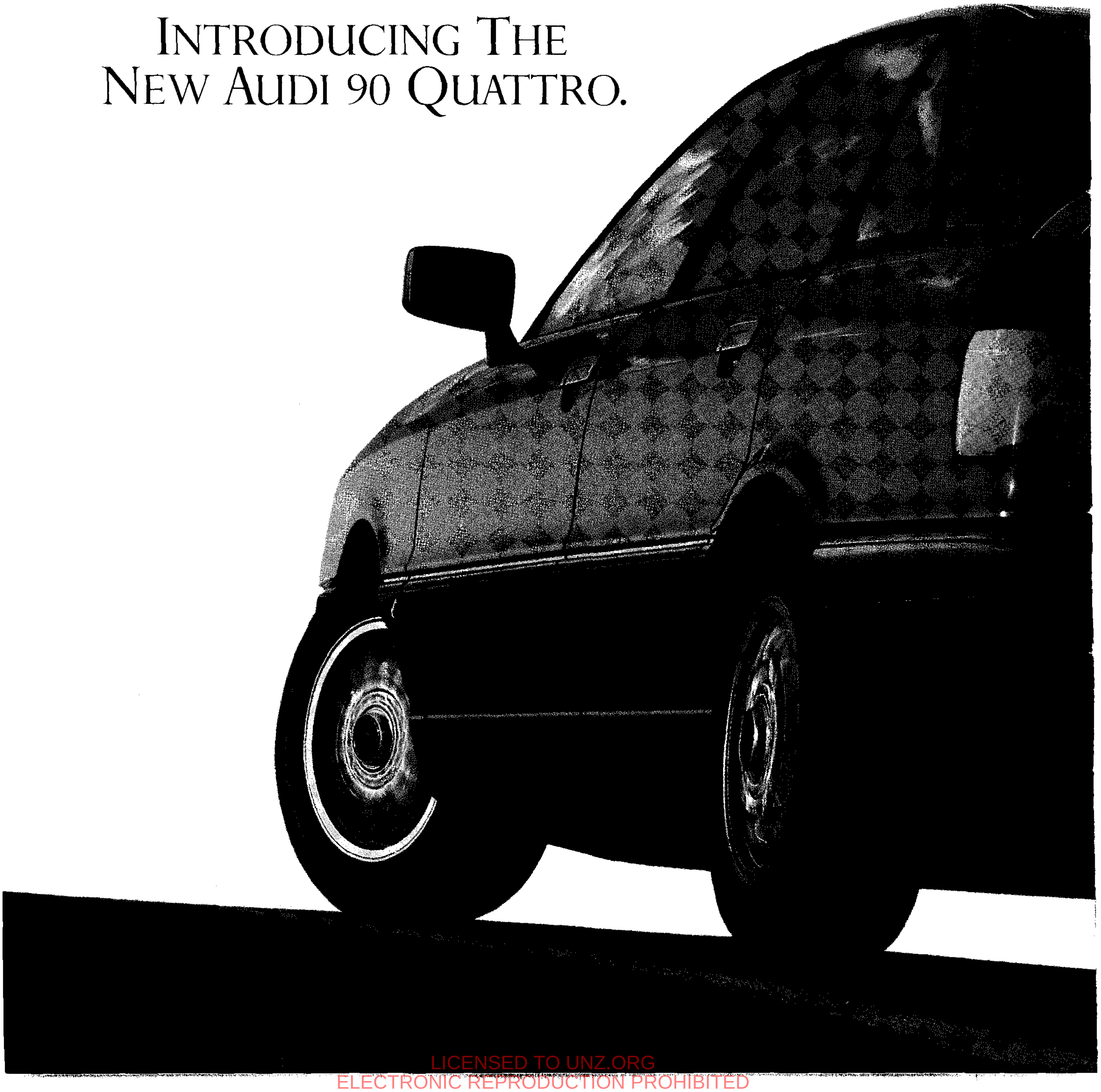

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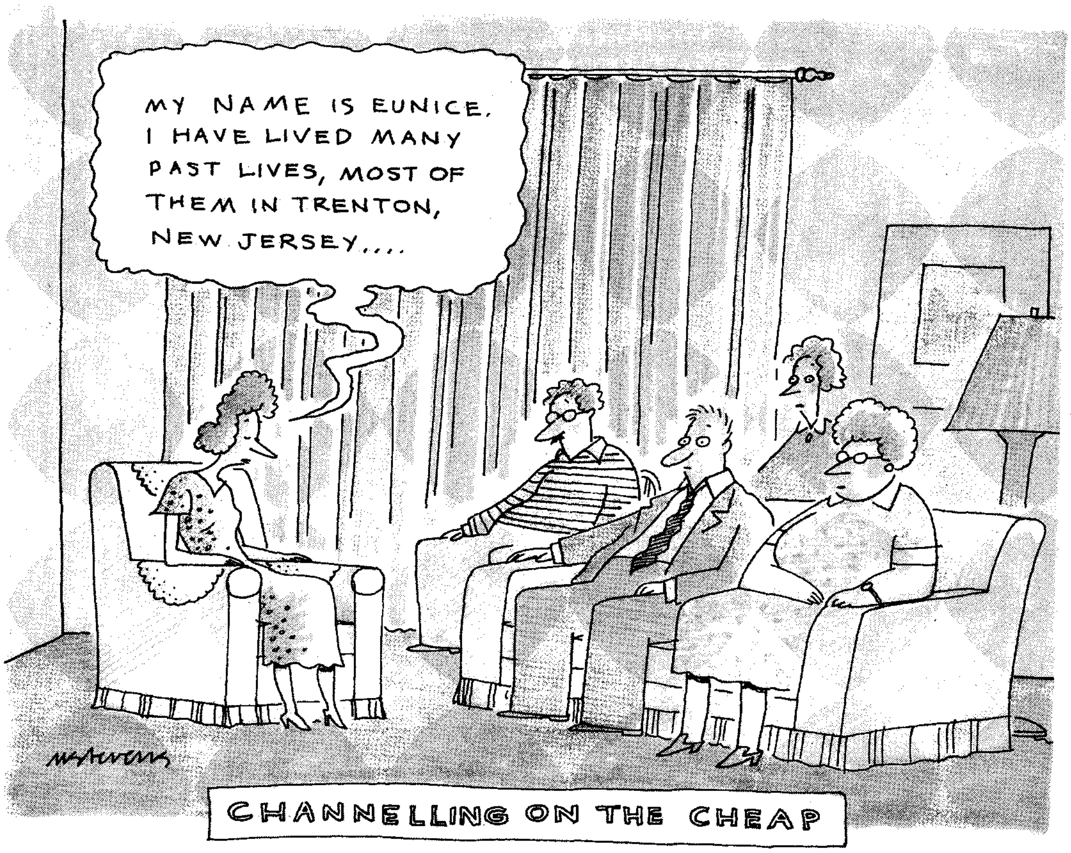
MY NAME IS EUNICE. I HAVE LIVED MANY PAST LIVES, MOST OF THEM IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY....

CHANNELLING ON THE CHEAP

(mostly to Sandy Koufax). The Twins captured their division two times running when split-league play was introduced, but were swept by the Orioles in the championship playoffs of 1969 and 1970. They suffered a progressive leakage of respectability and hope and fans after that, and their owner, Calvin Griffith, responded by mulishly trading away or letting go of genuine stars like Rod Carew and Larry Hisle in an attempt to balance his books. Things bottomed out in 1982, when the Twins (by now the Twinkies in a good many taverns and headlines) lost a hundred and two games, to finish last in their division, last in league attendance (for the third straight year), and last in team earned-run average (a scary 4.72 runs per game). Seven players among this year's world champions are survivors of that death march, and some parts of the debacle must still smolder in their minds: the total of three wins in the month of May, for example, and the eight-week stretch when the team never won two games in a row. A new owner, the banker Carl R. Pohlad, acquired the club in 1984, and the Twins got better that summer, when they led their division for several weeks and were still tied for first in the last week of the season, only to drop their last six games in a row (one of them a game with the Indians that the Twins led at one point by 10–0). They went into reverse after that, finishing fourth in 1985 and sixth last year, twenty-one games behind the Angels. Everything worked out this summer, as we know, but for fans who looked beyond the standings there must have been some hovering shadows right up to the end. The Twins' regular-season record of fifty-six victories and twenty-five defeats in home games was the best in either league, but they became lost children whenever they left town—twenty-nine and fifty-two, which was the worst road record for any first-place finisher. Only the 1973 Mets ever won a division with a poorer record over all.

• •

Deep-dyed fans expect disaster at all times (this explains their mournful postures, their worried head-shaking even when things are going well—*especially* when things are going well), but most of them are not as burdened as true Twinspersons. At the first Series game this year, there were cheerful, slapdash banners of the usual sort hanging from the blue upper-deck façades all around the Metrodome—"SMOKE WILL COOK THE BIRDS," "ON THE 8TH DAY GOD CREATED THE TWINS," "THE CARDS AREN'T WORTH A SHEET"—but in among them was one that said "KILL THE MONKEY." I grasped its message only because I had met a few Minnesotans by this time and had listened to their plaint. A bookstore owner in St. Paul, for instance, asked me not to blame him or anyone else for the awfulness of the Metrodome (no one liked it, he assured me), or for the recent inexplicable canonization of Calvin Griffith in the newspapers, or for the possibility that the Twins might now fall on their faces. "Everyone here thinks they're a bunch of nice guys, and for once that may be true," he said. "Or *partly* true. They're probably not as bad as the media are making them out, but now we'll see." He paused and then unburdened himself. "After all, let's not forget that we lost the Super Bowl four times, behind Bud Grant." Grant was for many years the coach of the Minnesota Vikings. "We lost the Stanley Cup final in our only chance, and, of course, we've lost two Presidential elections." His "we" eluded me for an instant there, but then I saw that he was talking about Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale. That was it: the monkey on Minnesota's back—or, more correctly, on its mind. In the next few days, I heard this same confession from other Twin Cities indigenes—sportswriters, bellhops, cabdrivers, friends of friends—and saw it in the newspapers and over television as well. The same teams and names came into it, almost word for word—a litany of losing. A few days later, I talked on the telephone with a woman who is a director of programming for Minnesota Public Radio, and she sounded so happy about the Twins, so grateful for the summer they had given her and her husband, that I thought perhaps the monkey hadn't stopped at her house. But then she said, "I only wish there wasn't this enormous nervousness. There's so

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much passion in the stands, with the hankies and all—they're *funny*—but I think you know by now that there's a Minnesota tradition of not winning. I don't care that Humphrey and Mondale didn't win—I'm still glad they ran. But, you know, we're always kind of second around here."

The fans at the Metrodome yelled and screamed and carried on because they loved the Twins and because they didn't want to be second anymore. Maybe they thought the noise would help their boys and disconcert the visitors and maybe even win a game or two. I don't believe it. Most teams play better at home (but not as much better as the Twins do), and home-team players always extoll the crowd —"the tenth man" is the timeworn phrase—but if you press them about it none of them can quite point to a game that was won or turned around by noise. (The only exception that comes to mind is a National League championship-playoff game between the Dodgers and the Phillies back in 1977, when the ungodly yawpings of the home-side Phillies rooters suddenly seemed to get to the jittery Dodger starter, Burt Hooton, who walked in three successive runs; the Dodgers came back and won the game, however, and the Series as well.) At one point in October, I asked the Twins' subdued young manager, Tom Kelly, whether the hankies and all the hollering made any difference in the end. "It's nice, and we appreciate it," he said, "but— well, you still have to go out there and hit the ball and try to score some runs." Which is exactly what the Twins did, and yay, I say, for that.

THE baseball season just past presented no central plan or pattern, except perhaps for the pretty parabolas of home runs departing the premises. The record two-league total of 4,457 downtowners (it works out to 2.1 per game) was up by six hundred and forty-four or seventeen per cent, over last year's sum, which had also surpassed all previous marks. (At that, the startling 1987 totals represented something of a triumph for the pitchers during the latter months of the season, for a projection of the home runs surrendered before the All-Star Game, at midpoint, seemed to promise something on the order of a twenty-two-per-cent jump, or almost eight hundred and fifty additional home runs, by the end of the year.) Many explanations for this aneurysm have

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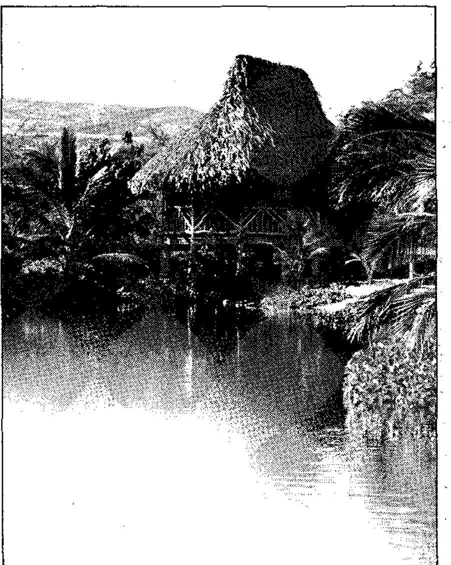

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NEW JERSEY

NY/12/87

been put forward, but I will only list the more likely ones:

1. Lighter bats and larger, or stronger, batters.
2. The diminishing strike zone.
3. A decline of old-fashioned fastball flingers.
4. A predilection, particularly among younger pitchers, for off-speed or breaking-ball stuff.
5. Rigged equipment: bats illegally corked by the hitters, and the accidental or intentional introduction by the leagues of a livelier ball.

Some combination of these may hold the answer. Bats are perceptibly lighter and thinner and more splintery than they used to be, and the skinny-necked hundred-and-sixty-pound shortstop or second baseman has almost gone the way of the straw suitcase, thanks to the near-universal enthusiasm for weight work by the players. Everybody has muscled up and is swinging late and hard, with the bat held down at the knob, and even a little checked-swing accident can depart the infield like a laser. Meanwhile, the strike zone, although officially still delineated as the sector above the plate between the batter's armpits and the tops of his knees, has shrivelled to something like half that area as the umps lean lower behind the catchers and call strikes on down-breaking pitches that barely flick a front sliver of the black and are taken by the catcher with the back of his mitt brushing the dirt. This is an umpires' fad, plain and simple, and a few coaches and batters in both leagues say they noticed that the zone was on the rise again by the end of this season. A smaller strike zone makes for larger home-run totals because there aren't enough talented pitchers who can work consistently around the edges of a target about the size of a candy box; they just miss, and fall behind by 2–0 or 3–1 in the count, and then must come in with something safer and more central (another breaking ball, most likely, but *aimed*)—and the ball is next touched by some fan out in Upper Section 287, above the Marlboro sign. The recent addition of the split-finger fastball to the pitchers' armory and the success of its great practitioners in recent summers—Mike Scott, Jack Morris, Mike Krukow, and others—have encouraged pitchers everywhere to fool with the thing, only to find that a hanging splitter is close cousin to the infamous hanging slider: a pitch that suddenly and loudly alters games and earned-run aver-

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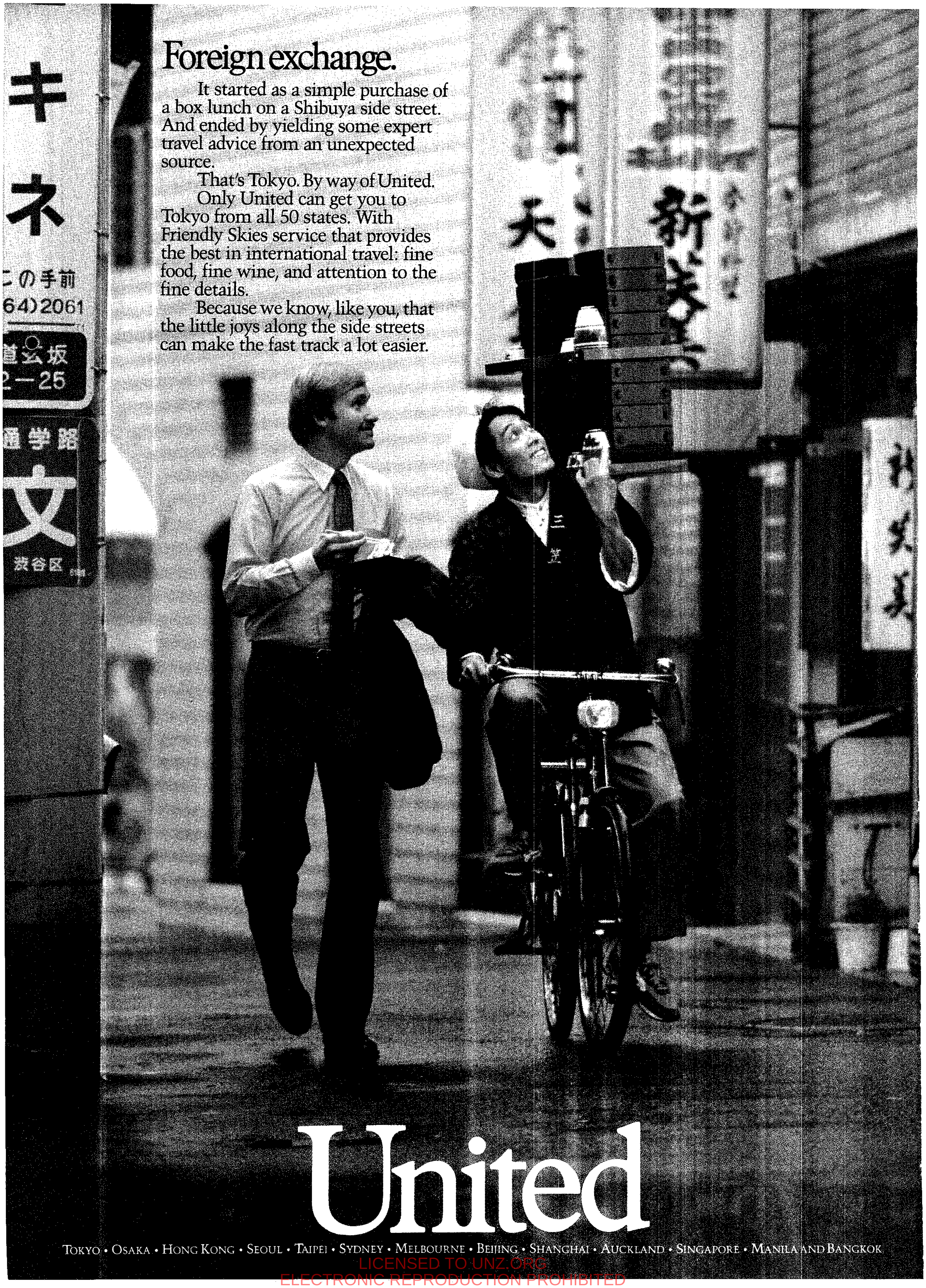
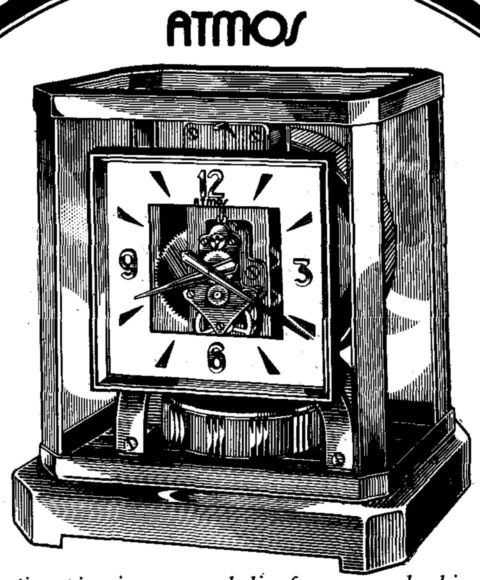


United

TOKYO • OSAKA • HONG KONG • SEOUL • TAIPEI • SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BEIJING • SHANGHAI • AUCKLAND • SINGAPORE • MANILA AND BANGKOK ages. Last spring, I talked for weeks with pitchers and coaches and managers around the leagues about what pitchers were up to these days, and almost the only thing they agreed on was that there had been a major decline in real fastball pitchers—"burners," Pete Rose calls them—in the past half decade or so. Peter Gammons, writing in *Sports Illustrated* last summer, could count up only seventeen consistent 90-m.p.h. slingers in the majors at present—an amazing alteration in the game. As I have pointed out before, youngsters at the Little League level no longer aspire to be the next Bob Feller or Bob Gibson; they have grown up watching the tube and hearing about the difference between throwing and pitching, and their ideal may be somebody like Bret Saberhagen, who in 1985, when he was twenty-one years old, won both a Cy Young Award and a World Series M.V.P. with a masterly repertoire of pitches that included off-speed stuff. The fledgling hurlers are working on sliders and changeups and split-fingers, at great risk to their arms, while they are still in junior high, without ever having understood the equalizing powers of the inside or top-story fastball. When they find themselves in the majors (pitchers are being called up much sooner in their careers than they used to be), they are facing lineups in which even the seventh or eighth batter can hit the ball out. They are in a world where true heat and superior control are the requisites for success, and most have neither. Saberhagen, in any case, is first and foremost a control pitcher; over his career, he has averaged one base on balls for every twenty-one batters he has faced.

Coming inside to the batter is the pitcher's prime remedy against the long ball, for it discourages the batter from looking for and reaching out after fat pitches on the outer part of the plate ("my wampum zone," the Twins' Gary Gaetti describes it), but young pitchers aren't very good at *that*, either, it seems. The new theory this summer has it that aluminum bats, which are what batters wield at every level below the majors, are so constructed that you see a lot of pinged singles and wrong-field doubles hit on pitches up at the batter's fists. Pitchers hate this, of course, and begin to avoid the inside corners altogether; they are half pitchers, in short. When they get to the big leagues and are urged by their managers or pitching coaches to do something manly out there against



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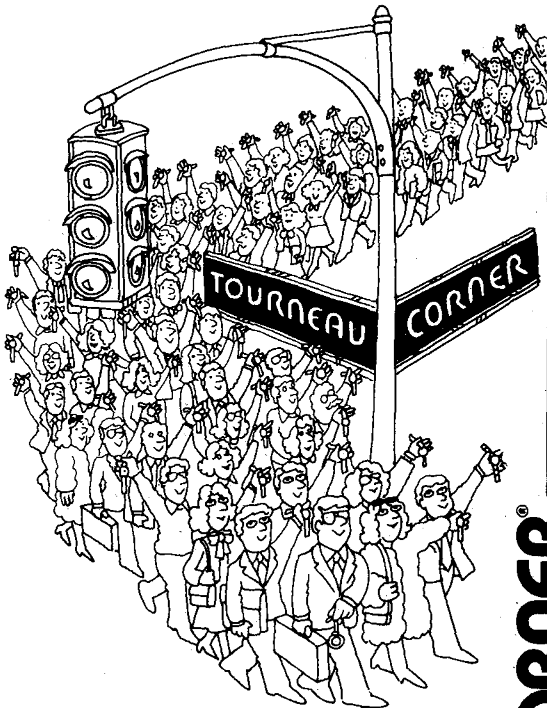

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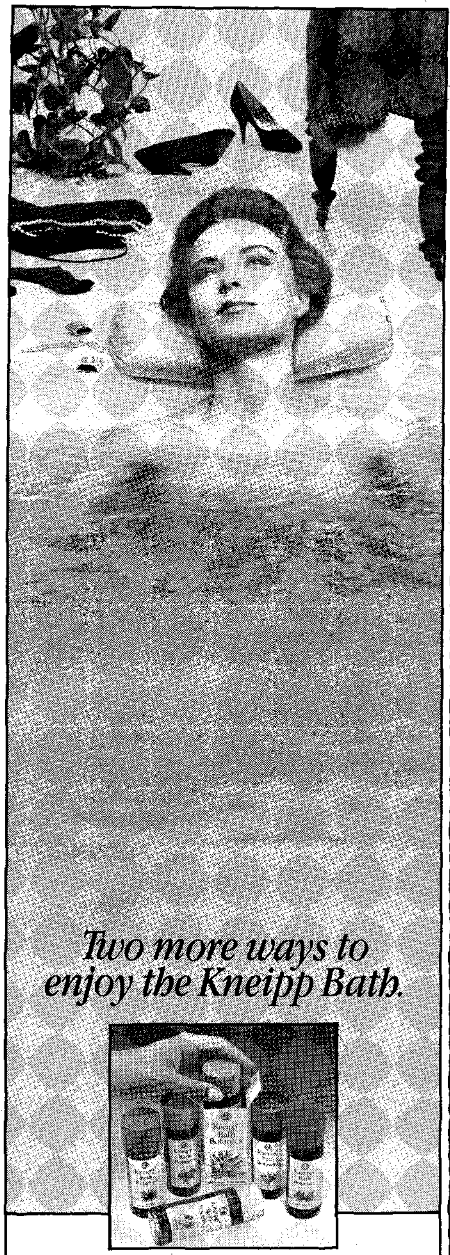

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a big swinger, they'll hit the batter, which isn't quite the idea. (There was an inordinate number of brawls and scufflings on the field this year, mostly touched off by retaliatory plunkings after a home run.) *Missing* inside is the trick, and if they want a lesson in this they need only make a little home video of the Cardinal left-hander John Tudor and rerun the part where he swings a cross-seam fastball two inches in front of the thighs of a right-handed power hitter—and then observe what happens on the pitch after that: a strike, outside and probably off-speed but somehow absolutely out of reach now.

I think we can pass quickly over the summer's great to-do about illegally corked bats, which sometimes saw the home-plate ump take possession of a suspected bat and dispatch it to the laboratory for X-ray tests, in the manner of Clouseau impounding a zucchini. Howard Johnson, the Mets' third baseman, was a frequent suspect, perhaps because his total of thirty-six home runs was three times as high as his previous best, but the one unarguable offender in this area was Billy Hatcher, an outfielder with the Astros, whose bat broke apart on a ground ball, revealing—oops!—a cork center; he was suspended for ten games. The idea here is that a few inches of cork, a metal rod, or a few dime-store Super Balls inserted in the barrel of a hollowed-out bat (the excised circle at the top of the bat is then glued back in place, sanded over, and restained to hide the horrid deed) will transform the bat into another Wonderboy. I have no idea how many batters took to their augers this summer (I don't think there were many of them, somehow), nor am I quite convinced by the words of one high league official, who told me that some recent tests had shown that corking a bat made no difference whatsoever; it was all in the minds of the hitters. If this is the case, we should make a retrospective Zen-like bow to the mind of the late Norm Cash, a long-term first baseman with the Tigers in the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, who confessed after his retirement that he had corked his bat when he led the American League with a .361 average in 1961; after that, he played for thirteen years with a clean conscience and never batted higher than .283.

Ball-scuffing was a much more frequent offense this year (lightly scarifying one side of a baseball with sandpaper or a sharpened belt buckle or a

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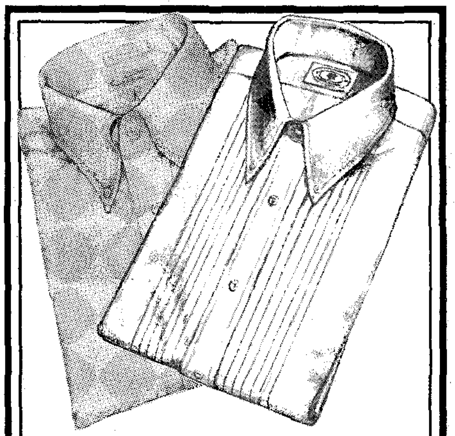

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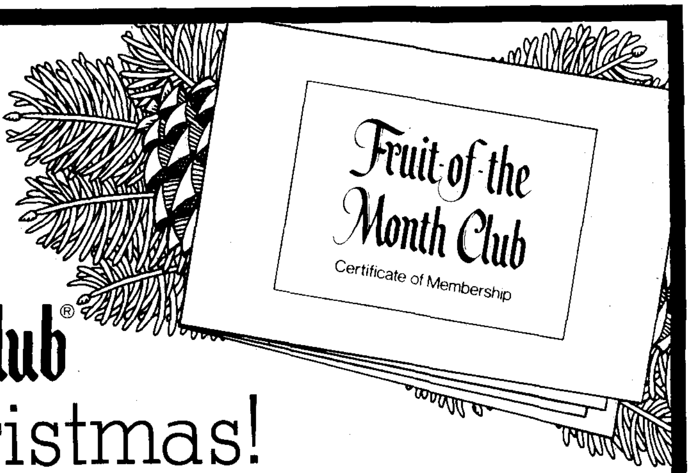
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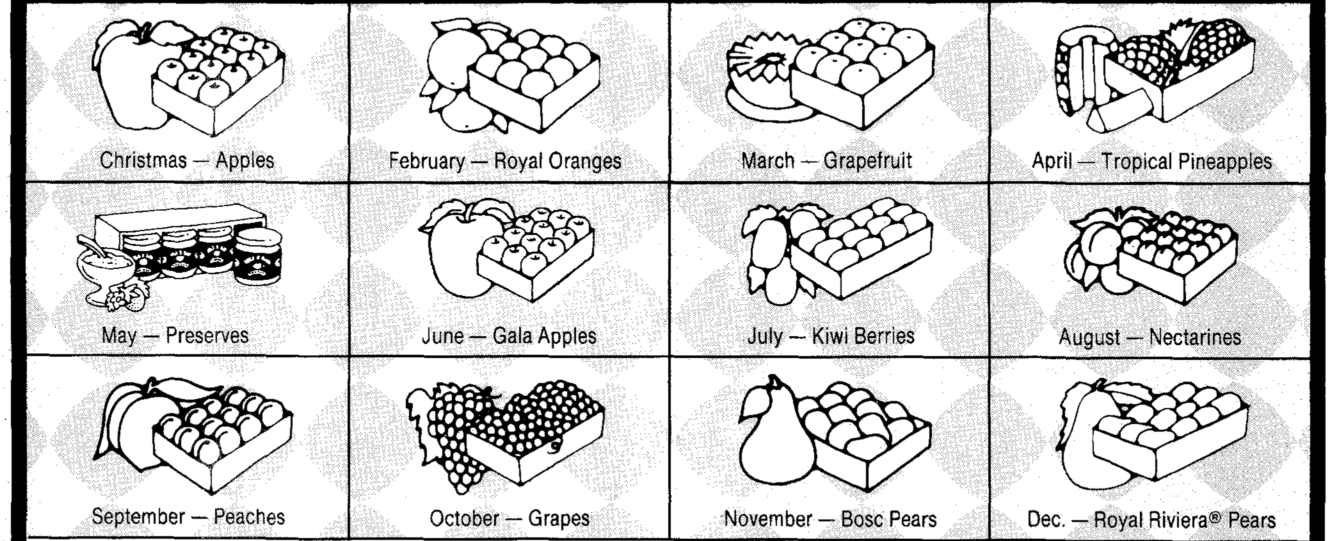
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nail file can cause a pitch to dart or drop like a barn swallow), and here, too, there were some collars. Joe Niekro, the Twins' veteran knuckleballer, allowed an emery board to fall out of his hip pocket while undergoing official inspection on the mound, and Kevin Gross, a right-hander with the Phillies, was found to have a sliver of sandpaper inexplicably affixed to his glove; both were ejected from their games and subsequently drydocked for penance and reflection. After Gross's apprehension, some Philadelphia writers entertained themselves by thinking up mitigating alibis the pitcher might have offered. My favorite was the invention of Stan Hochman, of the *Daily News:* he thought Gross should have told the umps that between innings in the dugout he was working on a birthday doll house for a little girl and needed the sandpaper for some fine latticework in the patio.

Baseball moms and classicists will take me to task for making jokes about cheating, and I will quickly offer amends with a few stern words about the rabbit ball. I don't wholly or exactly believe that the leagues, in the interest of more homers and louder action, allowed a juiced-up, zippier baseball to be put into the game this year, but many players and coaches and writers do suspect this to be the case; more to the point, a very large percentage of the fans—at least half of them, I would say—believe it, too. I will go along with Frank Cashen, the thoughtful, tweedy general manager of the Mets, who told me that his guess was that some shipments of new baseballs with tighter inner winding (and perhaps with flatter seams on the outside, which would handicap pitchers) inadvertently came into the games in the first half of the season and accounted for part of the spurt of homers. What I do know is that the leagues have been either careless or overcalculating in failing to put to rest, once and for all, the whole distracting issue of the rabbit ball. I think some owners and front-office people are being sly about this because there still may be a dark closet in the back of their minds where they keep the little notion that a juiced-up ball may be just what the pastime will need most someday, during an era of sudden pitcher dominance or declining attendance.

Something of this sort must have happened in the National League back in 1930, when the league batting average suddenly jumped by nine points

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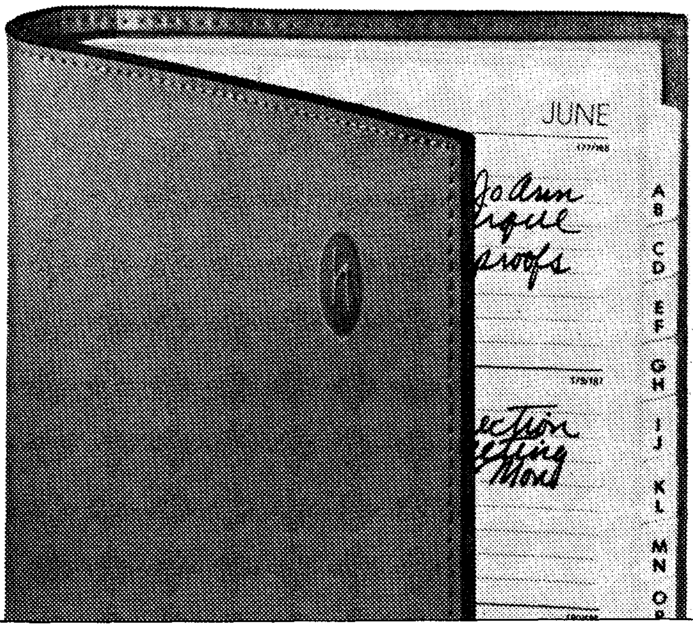

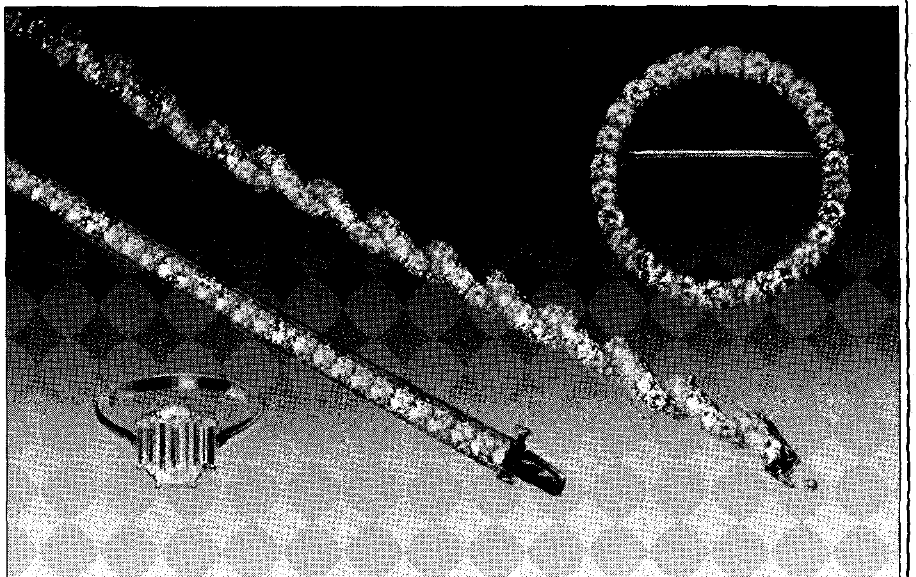

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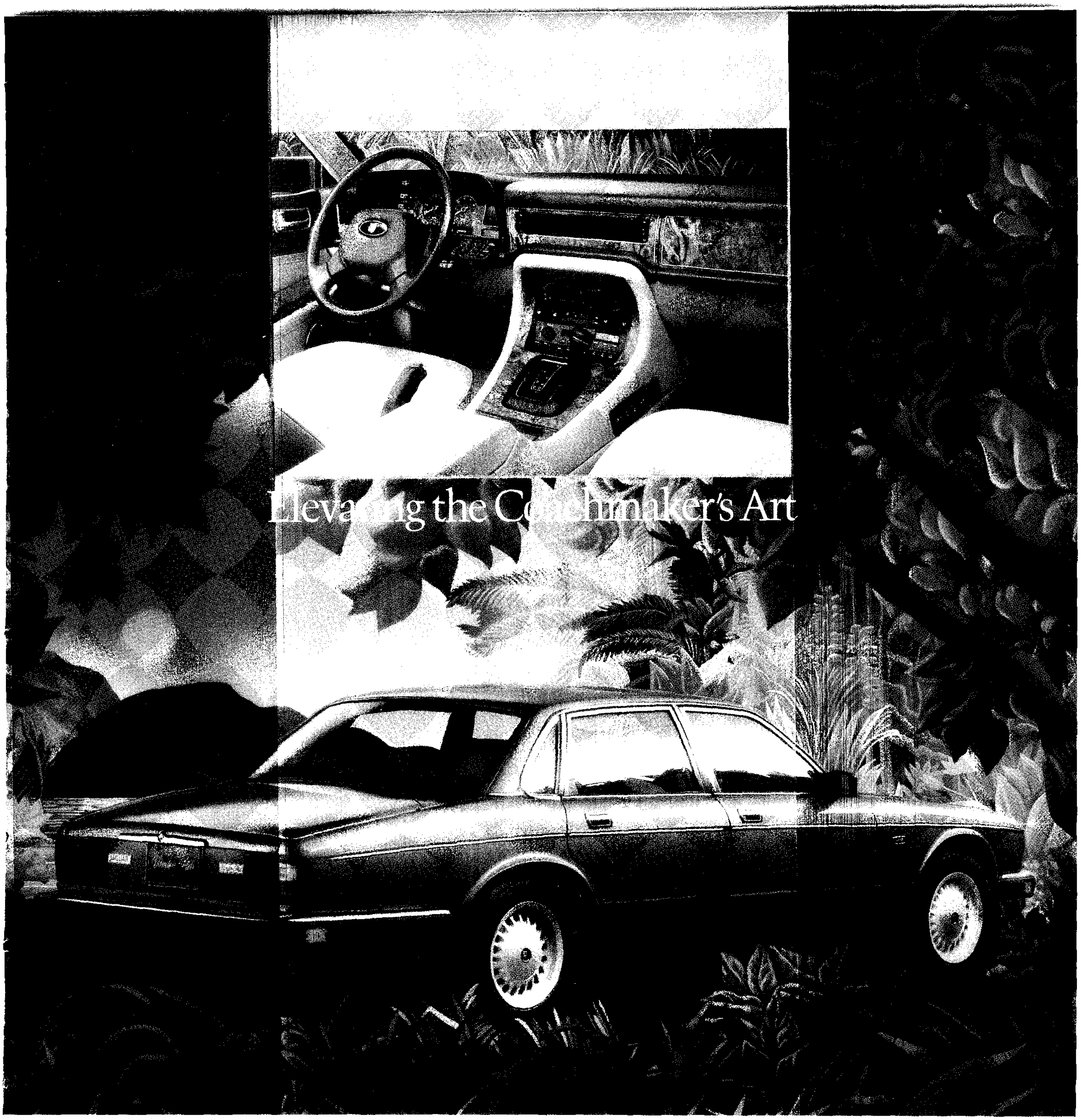

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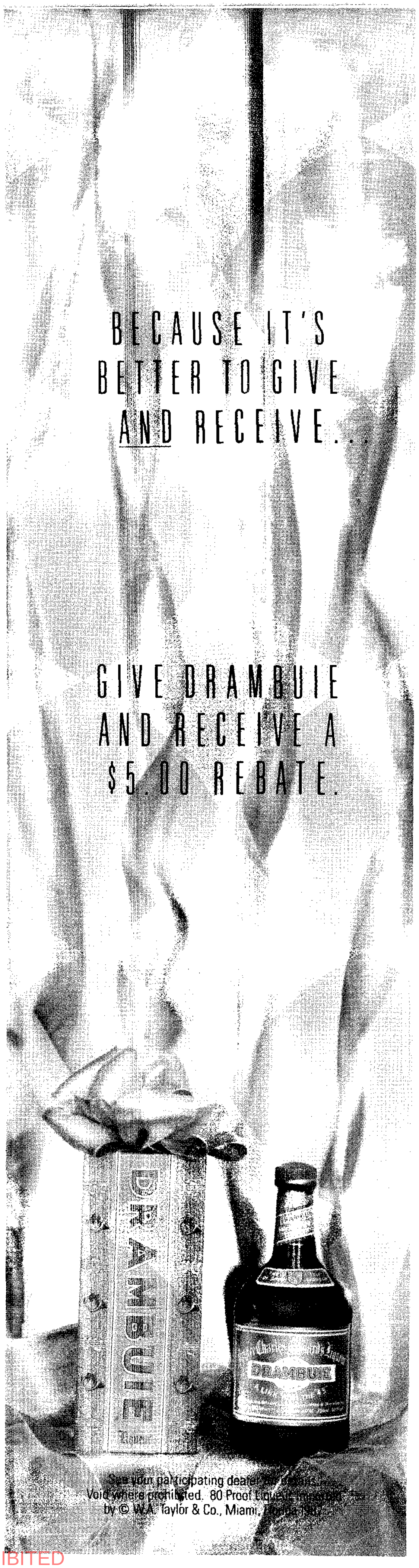
over the previous season, to an amazing .303, and the eight teams smacked eight hundred and ninety-two home runs. The very next year, the league average slid back down to .277 and there were *four hundred* fewer home runs: the rabbit was back in the pen. It seems to me that it would be a matter of large common sense and small expenditure for baseball now to set up and sustain its own *Good Housekeeping* laboratory or bureau of standards—a place of impeccable probity, staffed with grave, white-coated technicians, who would test baseballs throughout the season with instruments and certify their ongoing purity; they could examine a bat or two from time to time as well, and even measure a few of those outsize and possibly illegal fielders' mitts now in use. The home runs might not go down, but our suspicions would, and we would all have a better grip on the game.

NOW for some more verifiable news of the summer: Don Mattingly, the effulgent Yankee first baseman, tied an old record by hitting home runs in eight consecutive games in July, and set a new one with his six grand-slam homers in one season. Montreal's Andre Dawson, discouraged when no team would make a legitimate bid for his services as a free agent last winter, at last agreed to play for the Cubs for a salary of their own devising (it was half a million dollars) and rewarded his new employers with a league-leading forty-nine homers, a hundred and thirty-seven runs batted in, and his selection as the N.L.'s Most Valuable Player. The Cubs—and this wasn't easy—had a roster that included the league's M. V. P., its No. 1 starting pitcher (in Rick Sutcliffe, who finished at 18–10), and its second-best reliever (in Lee Smith, with thirty-six saves), and still somehow finished dead last in their division. Nolan Ryan, with equal perversity, led the National League in strikeouts (two hundred and seventy of them; he leads all comers, lifetime, with 4,547 whiffs) and in earned-run average (2.76) but wound up with eight wins and sixteen losses for the year. More downside news? Try the Indians, who were picked in many places to finish first in the American League East this year but instead finished last, with a hundred and one losses. Or the once-proud Orioles, who fell apart this summer (there is no other word for it), as evidenced by the fact that they swept a three-game series against the Indians in the first week of the season but thereafter failed to win a single series, at home or away, against any of the six other teams in their division, dropping sixty out of seventy-eight games in that process. The Milwaukee Brewers won their first thirteen games of the year, but soon drove their fans bananas in a different way, by losing twelve in a row; they finished a strong third in their division, however, which is what matters. So did the Montreal Expos, over in the National League East—a team with truly minimal prospects which received great managing from Buck Rodgers and robust work from its Tims: Tim Raines, who hit .330; Tim Wallach, who batted in a hundred and twenty-three runs; and Tim Burke, a reliever, who ended up at 7–0, with a 1.19 E.R.A. and eighteen saves. Good news is better than bad, so let's not forget Paul Molitor's startling thirty-nine-game hitting streak, or fail to pay due honor to Roger Clemens, who sat out all of spring training in a holdout dispute with the Red Sox but still wound up at 20–9, with seven shutouts and a second successive Cy Young Award. He and Oakland's Dave Stewart were the only twenty-game winners in either league. (I happened to be on hand for one inning of Clemens' season that he may not want to paste up in his clipbook: an evening in June at Yankee Stadium, when his teammates staked him to a 9–0 lead over the first two innings, which he handed right back—his control was off a bit—with an eleven-run Yankee rally in the third.) I was about to skip Tony Gwynn and Wade Boggs, who led their leagues—Gwynn is a Padre and Boggs a Red Sock, of course—with respective .370 and .363 batting averages. The sweet swingers remind you of that unforgivable straight-A student, back in school, who led the class with such boring regularity that he was half-overlooked until Prize Day; this was Tony's second year at the head of the honor roll, and Wade's fourth.

A couple of rising young stars, third baseman Kevin Seitzer, of the Royals, and outfielder Eric Davis, of the Reds, had banner seasons (Seitzer batted .323 and Davis powered thirty-seven homers), but the Lochinvar of this year of the homer was young Mark McGwire, the Oakland first baseman, who equalled Dawson's total of forty-nine round-trippers in this, his first full season of play. He walked away with the American League Rookie of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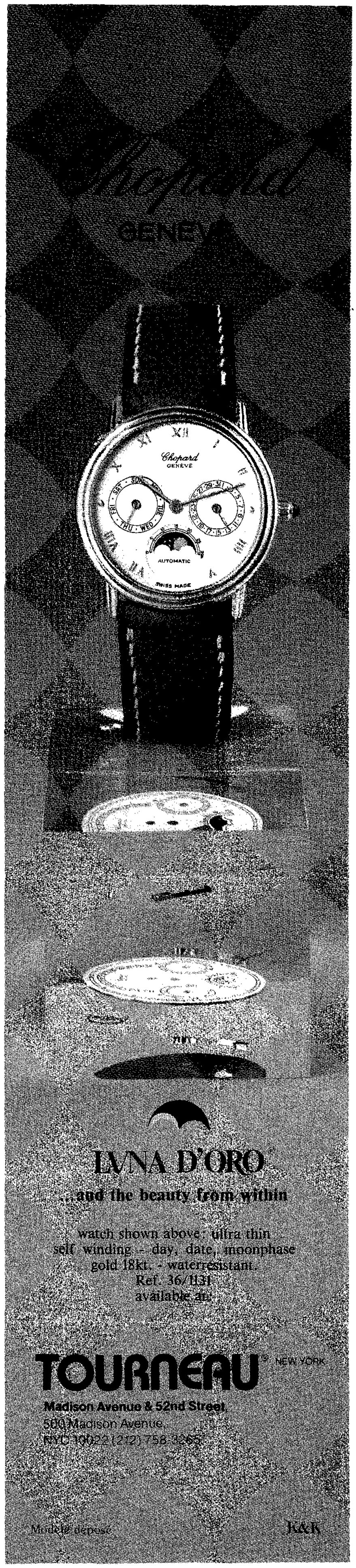

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the Year honors, in a unanimous vote. (His predecessor in that honor, by the way, was his teammate Jose Canseco, who in his sophomore year wafted thirty-one.) McGwire is a mild-mannered, cheerful redhead, who impressed the Athletics with the calm, accommodating manner in which he handled all the fuss and fame that came his way, and with his lack of petulance during a horrendous but perhaps expectable six-week midseason slump. (He hit only three home runs in August.) His manager, Tony LaRussa, told me that a couple of days before the end of the season, in a road game against the White Sox, McGwire twice hit blasts that looked as if they would go out and thus bring him to the coveted fifty-homer level, only to have the wind turn them into outs. He came up again in the eleventh, with a man on first and the score tied at 2–2, and LaRussa flashed the hit-and-run signal—only the second or third time this year he hadn't let his phenom hit away. McGwire, who bats right-handed, smoked the ball behind the runner, in classic fashion, and it went to the wall, scoring the go-ahead run, while McGwire wound up at second; a minute later, he himself slid across the plate with the insurance run, and then came grinning and high-fiving along the length of the dugout in triumph. "It was the high point of the year for him," LaRussa said. "He said it himself, over and over. He's some ballplayer."

Stellar performance in the front office doesn't often make the headlines, but I think that now and then we should take note of good sense and strong nerves at the management level. The Boston Red Sox, in fifth place and down by thirteen and a half games at the July All-Star break, gave up on the lineup that had brought them a pennant the previous year and made room instead for a batch of new faces and young talents—outfielders Ellis Burks, Todd Benzinger, and Mike Greenwell, designated hitter Sam Horn, and catcher John Marzano—who will be around, one senses, well into the nineteen-nineties; a first-class shortstop, Jody Reed, and another outfielder, Brady Anderson, are perhaps half a season away. Al Rosen, the president and general manager of the San Francisco Giants, engineered a major trade in July, when his club was right in the midst of a pennant scramble—a seven-man swap with the Padres that brought him a strong starting pitcher in Dave Dravecky, a seasoned left-handed relief pitcher in Craig Lefferts, and a power-hitting young third baseman, Kevin Mitchell. The deal threw the Bay fans and media into a tizzy—"Don't fix it if it ain't broke" is a great bromide in the business—but it worked out pretty well, all in all; I mean, it won a division.

I think baseball should begin to keep some statistics on owner performance, to go along with all the rest. If this had been done in 1987, George Steinbrenner would have passed the summer down in Columbus, or perhaps Oneonta. Repeatedly showing his displeasure with a team that clearly lacked enough pitching to contend, he sniped at his great star Don Mattingly, impatiently dispatched pitchers and catchers and infielders to the minors and then snatched them back again, and indulged himself in a ridiculous public wrangle with his manager, Lou Piniella, about an unreturned telephone call. The Yankees wound up fourth in their division, and then, in Yogi Berra's words, it was déjà vu all over again. Piniella was fired (he was kicked upstairs to the general manager's office: a room that may not have a phone at all, come to think of it), and Billy Martin was reappointed manager for the—let's see—for the fifth time, a revival at Loews Bronx that now holds all the drama and excitement of "Naughty Marietta."

A rather more serious off-field crisis was the firing of Dodger vice-president Al Campanis by his club after he made some guileless but plainly racist remarks on the television program "Nightline" about the capabilities of blacks in managerial or front-office jobs; the clubs and the Commissioner, to their credit, appear to have made a genuine effort to respond to the larger issues brought to the surface by this embarrassment, and the sad little affair may even help begin to integrate the game at long last. In September, a lengthy ongoing struggle finally produced a labor-grievance decision that held the owners guilty of collusion for their failure to hire or negotiate in good faith with players who had achieved free agency. (The issue here is the players' efforts to maintain free agency as a reality and to maintain a healthy level of salaries—now at an average $408,000 per man in the majors—

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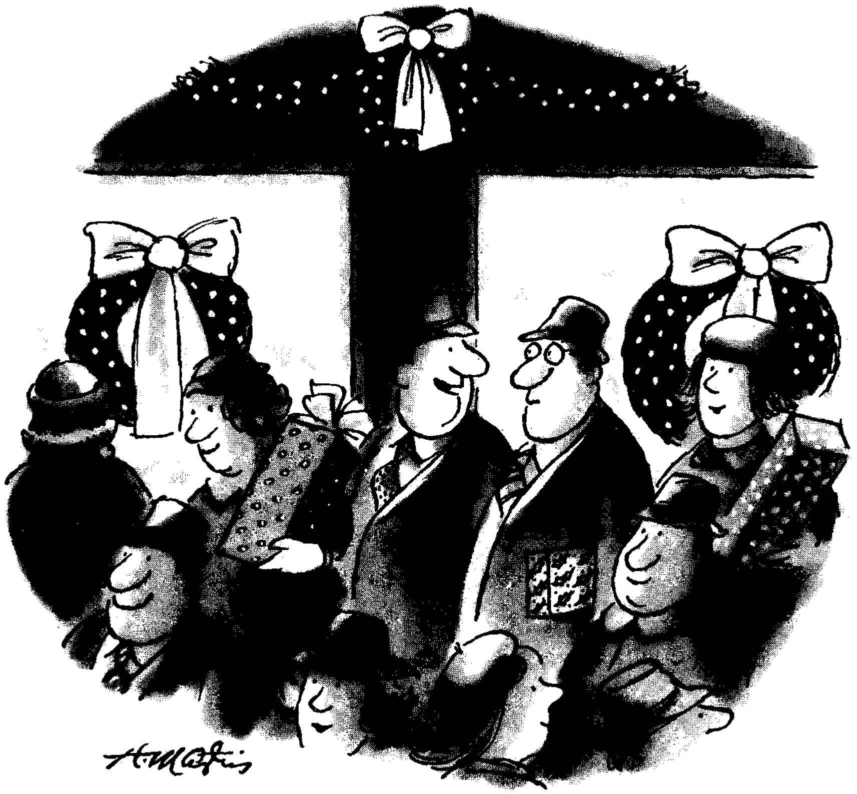

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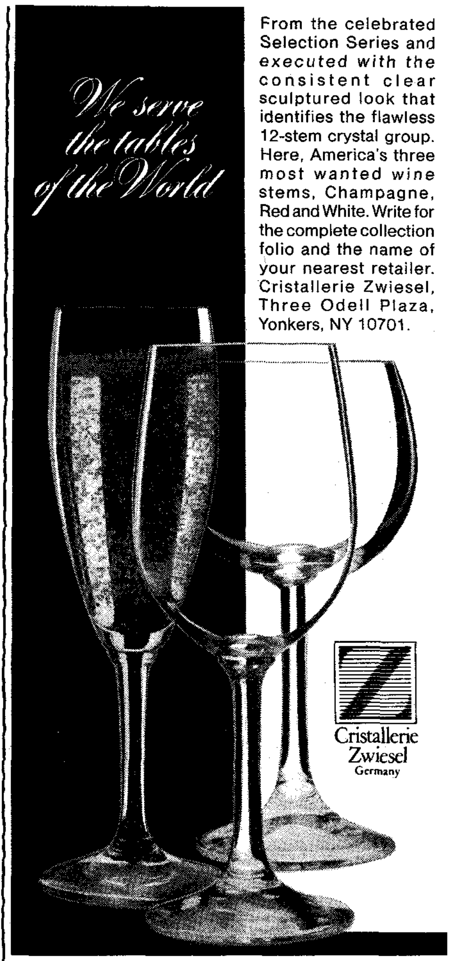
versus the owners' wish to balance their books.) The ruling came as an absolute unsurprise to anyone who watched established free-agent stars like Jack Morris, Kirk Gibson, Tim Raines, Bob Boone, and Rich Gedman being forced to crawl back to their original teams after a freezeout on bids by the other clubs, but I will withhold further comment here, pending the outcome of a second grievance procedure (instituted, as was the first one, by the Players Association) on the issue, and the announcement of the terms of punishment and the size of the fines in the first. This last is what counts, and there are some owners who are saying that no matter what the battle has cost they have won the war: uncontrolled free-agency bidding is now a thing of the past.

The World Champion Mets did not repeat, as all Queens and the world know (the last team to make the playoffs two years running was the Royals, in 1984 and 1985; the last to play in back-to-back World Series were the Dodgers and the Yankees, in 1977 and '78), and I have a strong sense that *anything reasonable* I try to say about their fall will be taken with a snarl by some of their fans. What we all want from a team that has given us the kind of triumphant summer we experienced in 1986 is simply more of the same, and when that doesn't happen it seems to confirm our darkest thoughts about the elusive nature of bliss. The whines and bleats I heard about the Mets all year might be summed up as "How could they lose with that lineup?" (Trans.: "How could they do this to *me*?") The question almost carries its own answer. That lineup suffered the extended absence of eight significant pitchers during the season (many clubs don't have *three* significant pitchers), four of them for stretches of six weeks or more. All the prime starters of the championship summer went down at one point or another (including Dwight Gooden, who was sequestered for drug therapy until early June), and although the team went through some publicized slumps and squabbles and spells of vapid play, it nearly did win again at the very end. I can't call it a great year for the Mets, but it was a distinguished one in most respects; in time, we may look back on it as the year when Darryl Strawberry finally got it all together. Nothing of the sort seemed likely early in the summer, when he was in extreme (and let's say deserved) ill favor with Davey Johnson and was wrangling childishly with



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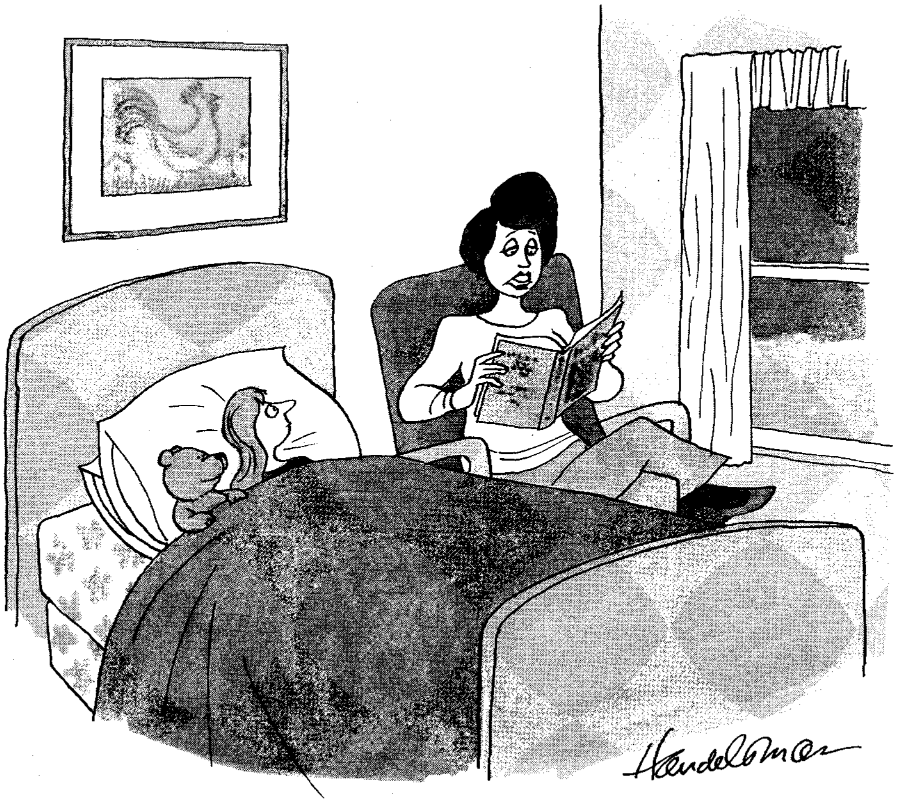

"The little match girl realized too late what her mistake had been. She had failed to diversify."

• •

his teammates. But there was a sudden turnabout when Johnson moved him into the fourth slot in the order in mid-July; he batted over .300 after that—he was .284 for the full distance—with a cascade of long hits, and by the end of the season he had established new club records with his thirty-nine home runs; his seventy-six extra-base hits; his .583 slugging average (at-bats divided into total bases); and his hundred and eight runs scored. He and teammate Howard Johnson also joined the 30-30 Club—thirty or more home runs *and* stolen bases—which only seven players had entered before.

Most of all, I think, what the Mets experienced was a typical sort of season, for in any summer what almost every team, good or bad, encounters is injury, hard luck, and shocking disappointment. To say this the other way, 1986 was off the charts—"an aberration," in the words of Frank Cashen. (He said this while it was going on.) It was a year when all the pieces fell into place right from the start. For those who have forgotten, the four top Mets starters in 1986 had a combined record of forty-one and ten by the All-Star break, when the team led its nearest pursuers by thirteen games; they cakewalked home. This summer, the Mets, despite their handicaps, adhered to Earl Weaver's adage: try to be close by September and then hope your pitchers will get hot. Gnawing doggedly at what had been a ten-game Cardinal lead in mid-July, they ran off a fifteen-and-four streak in midsummer and then won seven out of nine on a road trip to California, fetching up, bang on schedule, a game and a half back on September 11th, with the rotation set for a critical weekend series with the Cardinals at Shea.

The Friday-night opener was the game of the year for the Mets, with Ron Darling—he was ten-and-two in his previous thirteen starts—facing John Tudor, who, for his part, was four-and-one since his return to action following a freak dugout accident that had shelved him for more than three months; the Cards, however, had just lost Jack Clark, their main man on offense, who had sprained an ankle up in Montreal. The season was turning around, it seemed. In the first inning, Darryl Strawberry bombed a homer over the right-center-field fence (his fourth of the week), and when Mookie Wilson pulled a shot into the left-field stands in the next inning the Mets were up by 4–1 and cruising. The Cards' first hit didn't come until the sixth, when Darling, flinging himself on his belly, *just* failed to shovel Vince Coleman's little roller over to first in time for the out. There was a base on balls after that, but it didn't matter, because Darling picked off Coleman at second, and then Keith Hernandez made a slick play to retire Tommy Herr for the third out. The danger was past—or so it seemed. Darling, in fact, had injured his thumb in the play against Coleman, and he left the field after one batter in the seventh, and went off to the hospital for X-rays and the bad news: torn ligaments, surgery, and an end to his season. The game was still safe, however, and in the ninth we reporters, clustering at the end of the press box on our way to the elevators and the post-game interviews, paused for just a moment when Willie McGee bonked a two-out, two-and-two single up the middle, to score a run and bring the score to 4–2. Not to worry. Roger McDowell threw a strike to the next batter, Terry Pendleton. "LETSGOMETS! LETSGOMETS! LETSGOMETS!" the standing multitudes happily implored. McDowell wound and delivered again, and Pendleton pulled the plug on the cheering with a low, deadly-deep, no-sink, straightaway home run over the center-field wall that tied it up. We resumed our seats. The silent glances exchanged in the press rows said it all: something had changed for good, right there. The Cardinals won it in the tenth, with three singles and a run-scoring infield out, all against Jesse Orosco, and, as Davey Johnson said downstairs, you had to give them credit. The next afternoon, the visitors knocked Dwight Gooden out with five runs in the first inning and another in the second—Gooden's earliest departure of his career—and I went home and told my family I wouldn't be around for the post-season this year.

This prognostication took a little while to become effective, for the Cardinals were struggling, too (Clark was gone for the season, it turned out, except for a couple of painful at-bats as a pinch-hitter), but they hung tough, and never let the margin slip below that same game and a half. (That half game meant two games on the lost side, of course: a little toothache that wouldn't go away.) The bad one, the game we Mets fans really could have done without, was an interminable fourteen-inning, excruciatingly prolonged 9–8 Sunday loss to the Pirates

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Winter is coming. Fame is a bitch. Writing is Playing Hurt.

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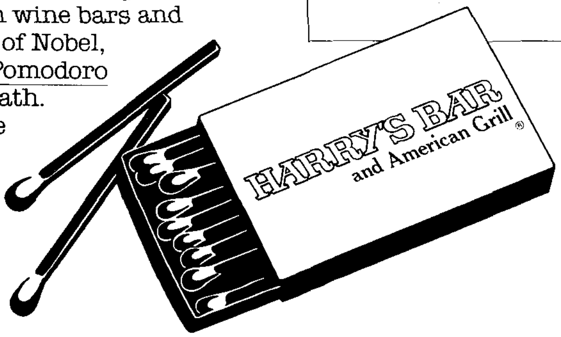

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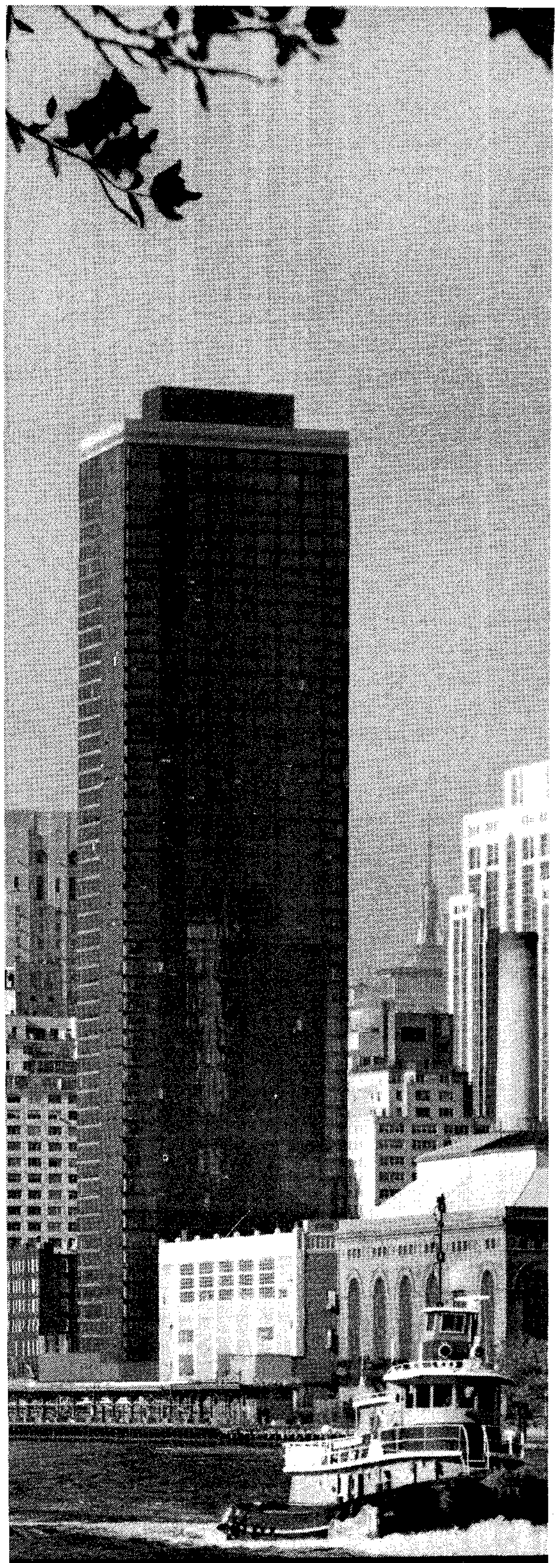

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at Three Rivers Stadium (I was watching at home), in which the Mets led four times (once by a score of 6–2) and could not hold on. Eighteen Mets and twenty-four Pirates got into the game in the end, but the Mets, exhausted and anxious—the Cardinals had already won their game against the Cubs—looked like grandfathers and the Pittsburghs like a passel of overexcited street kids. The semi-anonymous fifth-place Pirates were in fact a rising and spirited club by the end of the season, but this sort of anarchic downthrowing of a champion by some sansculotte band is standard September melodrama, of course. The lowly, tatterdemalion Mets used to do it all the time, and I can still remember how much fun we had back then, when defeats almost went unnoticed and each little win was like a party.

A day or so after this, I suddenly recalled an earlier Mets-Pirates meeting, at Shea in early June. This was Dwight Gooden's season opener—his first game back in action after his drug difficulties—and the fans came out in force, along with a horde of media folk, to watch Doc and read the runes. Dwight got a big hand, and he gave us a good outing; he left in the middle of the seventh, ahead by 3–1, with five strikeouts, and, it turned out, notched his first win. It was great to have him back. But I also took note of the other starter in that game, a strong rookie right-hander named Mike Dunne, who had just been called up from the Pacific Coast League and was making his first start in the majors. Syd Thrift, the Pirate general manager, had pointed out Dunne to me during spring training and promised that he was going to be a good one. Now, here at Shea, Thrift said that he'd picked the time and place for the young man's début with great care—a game on grass (Dunne throws ground balls) and a situation where no one would notice him. "Get out there and pitch your game," Thrift had said to him. "You're going to be *invisible* today." The young man did fine. He walked some batters, which was inevitable, and didn't get very good support afield, but when he came out for a pinch-hitter in the seventh, down by that same 3–1 score, he had given up only one earned run to the world champions. After that, I kept my eye on Dunne in the box scores, and when the season came to a close he had gone thirteen-and-six for his first summer in the big leagues, with an earned-run

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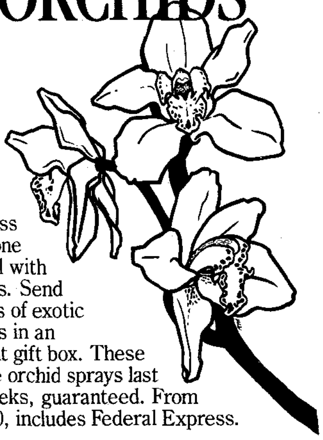

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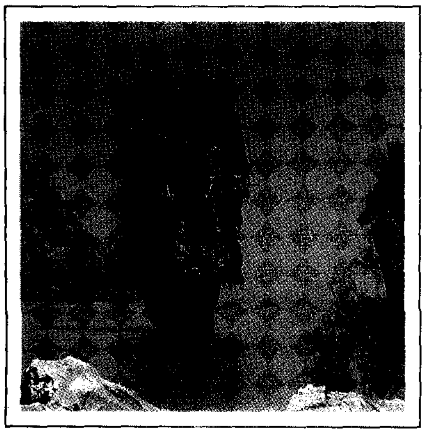
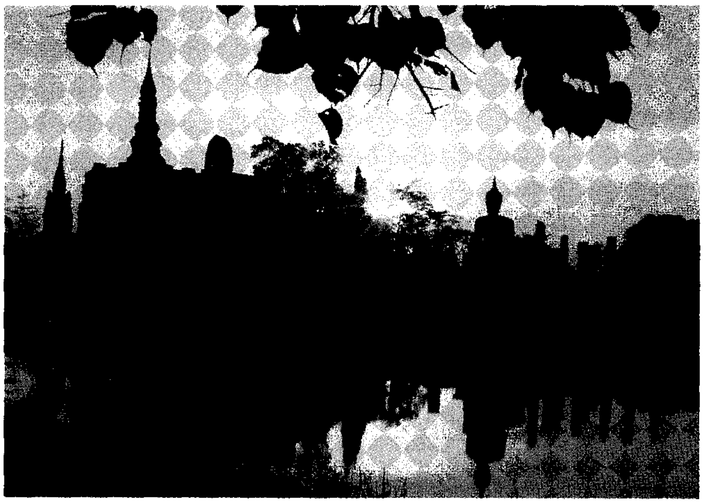


Phang Nga Bay, Phuket

Handpainted umbrellas of Chaing Mai



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Thailand Honors His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej

1987 (EXTENDED INTO 1988) WAS DESIGNATED THE VISIT THAILAND YEAR FOR TWO SPECIAL REASONS. FIRST, DECEMBER 5, 1987 IS THE 60TH BIRTHDAY OF HIS MAJESTY KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEJ. (COMPLETING A FIFTH TWELVE-YEAR CYCLE IS A MOMENTOUS EVENT IN THE LIFE OF EVERY THAI.) SECOND, ON JULY 2, 1988, HIS MAJESTY WILL BECOME THE LONGEST-REIGNING MONARCH IN THAI HISTORY.

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October 20, 1987

Arsa Sarasin
Ambassador of Thailand

This year marks a very special and significant occasion for the people of Thailand. For this year we in Thailand celebrate the auspicious occasion of the 60th Birthday of His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej of Thailand. According to Thai tradition, the 60th birthday represents the "golden age," or the milestone in one's life. At this age, a person supposedly reaches the height of his wisdom, knowledge, and experience.

Indeed, we Thais look upon the reign of His Majesty the King as marked by wisdom, dedication, and compassion. His Majesty serves as a unifying force for the entire Thai nation. His Majesty spends his time and energy travelling the remote areas of the country, personally overseeing development projects and tending to the needs of His subjects. I am happy to note also that next year His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej will be the longest reigning monarch in Thai history. Therefore, the occasion of His Majesty's 60th Birthday offers the Thai people ample cause for celebration.

To our American friends, I should particularly like to point out the fact that His Majesty himself, having been born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, personifies a vital linkage in the 154 years of relationship between the United States and Thailand. In fact, His Majesty is the world's only reigning monarch to have been born in the United States. We thus would certainly like to share this joyous occasion with the American people since this year has also been designated "Visit Thailand Year." Festivities and celebrations are being held throughout the country extending into March 1988. We wholeheartedly invite you to come and join us.

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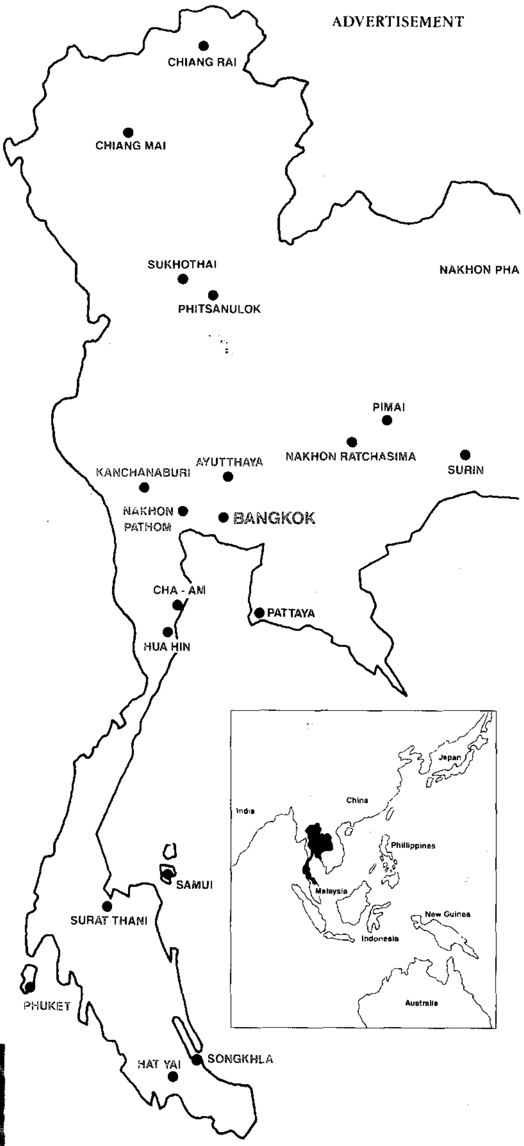
AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, THAILAND WILL BE IN A PARTICULARLY FESTIVE MOOD IN THE MONTHS AHEAD. BUT ANY TIME IS A REWARDING TIME TO VISIT THAILAND. HOTEL RATES, DINING, AND ENTERTAINMENT ARE EXTREMELY COMPETITIVE. PEOPLE ARE CHARMING AND DELIGHTFUL. PERSONAL SAFETY AND SECURITY IS NOT A PROBLEM. THAILAND IS STABLE, CIVILIZED, AND THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A RICH CULTURAL HERITAGE. SO PERHAPS IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT THAILAND'S TOURIST INDUSTRY IS BOOMING. A SUGGESTION: MAKE PLANS AND RESERVATIONS ON THE EARLY SIDE. THE WORD IS OUT, THAILAND IS IN.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The lively beat of Bangkok: City of Angels.

The bustling capital of Thailand pulsates with energy and beckons visitors to take advantage of its amenities: elegant restaurants and sophisticated bistros; fine shops selling everything from shimmering Thai silk, superb lacquerware, and carved teak elephants, to temple stone rubbings and delicate handcrafted dolls; nightclubs that feature such entertainment as Thai torch singers, Indian magicians, and Chinese acrobats.

There is also the Bangkok of venerable temples, floating markets, legendary canals, grand palaces, as well as first-rate museums, art galleries, and cinemas. Everything you would expect to find in the Orient's most exotic capital city. Hotels range from the extravagantly opulent to the spartan, and the ratio of staff to guest is unusually high.

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Side Trips to Pattaya, Phuket, Chiang Mai

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To escape from a resort atmosphere, go to **PHUKET**, Thailand's largest island, some 550 miles south of Bangkok. Phuket's glory is its magnificent coastline: powdery white beaches, hidden coves, secluded bays, all against a backdrop of lush, forested mountains. Here you will find some of the most delicious seafood in Thailand, succulently prepared in a wide variety of ways. Here there are comfortable accommodations, intriguing turn-of-the-century Indo/Portuguese- and Chinese-influenced architecture, and shops selling local handicrafts.

CHIANG MAI is located in a fertile valley some 1,000 feet above sea level, and is regarded by many Thais as a national Shangri-La. Explore mist-shrouded mountains, waterfalls, and 500-year-old temples. You will also find an extraordinary variety of antiques, silver jewelry, lacquerware, parasols, and Thai silks and cottons to be purchased.

Suggested 7-Day Itinerary

Day 1: Morning: City and Temple tour: Grand Palace/Temple of the Emerald Buddha; Temple of the Reclining Buddha; Afternoon: Jim Thompson's Thai House; leisure/shopping; Thai dinner and classical dance performance.

Day 2: Full-day trip to Damnoen Saduak Floating Market; Nakhon Pathom; lunch at the Rose Garden/cultural performance; Evening: leisure/shopping/nightlife.

Day 3: To Chiang Mai. Afternoon: Wat Phra That Doi Suthep; hill tribe village; Kantoke dinner.

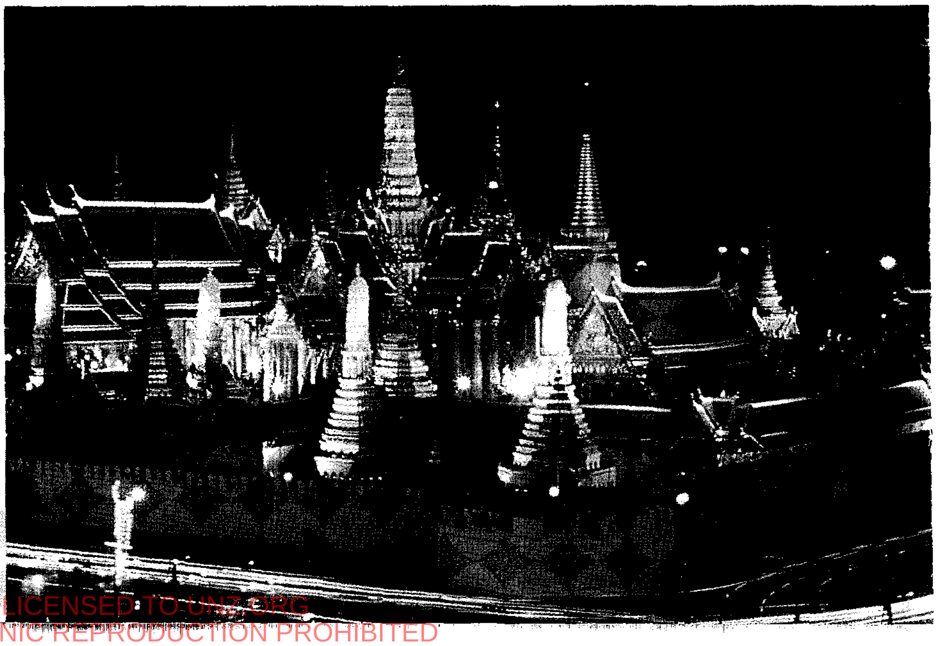
Day 4: Morning: Elephant camp; orchid nurseries; Afternoon: Handicraft villages; Evening: shopping/Chiang Mai's Night Bazaar.

Day 5: Return to Bangkok for connection to Phuket; Afternoon: relaxation/water sports or explore Phuket town; Evening: seafood/nightlife.

Day 6: Early-morning departure for boat excursion to Phang Nga Bay, where limestone islands soar nearly 300 metres high; Afternoon: relaxation/water sports; Evening: leisure.

Day 7: Morning: return to Bangkok; Afternoon: leisure/shopping.

Temple of the Emerald Buddha



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EVERY MONTH IN THAILAND THERE ARE FESTIVALS AND SPECIAL EVENTS THAT CELEBRATE THE HISTORY, CULTURE, AND RELIGION OF THE COUNTRY. MANY HAVE BEEN PLANNED FOR THE ROYAL FESTIVITIES. EACH HAS ITS INDIVIDUAL FLAVOR; ALL ARE MEMORABLE. A SELECTION TO WHET YOUR CURIOSITY:

GREAT CELEBRATIONS TO HONOUR HIS MAJESTY'S 60TH BIRTHDAY:

Grand Palace/Sanam Luang Area, Bangkok: December 4–6

Pomp, pride, and pageantry are the order of the day as a grateful nation celebrates a momentous occasion.

TOURISM FESTIVAL & NATIONAL IDENTITY EXHIBITION

Dec. 26, 1987–Jan. 3, 1988

FLOWER FESTIVAL

Chiang Mai, Feb. 5–7

Sumptuous floral displays, floral floats, and beauty pageants to welcome the blooming of the province's lush tropical flowers.

THE GLORY OF AYUTTHAYA

Central Thailand: April 3–13

The glory of the former capital, once the most powerful city in Southeast Asia, comes alive in a magnificent display of pageantry.

CHAKRI DAY

National Holiday: April 6

This day commemorates the founding of the present Chakri dynasty. This is the only day of the year when the Emerald Buddha Chapel is open to the general public.

SONGKRAN FESTIVAL

Nationwide: April 13–15.

Songkran is the traditional Thai New Year and is marked by religious pilgrimages, parades, dancing, and good fun.

CORONATION DAY

Nationwide: May 5

This day commemorates King Bhumibol's crowning in 1950.

ROYAL PLOUGHING CEREMONY

Sanam Luang, Bangkok: May (Full moon)

Presided over by the King, this ceremony marks the official commencement of the annual rice-planting cycle.

H.M. THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

Nationwide: August 12

Government buildings are decorated and illuminated and sweet pride fills the night air as the nation celebrates the birthday of its beloved Queen.

LOI KRATHONG

Nationwide: Nov. 22–24

The grace and beauty of the Thai people are perhaps best seen in this exquisite festival where thousands of small lotus-shaped banana leaf boats, each carrying lighted candles, are launched into rivers and canals.

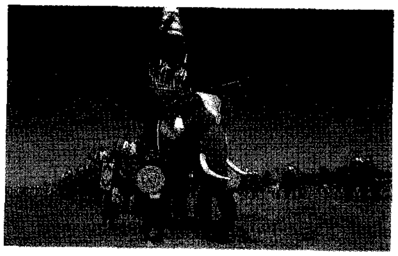
ELEPHANT ROUND-UP

Surin, Northeast Thailand: Nov. 19–20

An extremely popular event that stars some 100 elephants with demonstrations of their strength, agility, and intelligence; and a re-enactment of a medieval war elephant parade.

Thailand

Loi Krathong



Elephant Round-up

The Wings of the Kingdom

May 1960: Blessed by Buddhist monks, with a name personally bestowed by His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej ("Suranaree" after a Thai heroine), a sleek white Douglas DC-6B rose into the sky from Bangkok's Airport. Thus was the birth of Thailand's national flag-carrier, Thai Airways International.

In the air, champagne corks popped as the Thai airliner headed for Hong Kong. Serving the passengers were seven attendants, four of them young women in elegant Thai silk costumes, whose dazzling smiles would soon become legendary.

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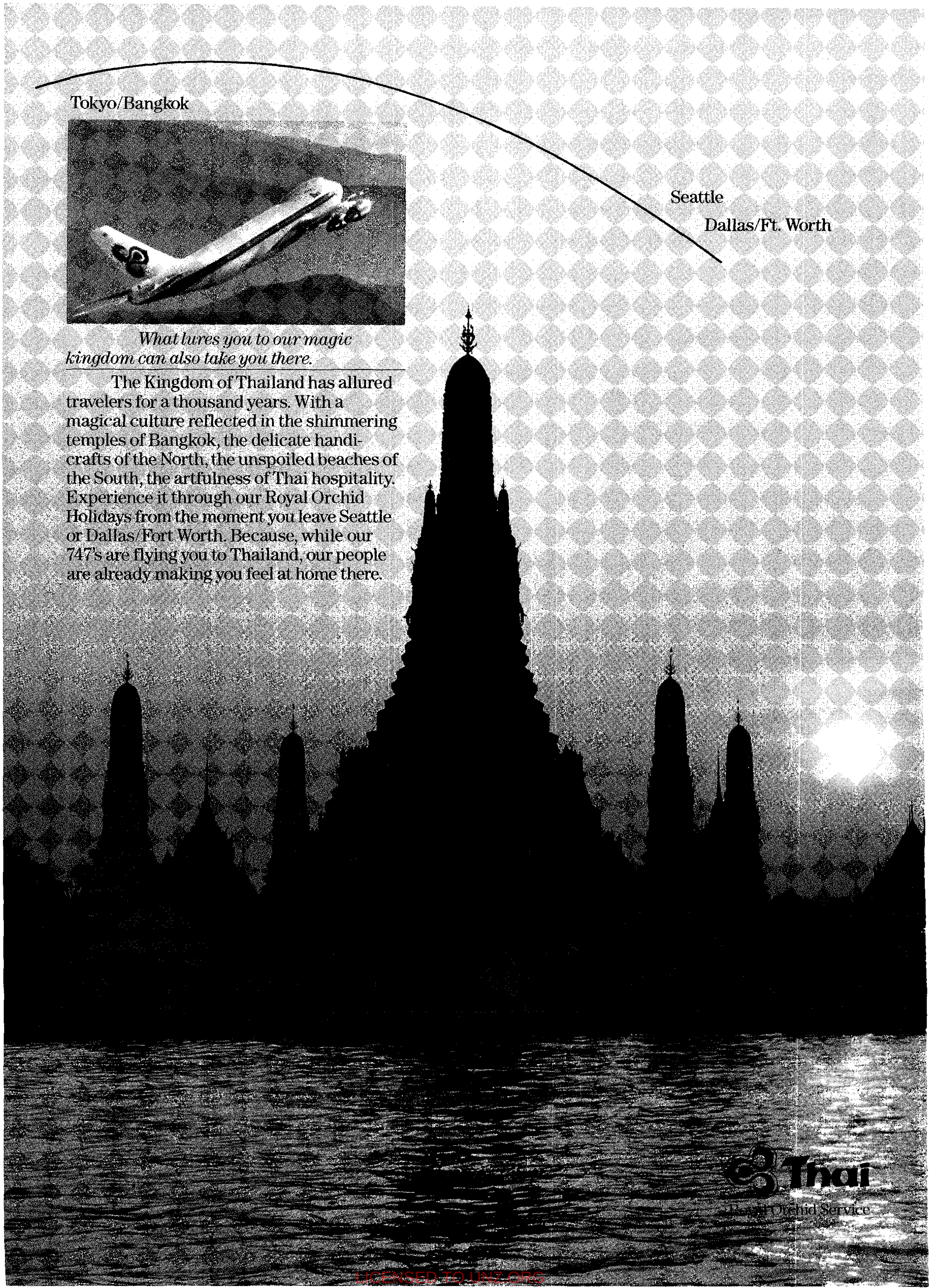

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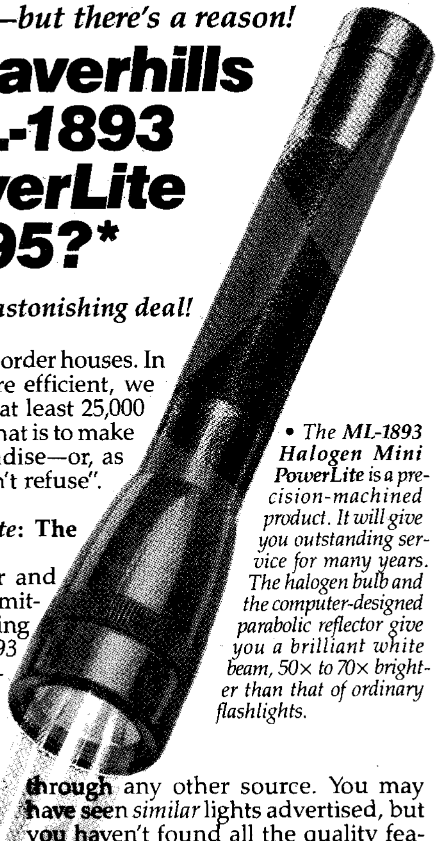
average of 3.03; by that scale, he was the second-best pitcher in the National League. Someday, years from now, I may even be saying, "I was there for Mike Dunne's very first game. I saw the start of it." This was the season when Tom Seaver and Reggie Jackson said goodbye, but Mike Dunne made me feel a little better about that. Baseball is great on beginnings.

MY true revisionist wish about the 1987 season is not for a different result in the championship or the Series but only that the action somehow could have been shut down altogether just before the playoffs, so that we would have nothing to remember but the seven games played, or *waged*, between the Blue Jays and the Tigers over the last two weekends of the summer—a wonderful fight for the division that was carried off by the Tigers on the closing Sunday. Jimmy Key, the lefty Toronto ace (his 2.76 E.R.A. led his league), fanned the last four Tigers of the summer in succession, but to no avail, as Detroit won by 1–0. Stout-hearted pitching and painfully close play prevailed from start to finish; all seven games were settled by a single run. Up in Toronto, the Jays pulled out two successive games with ninth-inning triples (one was a pinch-hit three-run job, by Juan Beniquez), and the next day the Tigers averted what would have been an insuperable four-and-a-half-game Toronto lead in the standings when Kirk Gibson hit a game-tying homer in the ninth and a game-winning single in the thirteenth. Back in their own park, the Tigers then swept the three closing weekend encounters. (The Blue Jays lost their last seven games in a row, in fact.) The best game, if one had to make a choice, came on Saturday, when two notable starters—Mike Flanagan for the Jays and Jack Morris for the Tigers—pitched themselves to an absolute standstill and departed (Morris after nine innings and Flanagan after eleven), with the score locked at 2–2; Alan Trammell, the Tiger shortstop, capped his splendid season when he slapped a run-scoring single in the bottom of the twelfth. All this brilliance and unlikelihood is dimmed, of course, by the fact that neither team made it into the World Series—an inexorable irrelevance that will nonetheless curtail my account here.

The Blue Jays, it must be noted, drew very poor cards in the last few hands of the summer. Their shortstop



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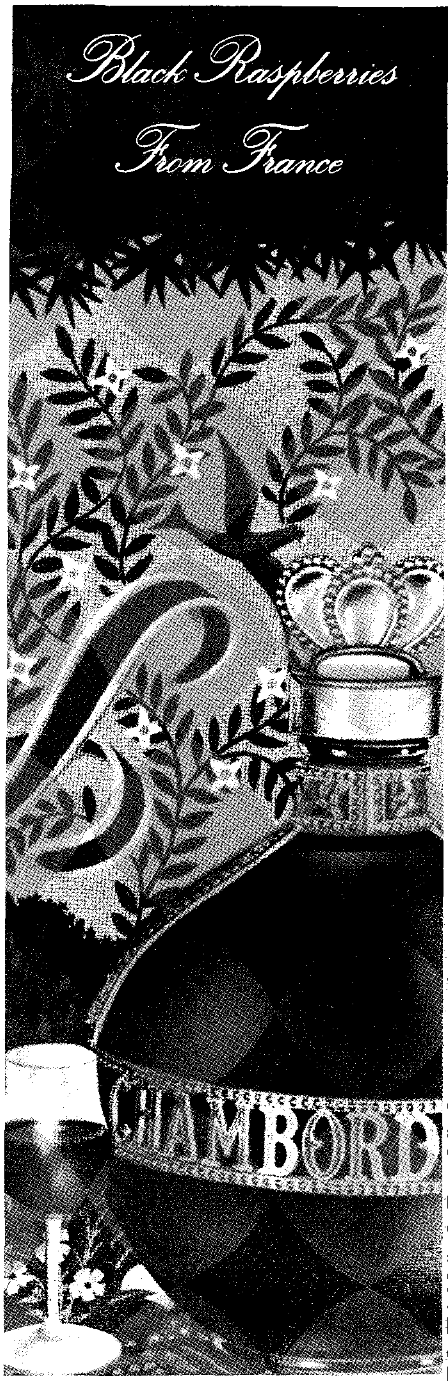

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and No. 3 hitter, Tony Fernandez (for my money, the prime athlete in his league), went down in the third inning of the very first Tiger game, when he broke a bone in his elbow during a slam-bang double-play block by Bill Madlock. Some of the local fans were sore at Madlock for the vehemence of his slide, but I think they should direct their complaints elsewhere; Fernandez' fracture, we learned, happened when his arm struck a narrow metal strip that holds down the AstroTurf carpet near the second-base dirt cutout—a lurking and needless occupational hazard disclosed in the worst imaginable fashion. A few days later, Ernie Whitt, the Blue Jay catcher, suffered broken ribs in a base-path collision and was also lost for the remainder of the year. Whitt bats fifth for the Jays, and the two injuries left their M.V.P. cleanup slugger, George Bell (forty-seven homers and a hundred and thirty-four R.B.I.s), unprotected at the plate and uncertain in his mind; visibly anxious to bat for three men with every swing, he proved nearly useless in the late going.

The pitching made up for it all. This summer, there was a sudden rush among the contending clubs to acquire experienced, battle-tested older pitchers for the rigors of the pennant chase. The Twins traded for Joe Niekro, a knuckleballer, and the Giants acquired the wily blimp Rick Reuschel. John Candelaria came to the Mets, and Mike Flanagan, a Cy Young left-hander, to the Blue Jays. Doyle Alexander, a bony samurai who had toiled for eight different masters (ten, if you counted repeat engagements), was picked up by the Tigers in an early-August trade with the Braves, and was perfect thereafter: nine victories without a defeat, to the end of the schedule. "He was the difference for us," manager Sparky Anderson said when it was over.

During the World Series, John Tudor told me he didn't think that old pitchers were any smarter than old batters when the chips were down. But veteran pitchers do have an aura of mystery and wisdom about them that snags our imagination; they are shamans, master sergeants, Easter Island heads. All through those Blue Jay–Tiger games, you could look at the mound and see someone familiar and dangerous out there—the starters, I mean; the relief pitching wasn't much on either side—who was visibly drawing on deep-tank reserves of guile

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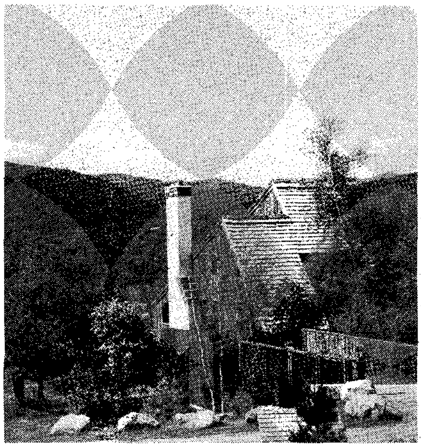

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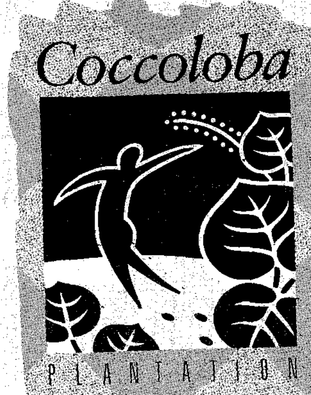

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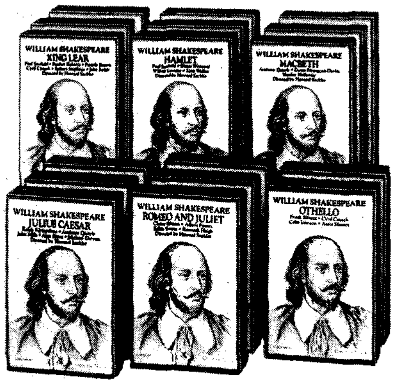
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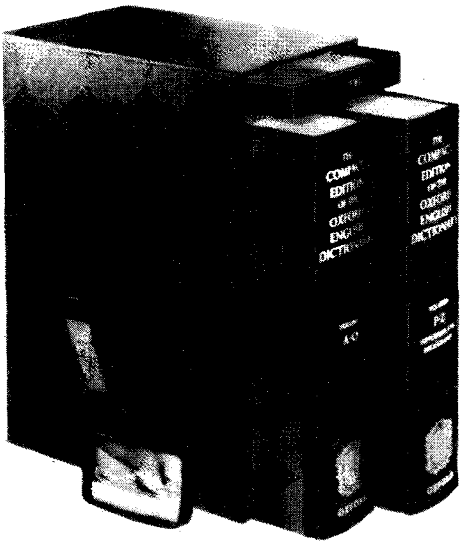

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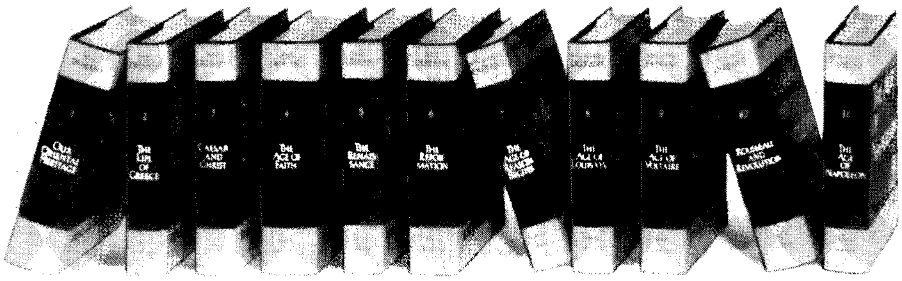

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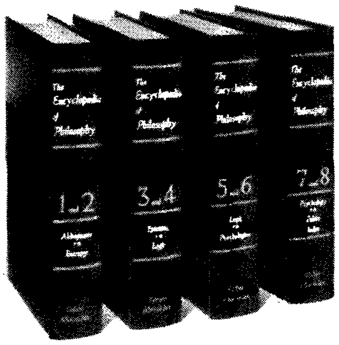

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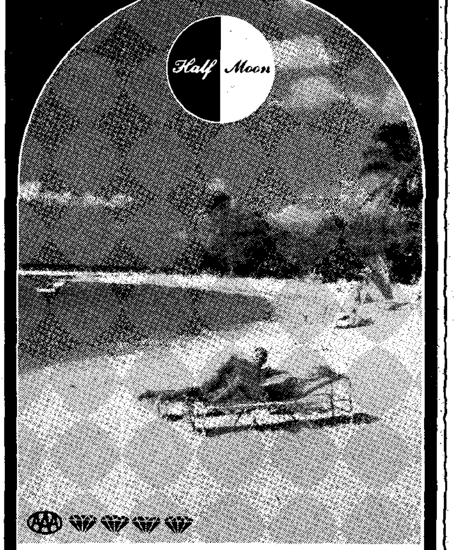

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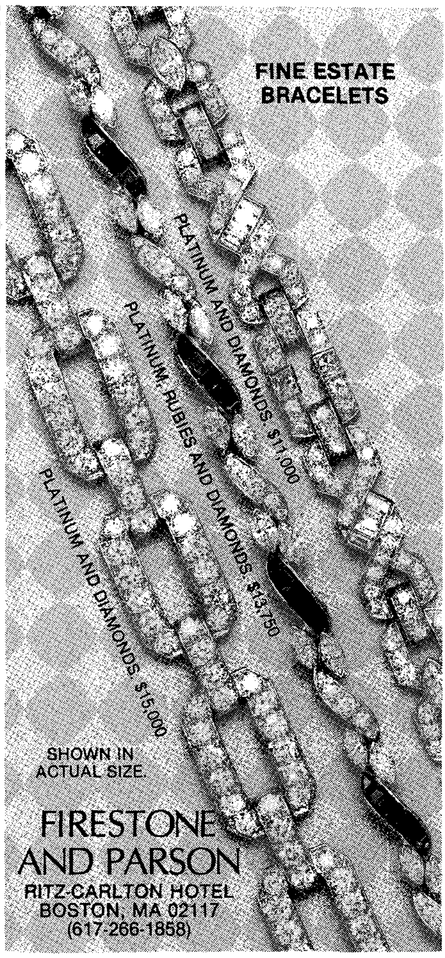
and grit and experience. Age didn't wholly account for the feeling, at that. Jack Morris is thirty-two, but this was his eleventh year in a Tiger uniform, and he has won more games than any other pitcher in the nineteen-eighties. When he and Flanagan went head-to-head in their two games, we had a conflict of wills and styles and ability and manner that prickled your scalp: Morris with his imperious, king-of-the-hill glare, his over-the-top high fastballs and down-busting split-finger stuff; and Flanagan—he is a portsider—exuding calm and ease and flow, with a funny little tug at his right sweatshirt sleeve at the end of every pitch. Flanagan has had elbow and shoulder problems over the years—he went away to the minors in July to get his arm back in shape after another setback—but in the chilly, sunstruck Saturday-afternoon game at Tiger Stadium he threw a hundred and forty-seven pitches, mostly curveballs at the end, and came out after eleven innings only with extreme reluctance. That game felt like a leftover World Series classic from our childhood, fought out in the slanting autumn sunshine between principals who, just this one time again, seemed a little larger than life. "That game on Saturday—" Jack Morris said later on. "That Saturday game—that was the best I've seen in the last five years. I knew damn well Mike was never going to give in, but I knew I wasn't going to be the one to die out there, either. If they hadn't pulled us out, we'd still be there, waiting for the other man to fall."

Another old Tiger, Frank Tanana, was once a blazing lefty curveballer with the Angels; he has been through extensive shoulder surgery, and now he is canny, limited, and resourceful. He has a first-class screwball (it breaks the wrong way, that is) but needs to set it up with a hard little inside slider or cut fastball if everything is to come together, and even then he runs into dry patches. When he went up against the Blue Jays in Toronto, he hadn't won in six weeks, but he shut them down cold in his seven innings' work; on the last day, he blanked them again, over nine. He has round, gentle eyes and a perpetually smiling, self-depreciating manner. With his shoulder packed in ice after he came out of the earlier game, he said, "I was *done*. I was tired and stiff. I had a sore leg, a sore arm, and a sore back. But good things happened today. We got my arm back to where it needed to be. My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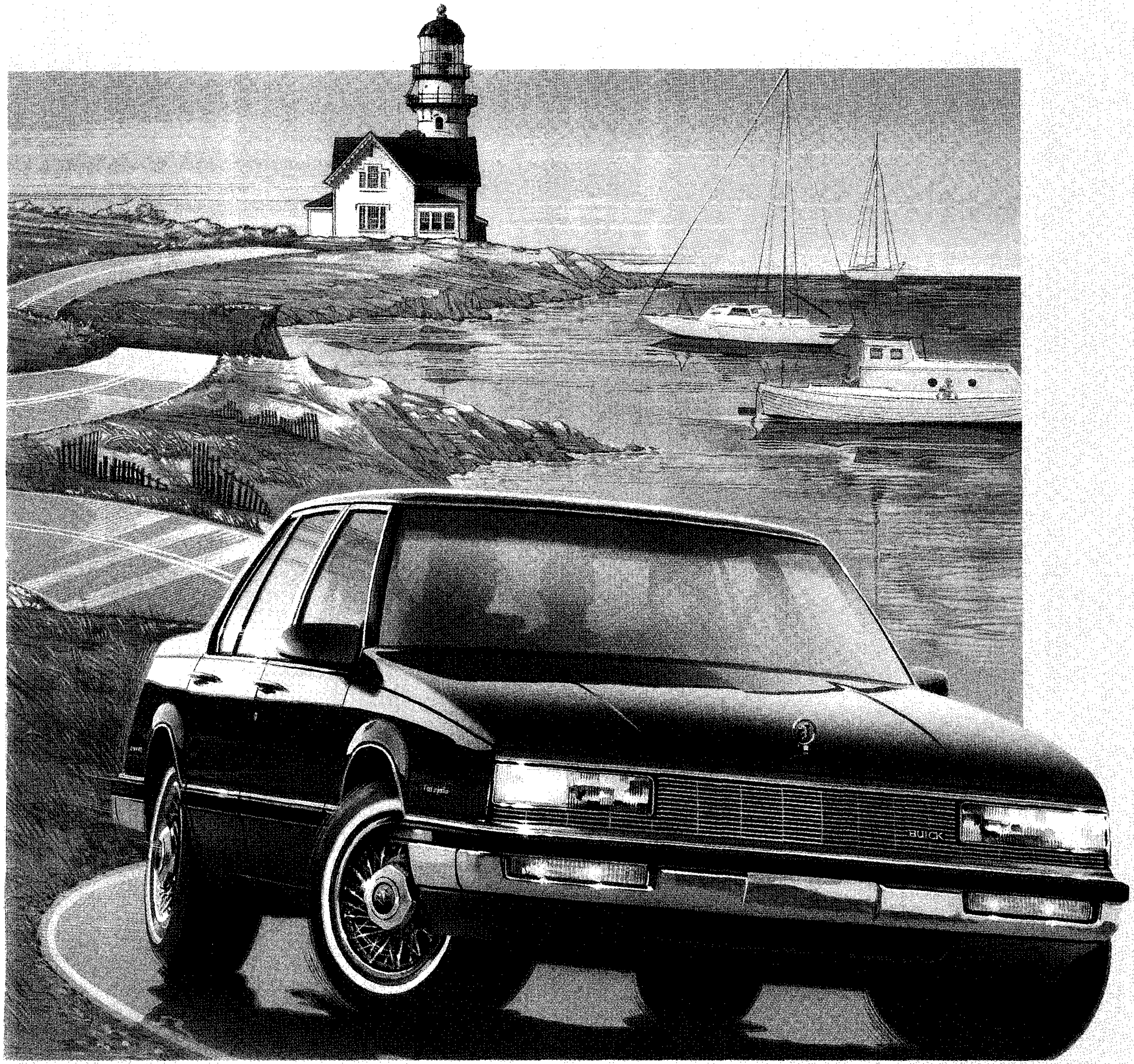

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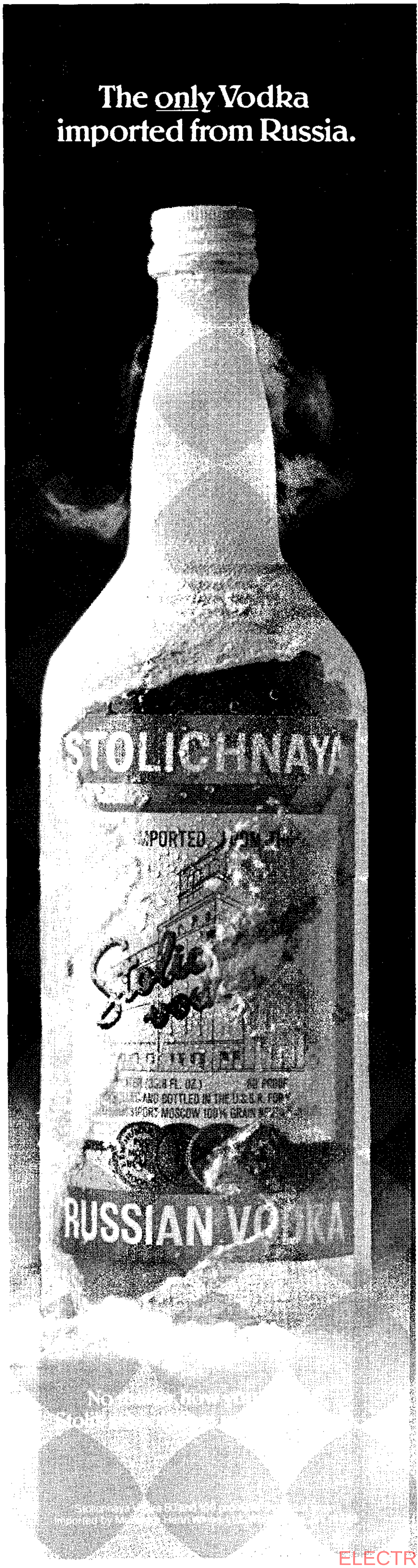


screwball was there, the changeup was there, I was all of a piece. It was nice to be out in a big game and feel, Hey, this is *me!*"

Doyle Alexander had pitched for the Blue Jays before he was dealt to the lowly Braves a year ago—pitched *well*, with two consecutive seventeen-win summers in there—but at these encounters I got the strong impression that any private feelings of revenge he might harbor had been discarded, simply because they would have been a distraction for him. He is lean and morose, with a dab of dark mustache, a seamy face, sharp shoulders, and long, elbowy arms. He is a specialist at the multi-hit, low-run—just low enough—game, with a lot of ground-ball outs, which he achieves with a curveball, a slider, a change-up, and a pretty fair sneaky fastball, all delivered from three different release points and with a thousand different ideas. No one appreciates him more than his fellow-pros. "Frank Tanana and Doyle Alexander are true pitchers," Jack Morris said. "They place the ball, they change speeds, they think. I've never had the control that they have. Doyle is just a master." Buck Martinez is a Blue Jays broadcaster, but before that he was a catcher with the Jays, back when Alexander was there. "The guy really studies," Martinez said when I asked him about Doyle. "He's a professor at this game. Even on days when he isn't working, he never takes his eyes off the batters. He's picking up how the guy up there is striding at the ball, where he's hitting the ball and on what part of the bat, how he changes his swing in certain situations, what he's doing now that he wasn't doing the last time we played against them." He gestured toward Alexander, who was doing some light throwing off a bullpen mound as we spoke. "Look at that," he said. "He went seven last night, and I guarantee you he's out there right now working on some little thing that didn't go right for him. Listen, pitching is all relative. If you have an eighty-five-mile-an-hour fastball and a seventy-mile-an-hour change, that's enough, that's effective. Doyle is always back and forth—back and forth and in and out. If you can't appreciate that, you just don't understand baseball. He doesn't overpower anybody, but he's the hardest pitcher I ever had to learn to catch. It took me a bunch of games before I understood what he was doing and how he was thinking. I learned a lot. The funny thing is how few pitchers there were on the Blue Jays who seemed to want to learn from him. One of them was Jimmy Key. Jimmy's still just in his twenties, but he's become an add-on and take-off pitcher, all because of Doyle. There's no telling how far he'll go now."

THE Blue Jays didn't get to the playoffs, but they made themselves felt there just the same. The Tigers won ninety-eight games over the summer, which was more than any other team, but they looked flat and worn out in the championship series, and one can't escape the conviction that they had spent themselves there at the end. The Twins, who had won their demi-pennant handily (after the second week in June, they spent only six days out of first place), were wary about the upcoming games against the more experienced Detroit lineup ("They know what they can do, and we don't until we do it," said outfielder Tom Brunansky), but they were opening at home, where they were comfortable. Almost exuberantly, they whacked the visitors twice in a row before the disbelieving hankie-flappers, beating Alexander the first night—his first loss as a Tiger—and Jack Morris the next. They trailed in each game, but showed a happy propensity for the retaliatory offensive outburst—three doubles in the second inning against Morris, and, the night before, an amazing eruption against Alexander, consisting of a homer, a triple, a double (there was a sacrifice in here as well), and a single: the cycle, *backward*. Gary Gaetti, the intense and talented Minnesota third baseman, poled two home runs in the opener, but his base on balls in the eighth, in the middle of the winning rally, mattered almost more.

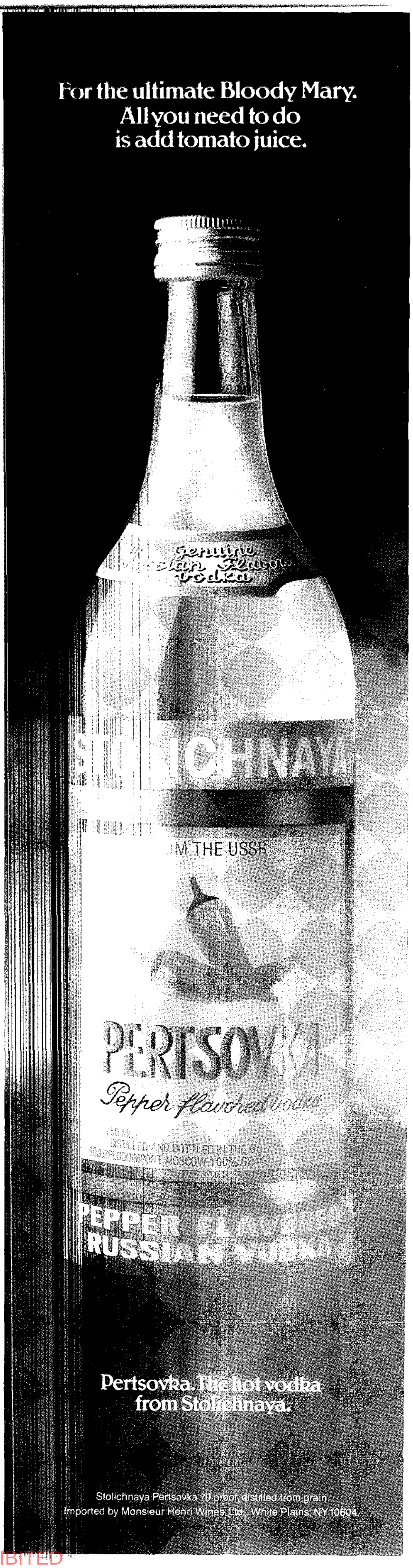
The teams went off to Detroit, where the Tigers came back to win Game Three with a two-run homer by Pat Sheridan. One sensed that the Twins secretly expected to win no more than one of the three games on enemy ground and thus come home to the Dome still one game up, with two to play. But Game Four, it turned out, killed the Tigers. I had gone off to San Francisco to catch up on the other league's championship doings, and the way things turned out I was just as glad to miss those miserable Tiger moments in their own back yard. Darrell Evans, the Tiger first baseman and senior slugger—he hit thirty-four home runs in this, his nineteenth major-league season—was picked off third base in the sixth, absolutely ruining a Tiger rally, and he subsequently made two errors (almost three, in fact) after he had been shifted over to play third base because of a pinch-hitting maneuver: a career bad day that distressed even the Twins players, since Evans is held in something like senatorial high esteem around the league. "It was nothing *personal*," Gaetti later said of the pickoff. But his flashed signal for the play—Evans had taken an extra step down the line—and catcher Tim Laudner's peg to the bag (the pitch was almost in the dirt) became the sudden message telling us which team out there most wanted the prize. The Twins won the game, 5–3, beating Tanana, and the next day they knocked out Alexander in the second inning and then embarrassed the Detroit bullpen during the 9–5 clincher.

The Giants (who will not get their due in this overstuffed account book) had a splendid summer out by the Bay, climbing past the Cincinnati Reds in the middle of August and cruising home behind the best pitching in the league (none of the Giants' pitchers won more than thirteen games, but seven of them won ten or more) and with a young, ferociously talented infield. (First baseman Will Clark, who led the club with thirty-five home runs, is twenty-three years old.) It's fair to say that the team leader—this doesn't happen often—was manager Roger Craig, the affable, "Humm Baby" optimist, who, along with general manager Al Rosen, turned the team around when they came aboard near the end of a dismal 62–100 summer in 1985. When I joined the Giants and the Cardinals at Candlestick Park for the middle part of their playoff, they were even-up after splitting the opening pair of games at St. Louis; in the second one, Dave Dravecky had bested John Tudor with a numbing two-hitter. It was a treat to be there, away from the Dome, out in the wind and the cool, with a grass field below and the open sky above, and with the Giants, the shining team of my Pleistocene boyhood, to pull for again.

Game Three was a rouser, and although I didn't quite sense it at the time, it held the story of these playoffs. The Humm Babies jumped on the Cardinal starter, the left-handed rookie Joe Magrane, in the second with a youthful burst of speed and power—two doubles, a stolen base, and a hit-and-run that scored Will Clark all the way from first. In the third, the wonderfully muscled and forbidding and unpleasant San Francisco left fielder, Jeffrey Leonard, unloaded a home run to left—there is a little space, almost a playground, between the fence and the bleachers at Candlestick, and when something goes deep the kids come flying out of the stands to scuffle for the sudden souvenir—to put the Giants up by 4–0. It was Leonard's third homer in as many games, and he toured the bases at a dog-walker's pace, with his left arm dangling at his side: "one flap down" in his personal body language, which is to say, *Not much of a pitch, my man.* The fans loved it.

But this was one of those games with a hinge in it. When Leonard came up again, in the fifth, the new Cardinal pitcher was the tough veteran Bob Forsch, who drilled Jeffrey in businesslike fashion, to the surprise of no one at all. The Giants stranded three runners in the inning, and in the top of the sixth Jim Lindeman, the Cardinals' backup first baseman, popped an unexpected two-run homer, and the Redbirds were back in it. Then they scored four runs in the seventh, dispatching two pitchers in the process, on a single, a pinch-hit single, *another* pinch-hit single (a run scored), a pinch-runner stolen base, a single (two more runs scored), a bunt single, a sacrifice bunt, and a run-scoring sacrifice fly. The Cardinals, who have no power when Jack Clark is out of the lineup (Pendleton was benched as well on this day, with an ankle injury), had been doing this all year, of course—and for the past two or three years, too—and I long ago lost track of the number of times I have watched them pull out a game with these piranhalike bloody nibbles. It ended at 6–5, Cards, and I suspect that all the Giants in the clubhouse and their homeward-streaming disappointed fans did what I did that night just before I fell asleep, which was to go back over that Cardinal seventh inning in my mind and count those taps and bouncers and pinches and runs and runners, and once again think to myself, How do they *do* that?

The wounds didn't seem quite fatal, at that, because the Giants bounced back the next evening (Jeffrey Leonard hit *another* homer, and the all-boy infield turned four dandy double plays,



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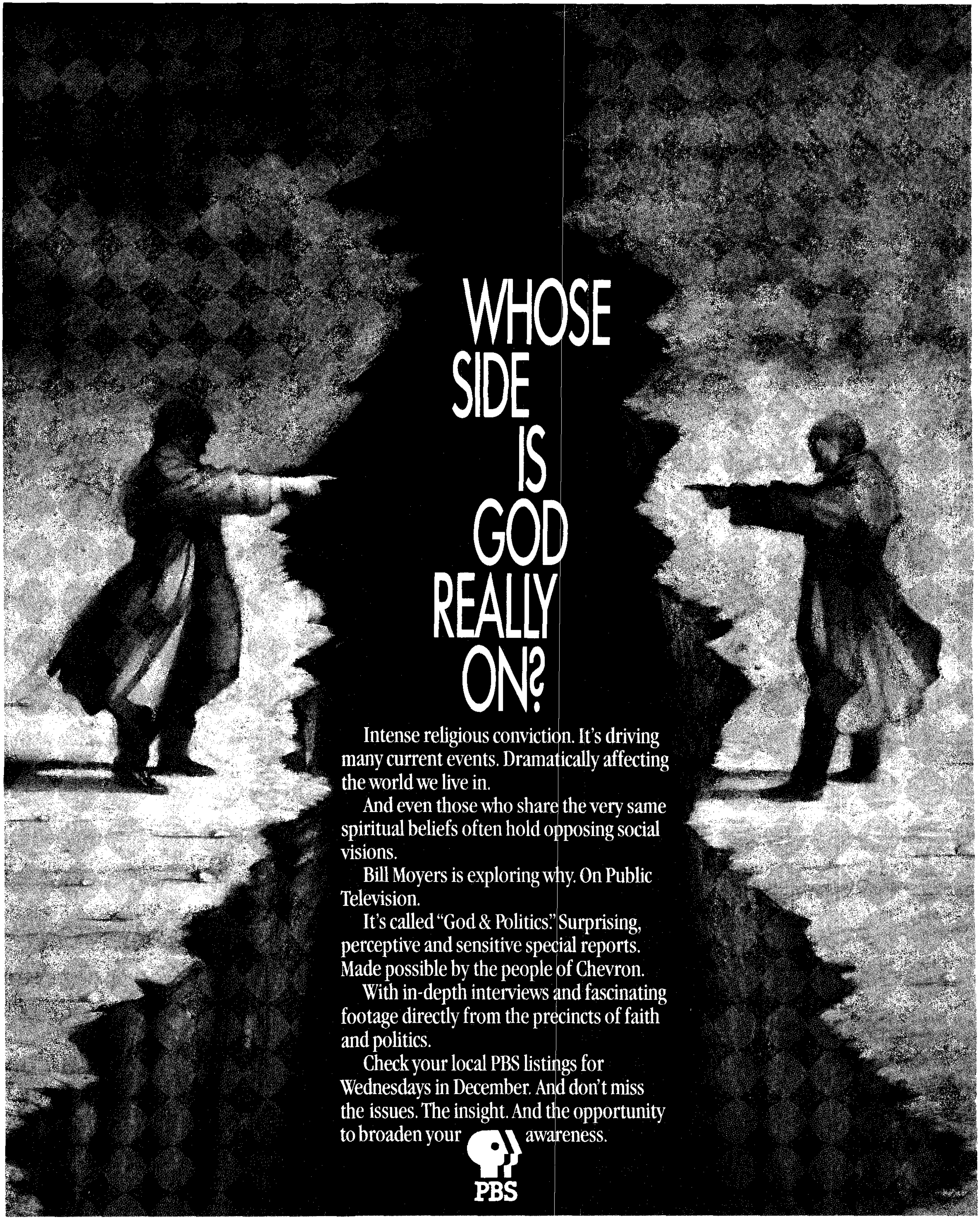

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and pitcher Mike Krukow survived a piranha swarm, early on); and on Sunday, in a breezy sun-and-shadow daytime game, with the fans brandishing blue-and-orange "HUMM" and "BABY" signs all over the park, they won again, with a nice four-run rally and a stunning five-inning relief turn by a tall left-side reliever named Joe Price. "He looked like Rube Waddell out there," Whitey Herzog said.

All these games were beginning to wear me down—not just the travel and the hours and the keeping track but the vicarious emotional weight of watching the players going about their work with the knowledge (theirs and mine) that extreme disappointment lay ahead for half of them. For me, the two distinguishing marks of professional athletes are resilience and stubbornness of will. Again and again, they are asked to put everything on the line—all their skill and desire and nerve—with no guarantee about how that will turn out; more than half the time, it turns out badly, and then they must come back the next day, or soon thereafter, and give no less, at the same odds. Championships demand even more, because they lead to a quick terminus, but now and then, when a player has won or has done particularly well in these late games, you get a sudden sense of what his work is all about. After Mike Krukow beat the Cards in Game Four (he prevailed by 4–2, over Danny Cox; both pitchers went the distance), he was riding high. He couldn't stop talking, and it was a little while before I realized that this had been his very first post-season game in his twelve years in the majors. Most of all, he wanted to talk about his catcher.

"Bob Brenly and I have been together for five years," Krukow said. "We're close. Today, he kept talking to me out there, keeping me alive. After the first couple of innings, he said, 'You're getting good performance keeping the fastball *in* on these guys. Let's keep that going.' Then, later, he said, 'O.K., you've picked up a sinker, so we'll go that way. Plus your split's real good now—let's do *that.*' He never tried to force-feed anything that might hurt us. He identified what was working well and he controlled the tempo. It was sweet. Nice old Bob Brenly. That's the most fun I ever had in a game."

I came home to follow the closing games in St. Louis by television, about eighty per cent convinced that in ten days' time I'd be back in San Francisco

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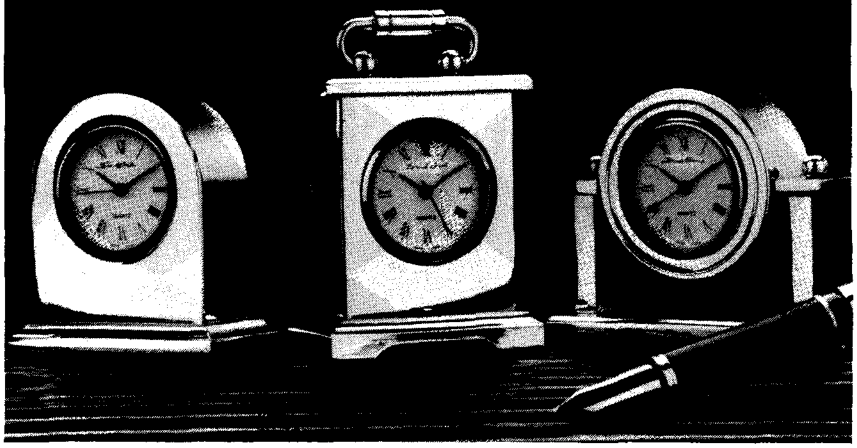

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for the middle of the Series. (I even thought about sending some laundry out at the hotel, to await my return, but then concluded that it might jinx my Giants.) What you find in this game, of course, is that you can't make plans: you never know, you never can tell. Least of all could I have foretold that the Giants had finished scoring for the year. In the sixth game, John Tudor and the tough late relievers Worrell and Dayley shut them down, beating Dravecky in a beautifully, horribly tense 1–0 encounter—a classic, I suppose—in which the lone run scored after the Giant right fielder misplayed a fly ball that he lost in the lights; and on the morrow the Giants, frozen with disbelief, fell again, 6–0 (Danny Cox permitted only one runner to reach third base), to end their year. They may have lost more than a pennant. The San Francisco baseball audience, which set a club attendance record this summer, is also prone to discouragement and disbelief. "Same old Giants" was what you heard out there long before "Humm Baby" came along, and three weeks after the playoffs ended the local voters failed to endorse a proposition that would have led to construction of a badly needed new downtown ballpark. Candlestick, barely tenable at best, is the second-oldest park in the National League, and team owner Bob Lurie now plans to take the club elsewhere when his lease runs out in 1994. I think the park would have won at the polls if the Giants had made it to the World Series. Humm Baby, goodbye.

AT the beginning of Act II of the Sunday, October 18th, performance of Georg Büchner's play "Leon and Lena (and Lenz)," at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, Leon and Val interrupted their pantomime on a platform suspended above the stage to allow Val to step forward and say, "Hey, Leon, I've got some good news for you. The Twins are ahead, 7–1, in the fifth." Pandemonium. My theatre correspondent failed to catch the decibels or to note whether any hankies were waved at the Guthrie, but the din just then out at the Dome, where I was, was appalling. The Twins, who had buried the Cardinals in the Series opener the night before, with seven runs in the fourth inning, had here managed a six-run outburst in the same inning—the news behind Val's ad-lib. The monkey had suddenly gone all pale and poorly, and fans in the Twin Cities

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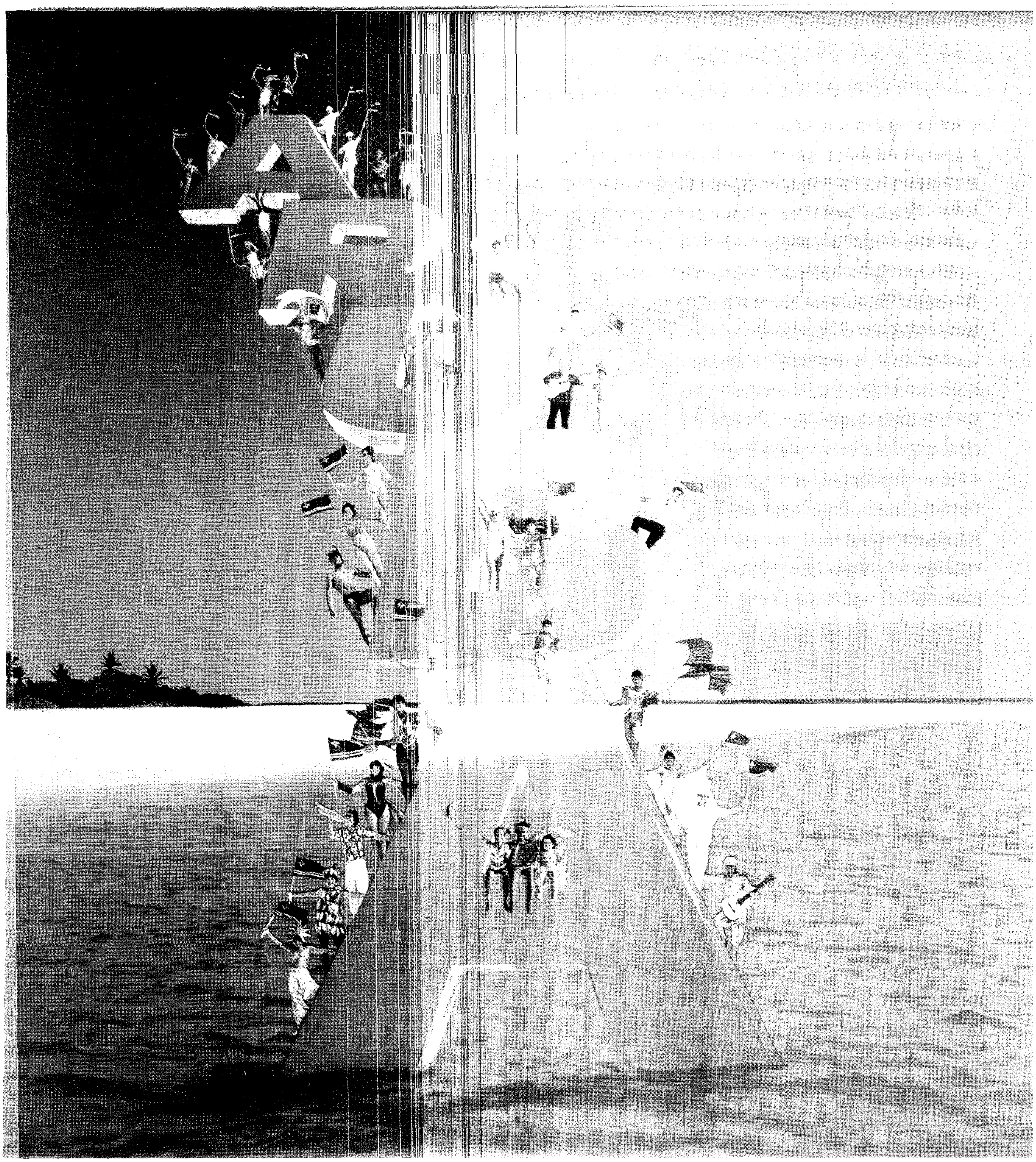

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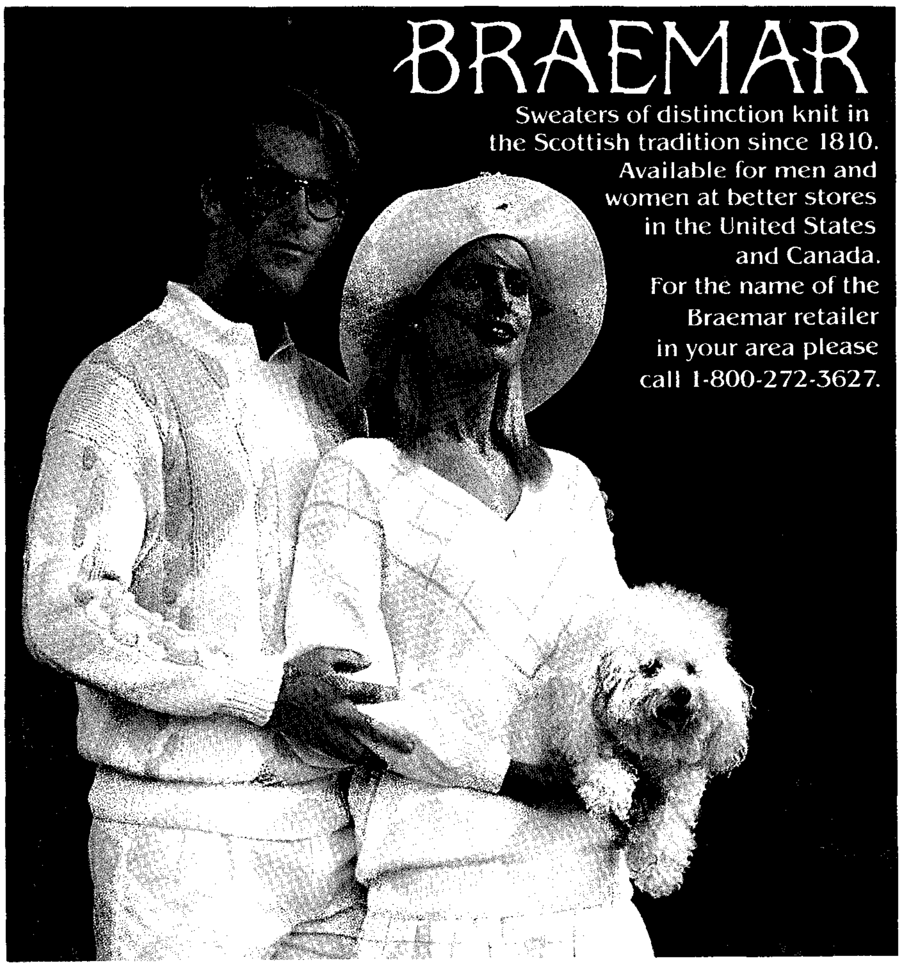

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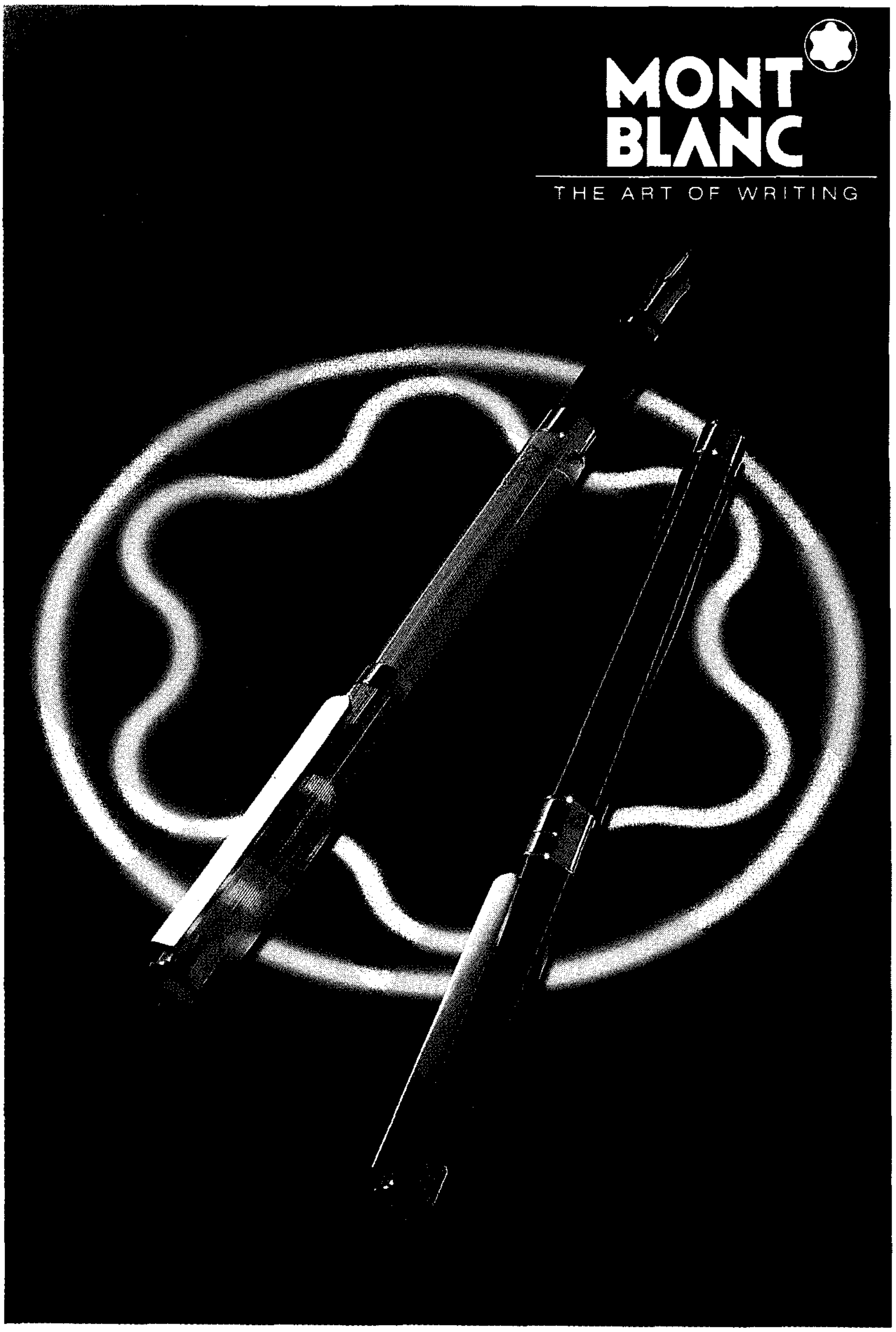
—and all over the upper Middle West, I'm sure—had begun to collect and pass on little stories about where they were or who passed them the word when Dan Gladden hit his terrific grand slam on Saturday, or how somebody spotted that man up in right field holding up his special "Frankie Sweet Music" sign, which meant that we were in great shape—couldn't lose, really—because our boy, Frank Viola, *always* wins when the sign man is in the house. This stuff is the ambrosia of winning baseball—I still remember all the travellers' tales and overheard-in-a-bar lines that we Mets fans exchanged in October last year—and its sweetness can be tasted only by those who belong, those who have done without, those who have long suffered: the fans. Whenever a team wins a pennant—particularly a team that hasn't had the experience before—its long-term fans slowly or suddenly realize that all this time they have been part of a vast and scattered but closely knit circle—a family, if you will, whose members almost seem to resemble each other: the same way of seeing things, the same excessive attachments. I think the genetic code that links each fan family, in any part of the country, is baseball by radio: the slow, daily and nightly summer-long *recitativo* of at-bats, strikes, fouls, outs, innings, catches, rallies, relays, slumps, despairs, hopes, and names—names above all—brought to us by a durable resident broadcaster whose tones and inflections and pauses we have come to know as well as we know any voice in our house. Baseball by television, no matter how deftly done, doesn't work this way, because it is always a show that we must pay to watch, not with money but with our attention. Baseball by radio comes for free, because it allows us to attend to other things, to do almost anything we want to or need to get done, in the house or outside or on the way to town, and still give part of our mind—part of our imagination, really—to what is going on out at the game. Howard Mohr, a Minnesota writer, contributed an essay to a literary page about the Twins that the *Star Tribune* ran this fall, and in it he said that his favorite way of following the Twins was while he was on a tractor, plowing by night. For Mohr and the other Twins-millions, the voice of the team for decades now has been Herb Carneal's, on WCCO, and the night names he mentioned or talked about again and again this summer—Bruno, Tim, Kirby, Bert, Herbie, the G-Man, Dan, Frankie, Greg, Tom, and the others—were only the latest texture in a great unrolling fabric that goes back and back—Kitty, Butch, Roy, Rod, Koos, Rob, Leo, Tony, Harmon, Bert, Dean, Minch, Cesar—and that, for a fan, connects a lifetime of summer sounds, and sets apart the time of year when days and nights feel always a little special, and October is only a distant possibility.

This time, I didn't belong—to tell the truth, I didn't know the Twins very well—but I think I appreciated them. The club is built around four free-swinging power hitters—third baseman Gaetti, first baseman Kent Hrbek, and outfielders Tom Brunansky and the tubby, fierce Kirby Puckett, whom Jack Buck, the Cardinal sportcaster, described as looking like "a poorly packed duffelbag." Together, they averaged better than thirty homers apiece this year (only Puckett, with twenty-eight, fell short), faring especially well in the Dome, where the ball carries, and where even a minimal sort of drive to right plunks (actually, it's more of a "*plob!*") into a gigantic blue shower curtain and drops back onto the field, still in play—a hall-closet variant of the Fenway Park Green Monster. The Dome's other infamous eccentricities include a loosely draped, piece-goods ceiling pierced by round drainage holes, which, according to shaken visiting fielders, sometimes turn into a hundred simultaneously descending fly balls, and an outfield so poorly illuminated that distant players look like lurking strangers at the foot of an alley. It is my strong feeling, however, that the combined reputation of the Dome and its beefy swatters (the Fab Four, as they will not again be called here) have encouraged most fans to take the Twins too lightly—to denigrate them as a full team. What I saw in a dozen difficult games this fall was a sound defensive club, well anchored at the corners of the infield and strong on the left side (the young shortstop, Greg Gagne, has an outstanding arm), which played with poise and self-assurance under the sport's most demanding circumstances. The Twins' pitching was very short, to be sure, consisting mostly of the powerful left-hander Frank Viola, who is now one of the top three or four pitchers in the league, and the bearded van Gogh look-alike Bert Blyleven (he was born in Holland, as a matter of fact), who has been pitching extremely well in



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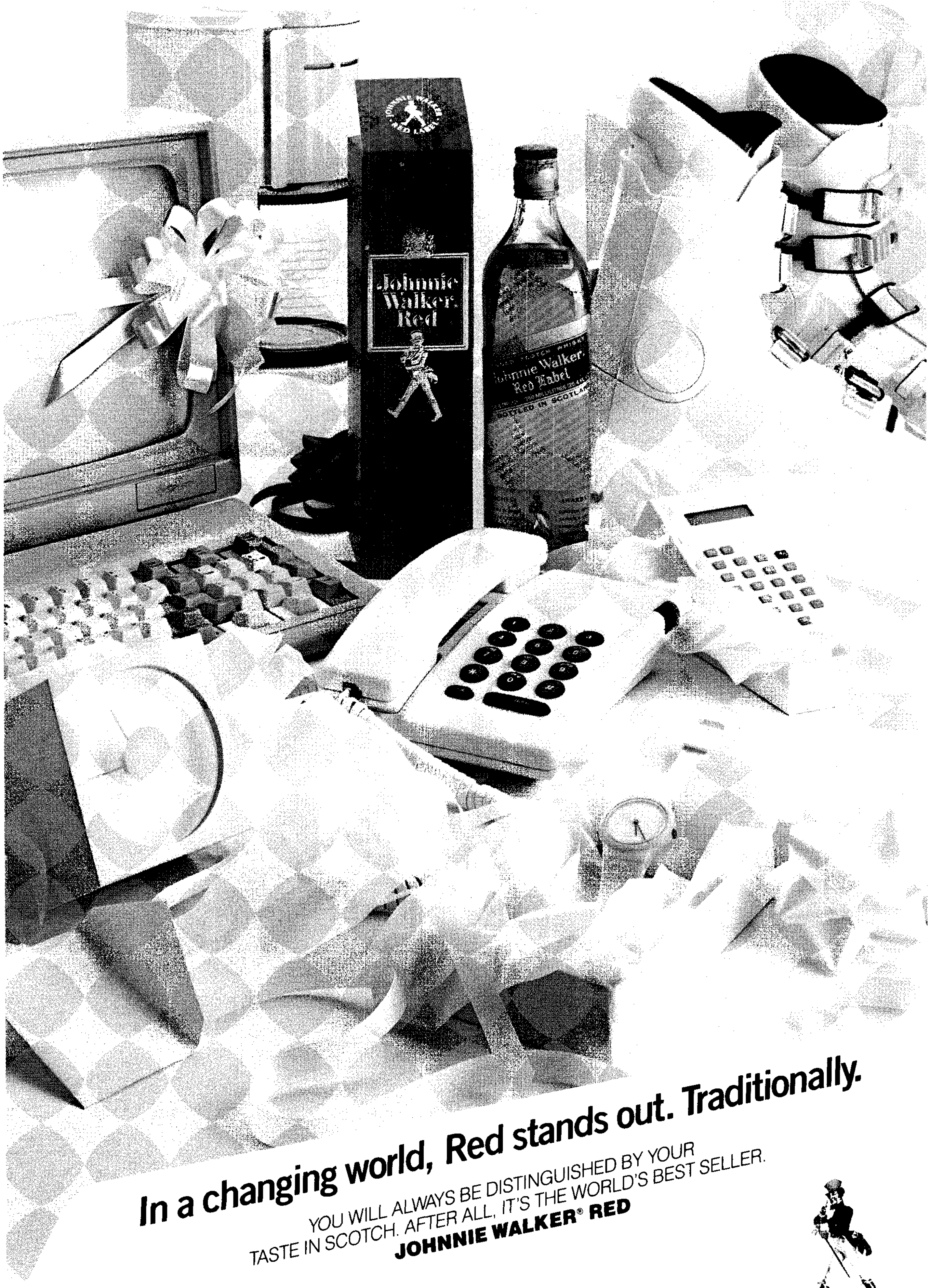
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the majors at various stops, including an earlier stint with the Twins, for eighteen years now. A couple of important sign-ons this year—the celebrated relief stopper Jeff Reardon, who was acquired in a trade with the Expos last winter; and an eager, hot-eyed outfielder, Dan Gladden, who gave the club a badly needed leadoff bat—were just what was needed for an absolute turnabout. (The Twins had finished sixth, remember, in 1986.)

All that plus a new manager, Tom Kelly, who took over the post as a fill-in at the end of last year and was made the full-term skipper before spring training began. Kelly passed thirteen years in the minors as an outfielder and first baseman, spending his time in places like Clinton and Charlotte and Tacoma and Visalia. In 1975, in a forty-nine-game stint with the Twins—a cup of coffee, as it's known in the trade—he batted .181. He had managed for five years in the minors before he accepted an offer as a third-base coach for the Twins in 1983, but before midseason this year he was almost a trivia question: the least-known manager in the major leagues. He is thirty-seven, and somehow appears both fatherly and youthful, both laid-back and tightly wound: sterling qualifications for his line of work. The mover behind all these Twins transactions is the thirty-five-year-old general manager, Andy MacPhail, who is the son of Lee MacPhail, the retired president of the American League, and the grandson of the late Larry MacPhail, a Hall of Fame member (as an executive) who once owned the Yankees. After this year, I suspect, Andy will not need to be identified by reference to his forebears.

Viola's five-hit outing in the opener was nearly overlooked in the Twins' offensive outburst (they won by 10–1), but almost from the start I noticed his authoritative, almost imperious look on the mound—a contrast to his overexcited mien in the opener of the league playoffs. I have been watching Viola pitch since 1981, when he was the starter for St. John's University in an epochal N.C.A.A. regional elimination game against Yale. In that game his opposite number, Ron Darling, threw a no-hitter for eleven innings, but, as many fans and writers seem to have forgotten over the years, it was Viola who won it, 1–0, in twelve. With the Twins, Viola has been the kind of starter who wins and loses a great many games (his strength keeps him in there into the late innings),

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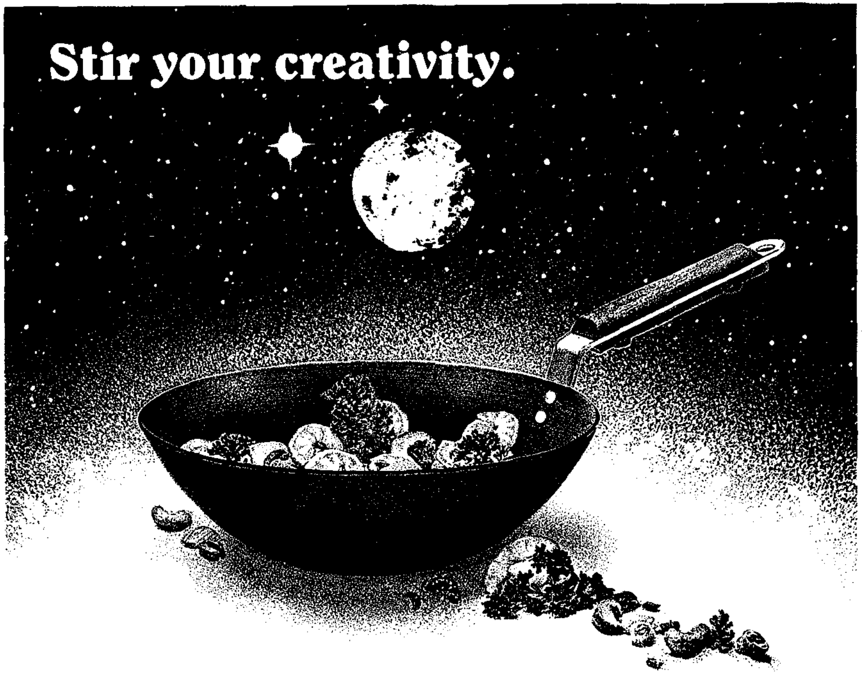
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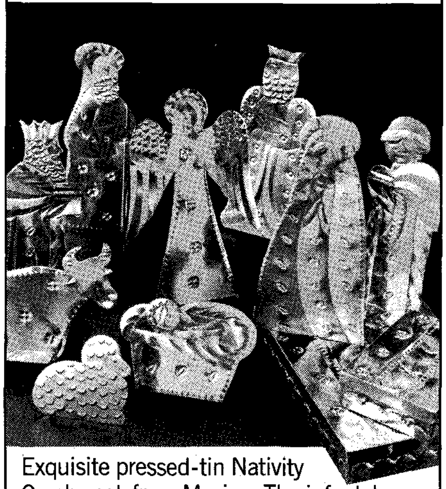

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but his mastery of an off-speed pitch this year suddenly pushed his earned-run average down from 4.51 to 2.90—a rarity, a pearl—and established him, in Whitey Herzog's words, as a premier pitcher. Viola is dead serious on the mound but boyish in the clubhouse, and after his Series win I saw him with a towel around his neck, a can of beer in each paw, and an inextinguishable grin on his face as he headed out to the floodlights and microphones in the corridor for still another round of interviews. He caught my eye and winked. "God, this is fun!" he said. Viola's good-luck charm, by the way—the sign-waver up in right field—is a Bloomington, Minnesota, bowling-alley manager named Mark Dornfeld, who sits up in Section 212 when Viola works, and brandishes a homemade banner that bears a pattern of musical notes and the message "Frankie 'Sweet Music' Viola." Viola and Dornfeld are 17–0 at the Dome to date.

The Twins won, 8–4, the following night, for Bert Blyleven. Over the first two games, their thunder included four home runs, one of which was that Gladden grand slam, but there was more to them than that. The flood of runs and hits had included critical blows by second baseman Steve Lombardozzi and catcher Tim Laudner and d.h. Randy Bush, who all bat in the bottom half of the order. (Ralph Houk, who is now an adviser to the Twins, told me at one point that what most impressed him about Tom Kelly as a manager was the way he had used and motivated all the players on his roster all through the year.) Quality hitting made those Twins runs, in truth: five singles, mostly up the middle, had preceded Gladden's shot, and the key hit the next night was a little single bounced into right field by Kent Hrbek. Late this summer, the Twins picked up Don Baylor from the Red Sox, to add some punch to the d.h. slot and some character to their clubhouse, and when I sought him out after these first games he had admiring things to say about the way his teammates had dispatched Joe Magrane in the opener. "You can't try to pull a sinker-slider pitcher like that," he said. "If you do, you just hit into double plays. You have to go with him, up the right side or up the middle. That way, it's base hit, base hit, base hit—and he's gone."

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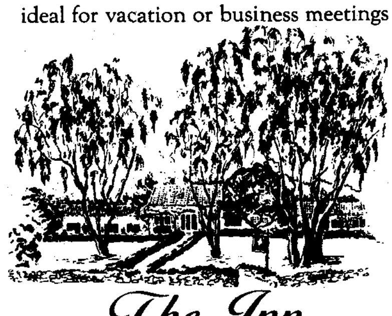

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Neisha Folkes and Gary DeLoatch in "Blues Suite." Neisha wears a handcrafted 18k. yellow gold necklace with a 23.5-carat pear-shaped aquamarine centerpiece enhanced by a halo of diamonds totalling 1.37 carats, from H. Stern. The pear-shaped 15.53-carat aquamarine matching earrings are surrounded by diamonds weighing .76-carat, all set in 18k. gold. Gary's watch is an 18k. gold "Albatros II" on an 18k. gold bracelet, with automatic movement, day, date, month, and moon-phase function, from Jaeger-LeCoultre.

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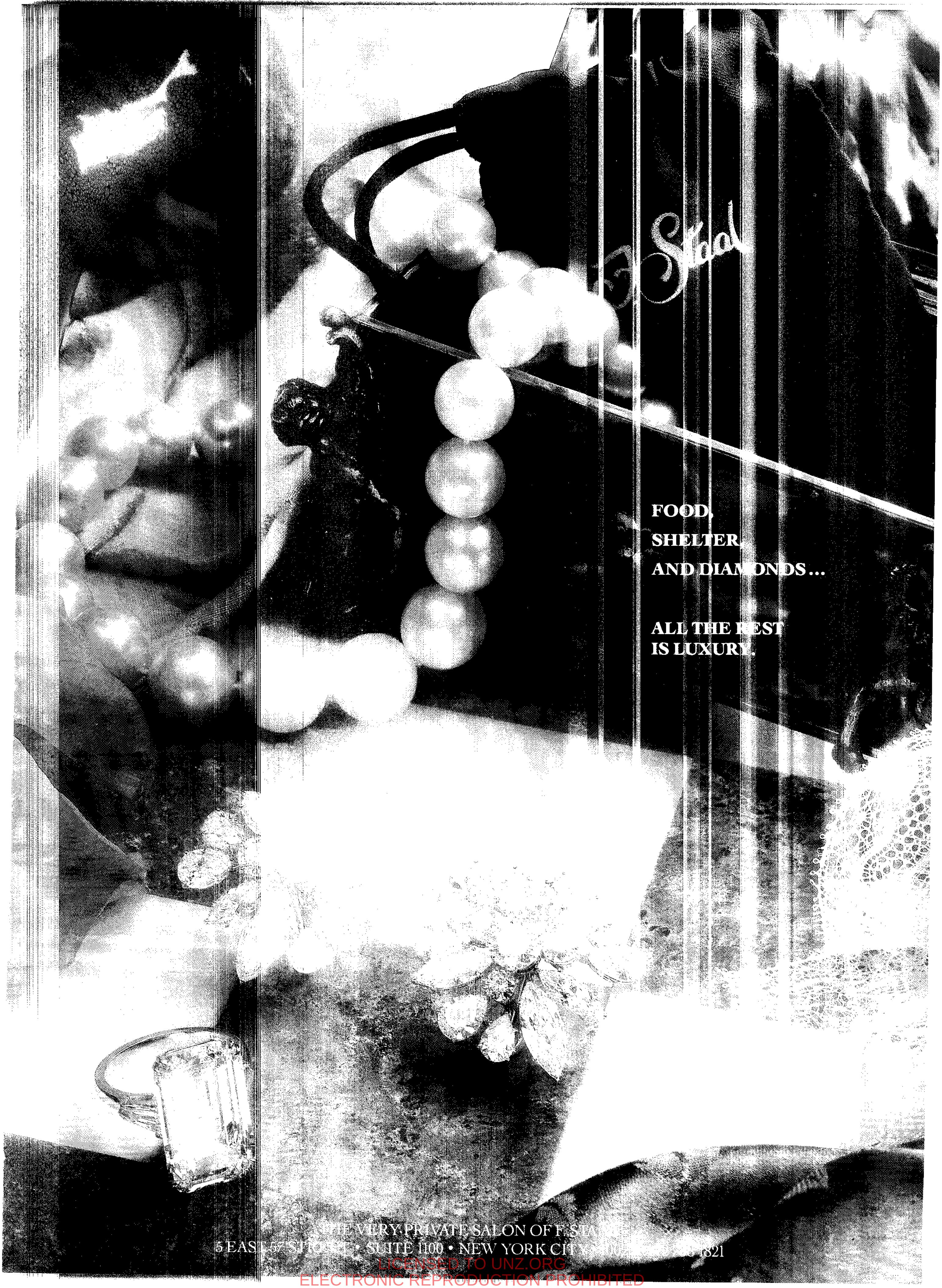
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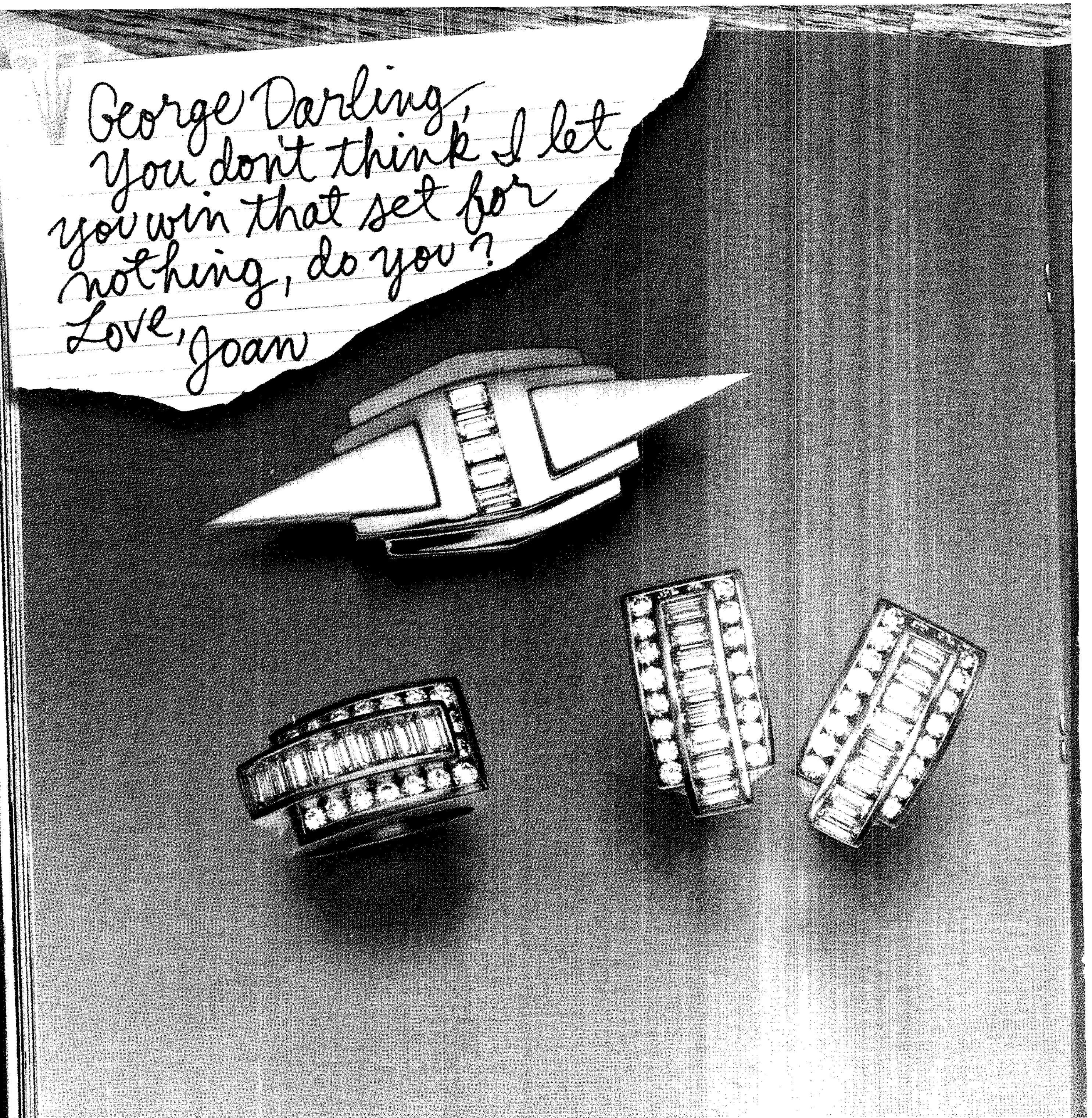

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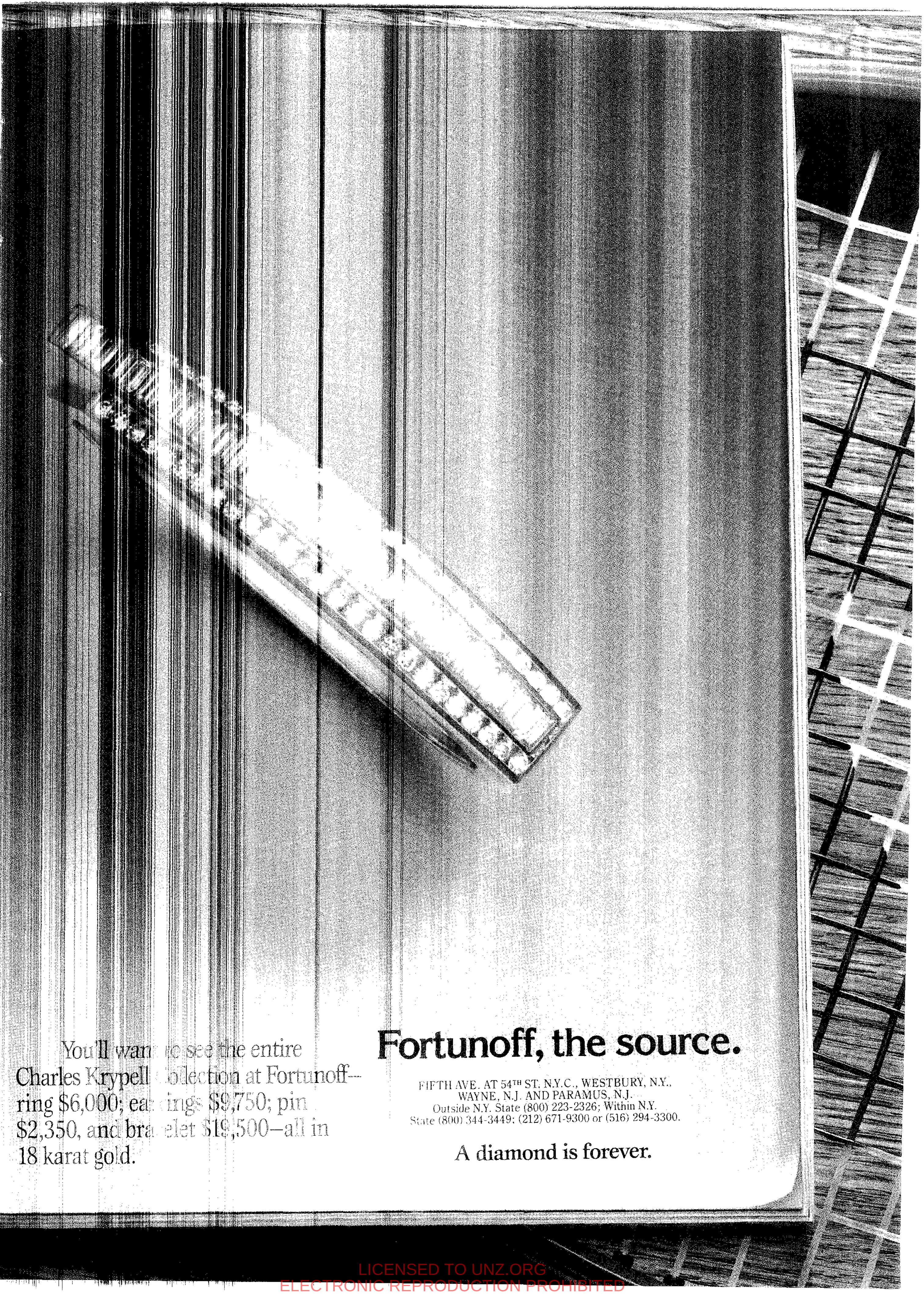

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Marey Griffith and Neisha Folkes in "Night Creature." Alvin Ailey created this kinetic tribute to American composer Duke Ellington. Marey wears .925 sterling silver bangles and earrings from the Jondell collection; both are available at Fortunoff, and fine jewelers throughout the U.S. The Charles Krypell diamond ring and bangle bracelet are also available at Fortunoff.

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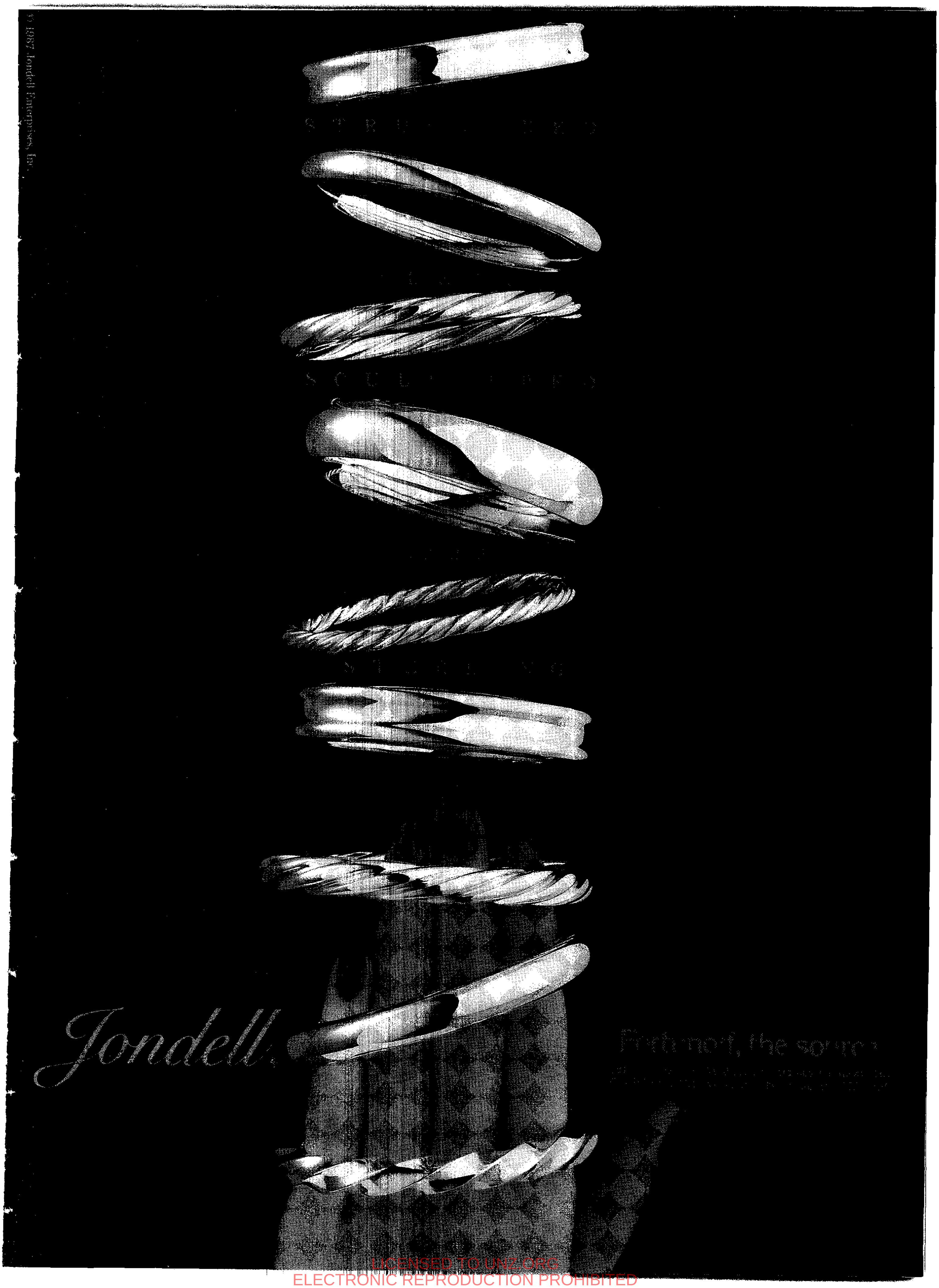
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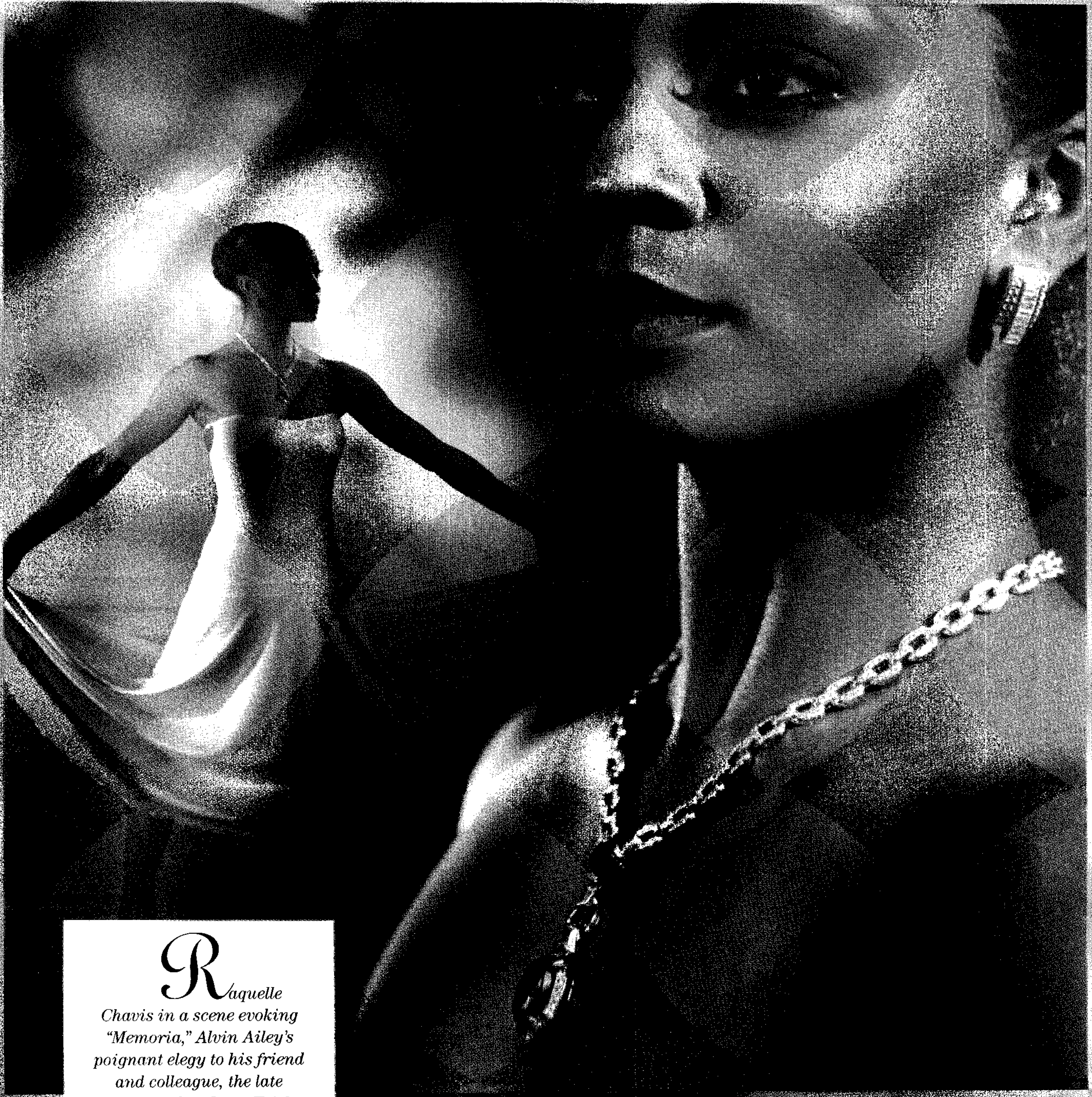

Raquelle Chavis in a scene evoking "Memoria," Alvin Ailey's poignant elegy to his friend and colleague, the late choreographer Joyce Trisler. Raquelle wears the "Années Folles" necklace from Cartier: briolette sapphires of 30 and 11.03 carats suspended from a necklace of platinum and 18k. gold set with diamonds. Her diamond earrings are from the Charles Krypell collection, available at Fortunoff.

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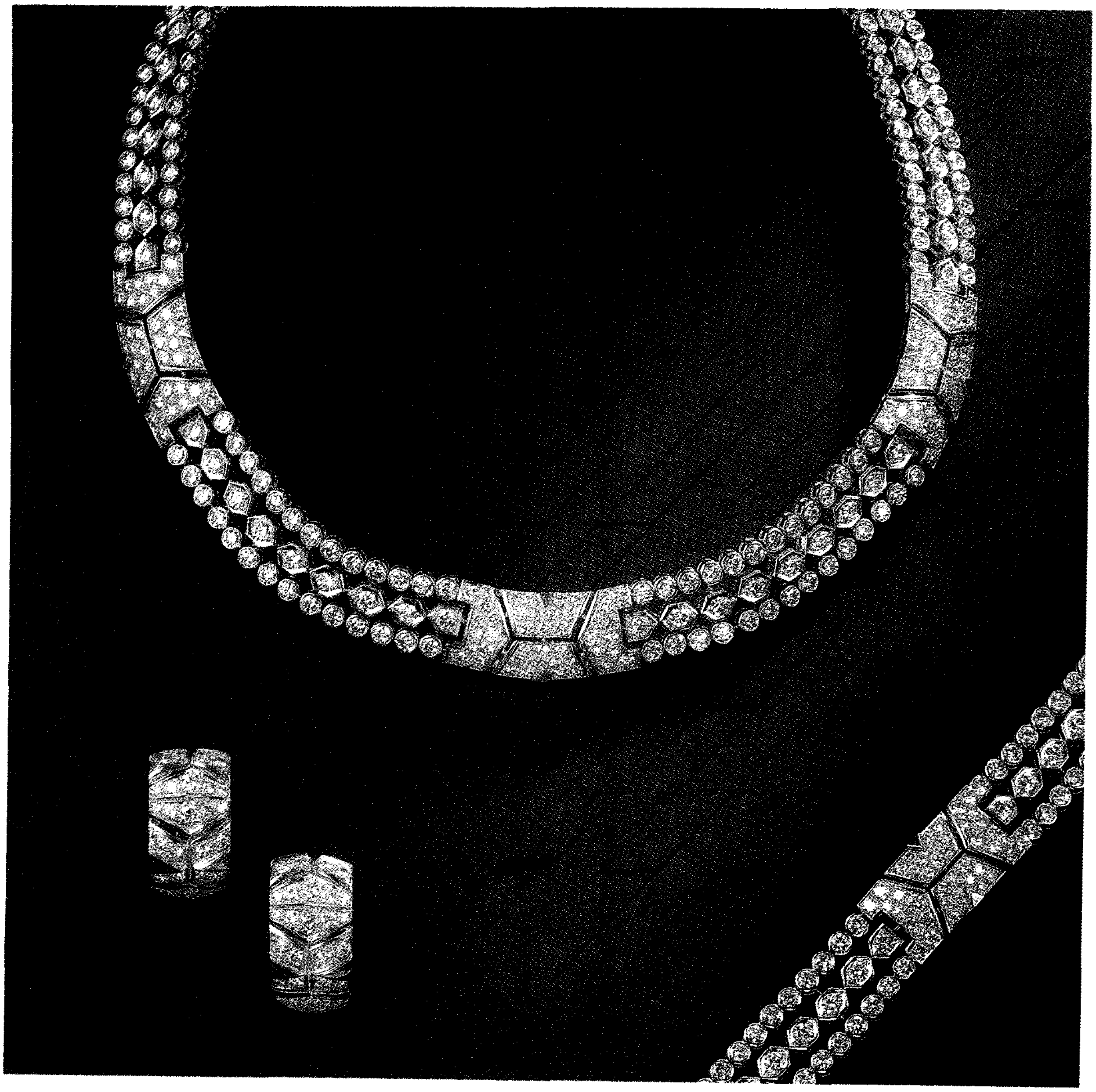

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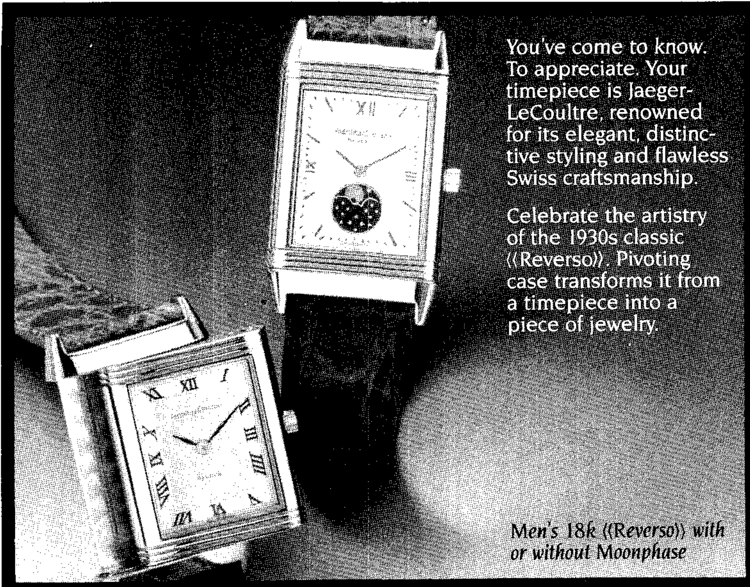

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surprising that our attention and admiration shifted over to the Cardinals when we moved downriver to Busch Stadium and the Clydesdales, the scarlet-clad superfans (the Cardinals drew more than three million fans this year), the vast open-air reaches of the outfield, and all that slick, fast, exciting stuff around the infield and the base paths. During the seventh-inning stretch, the fans at Busch still stand and clap their hands on the beat while the giant scoreboard video brings them the Budweiser jingle and the horses; they get up again in the middle of the eighth and do a catch-up "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and after *that* —everyone gets in on this one—they sing "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis," in a beautiful, upper-alto range; it almost makes up for everything. Readers have sometimes accused me of a certain coolness toward the Cards, but I had absolutely no reservations about them this year. The team suffered a casualty list as long and nearly as grievous as the Mets', and yet they expired only in the very last game of the baseball year. From midsummer on, Manager Herzog kept saying that he didn't see how they could stay in front, but they did, and character is the only real explanation. I suspect the team was somewhat misperceived this year, because its old image as a low-hitting, tight-pitching, base-stealing, good-defense machine was so well fixed in our minds. The Cards have also been known as an especially formidable club when they play at home, on their glassy carpet, but this year they were just as good, or even a hair better, on grass. They had a winning record, in fact, in every circumstance and by just about every measurement: at home and away, on artificial turf and on grass, by night and by day, against left-handers and against right-handers. There was no end to them. At the time of the All-Star break, they actually led both leagues in runs scored, while their masterful pitching, by contrast, was looking a little frayed; most of the summer, Whitey Herzog had to wheel in and out about three pitchers per game. When Jack Clark went down (he had already hit thirty-five home runs and driven in a hundred and six runs), the old slap-and-steal-and-squeeze-and-run offense became a necessity again, but it wasn't until Pendleton (who is a switch-hitter) was disabled or limited in the series that the Cardinals suddenly looked vulnerable, especially

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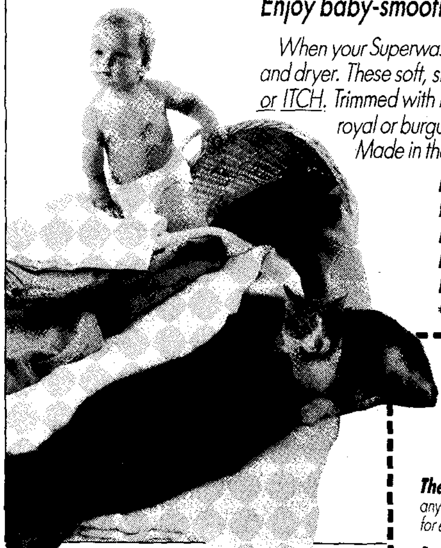

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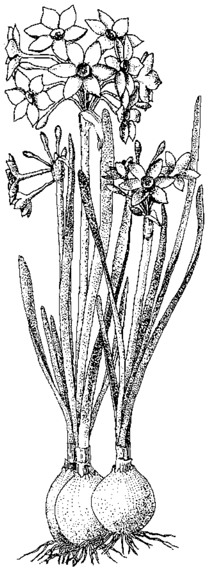
against left-handed pitching. What many fans overlook is that this classic left-hand-versus-right-hand struggle also obtains out in the field. Pendleton plays third, and, to my way of thinking, is even more valuable afield than at the plate. He and Ozzie Smith, the fabulous shortstop, simply wall off that side of the infield, and they are the reason that the left-handed Cardinal pitching (Tudor, Ricky Horton, Dayley) is always so hard to beat. Pendleton pulled a rib-cage muscle in the last game of the playoffs and saw only limited pinch-hit appearances after that, and I think it was the absence of his glove and his arm that cost the Cardinals this series in the end.

The Twins played well on their last road trip, and even provided some sober moments for the chilly home audiences at Busch—it was downright frigid during the first games there—but all through this part of the Series I had the feeling that we were only waiting to see how the Cards would solve each game's particular problem. Down by a run in Game Three, they turned the lock with a sacrifice bunt by Pendleton (he was pinch-hitting) that put the runners in place for Coleman's bulletlike wrong-side double past third base. They won the next evening with a sudden assault on Viola (he was working on short rest), culminating with a startling three-run homer by Tom Lawless, a semi-anonymous substitute third baseman who had amassed a total of two previous hits over the full season. (The Cardinals' mid-game outburst here was followed almost instantly by three successive gems afield—a drive knocked down by Lawless behind third that saved a run; an airborne dive by Ozzie into short left field to snag Gaetti's hard bouncer and turn it into a force play; and then an acrobatic catch by Coleman to retire Brunansky and end the inning—which not only expunged a rally but seemed to say to the Twins, "Don't forget, this is the way we *really* play.") And they won Game Five, to wrap up their Busch Stadium business for the year, with a little bad-hop single by Coleman, an unplayable bunt by Ozzie, then a double steal (yes—*eeek!*—the piranhas!), then an intentional walk, and then a lethal single by right fielder Curt Ford, who fought off a curveball by Bert Blyleven—inside-outed it, as they say—and stroked it into center field for the first two runs of the game. This was a hard game, a dogfight, in which the Cards'



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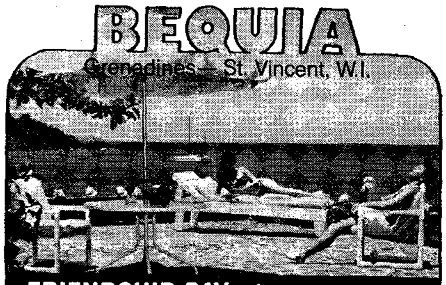

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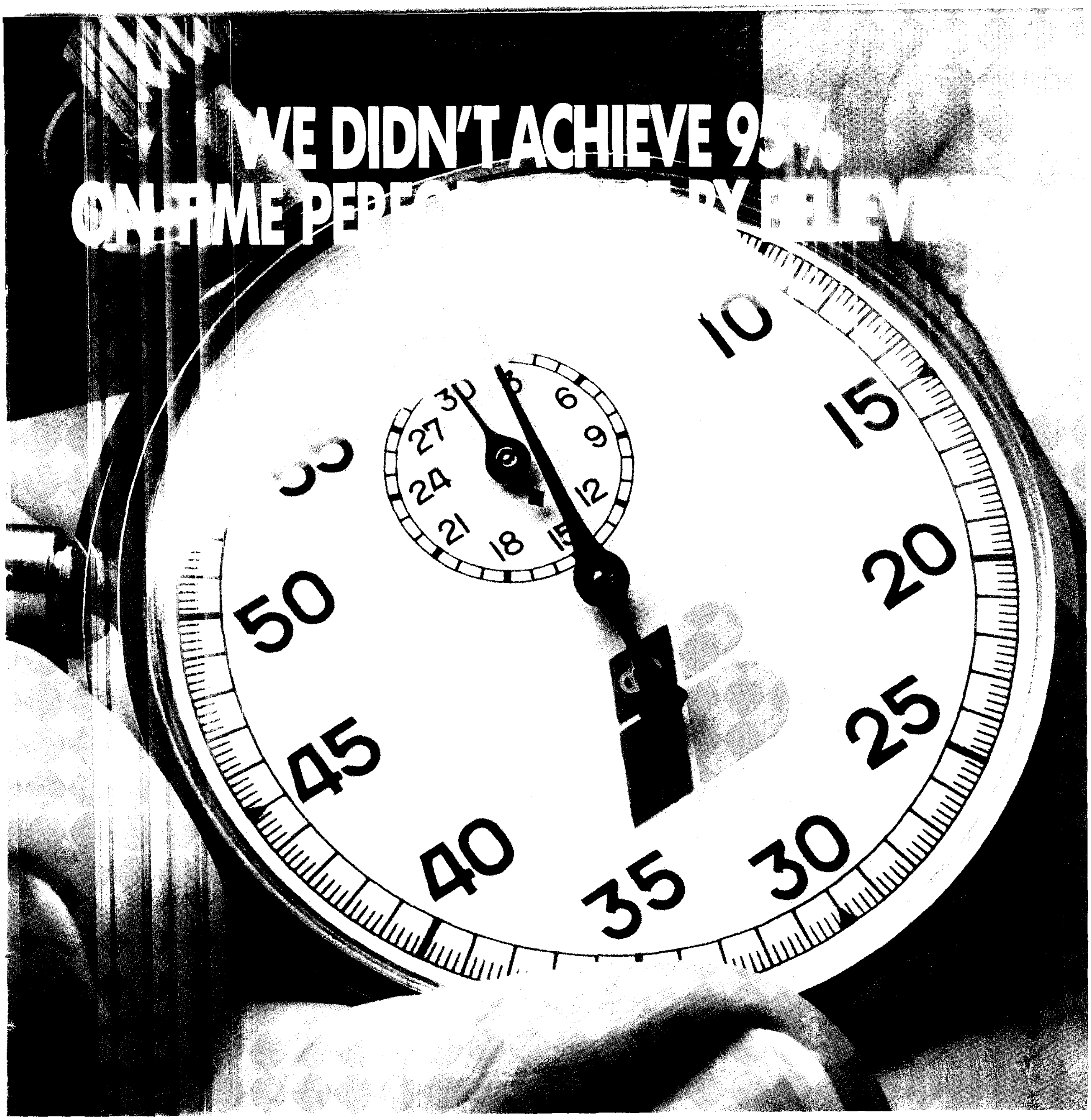

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dandy utility man Jose Oquendo ("Oquendo" always sounds like a board game to me) twice ran his team out of an inning with ill-considered baserunning, and in which Gary Gaetti delivered a mammoth late triple, to bring things to 4–2 before Worrell slammed the door. "These guys played us tough here," Whitey Herzog said.

That home run by Tom Lawless belongs in the same World Series vitrine where I keep a homer struck by another conscientious objector, Al Weis, in the Mets-Orioles 1969 classic. Lawless must have decided that his poke was a monster blow into the upper deck, or close to it, because he gave it the full Reggie: a long, pausing, assessing stare of admiration as he strolled away from the box. When it went in—actually, it died at the end and barely glanced off a lower façade: a homer by inches rather than by furlongs—he spun the bat away back over his shoulder like a baton twirler and began the trot of his life. Lawless belongs to a little inner circle of Cardinals known as the Judy Club (no punch), and the homer meant that he had to pay twenty-five bucks apiece to the four other members. After the game, they and the other raucous, delighted Cards let him hear about his homer and his Cadillac-stroll and the rest of it. They'll *never* let him up now. Whitey Herzog was laughing, too. "Tom Lawless has hit six hundred home runs for us," he said, "but all of them have come at six o'clock"—which is to say that Lawless is a batting-practice slugger. Days earlier, back up in the Dome before Game Two, Whitey had mentioned Lawless in the course of a trifling little all-points chat on the sidelines. "Tom Lawless is a pretty good hitter," he said musingly of his .080 utility slugger. "Maybe he's the guy who can deal with Viola next time." I write down in my notebook almost everything I hear at the games, because you never can tell what may be of use, but I still don't know what to make of this one. I give up.

I think Whitey Herzog had a better time at the World Series than Tom Kelly did (before the end of it, I mean), if only because he had been there before. I wrote down some of what Kelly said, too, and in retrospect he was just as rewarding. He is quiet and taut and perhaps a little shy; I think we in the press never quite figured him out, and vice versa. In St. Louis, I heard him reacting defensively and almost angrily to some speculative criticism he had read that day concerning his possible deficiencies as a manager at Busch Stadium, where the teams played under the National League's no-designated-hitter format. Then, unexpectedly, he changed his tone and told us how he had watched Whitey, in the third game, hold off bringing in a right-handed pinch-hitter for the left-handed Dan Driessen until he could do it at a moment when it wouldn't just mean that a fresh Twins pitcher would be wheeled in, to ruin the move. "He waited and then batted Lindeman *ninth*," he said. "I noticed that. Look, everybody wants to do good. Nobody wants to be embarrassed. So you pay attention."

Kelly often seemed burdened, but in another moment—this was just before the fifth game—he smiled a little and said, "I'm not worried about today's game. My philosophy is: Do the best you can. We're in the World Series, and if we don't win here today—well, we'll try again on Saturday. The fifth game of the World Series! *That's* something, isn't it! Nobody in the world thought this team would be here. We're having the time of our lives. So far, we've represented ourselves pretty well. If we lose, there'll

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be some disappointment, but—well, you don't let things knock you down."

I hadn't quite summed up the Twins yet, either, in my mind, but now the manager had done it for me. They represented themselves well. They had the time of their lives. In the end, nothing knocked them down, not even winning.

I TOOK in the last two games of the year at home by television—another blunder, I suppose, because they were exciting, extended adventures, with all the accruing tension, the multiple crises, the challenge and riposte that had not quite come to the fore in the Series before. I will offer only brief reminders of what we saw, since those who care most about these two teams already know all this by heart and require no ornamentation for their vivid private pictures. The Twins fell behind by 5–2 in the early going in Game Six, but matters weren't as glum and scary as that suggests, for the zombielike John Tudor looked frail and almost human this time; he gave up hits in every inning he worked, and was dispatched in a flurry in the fifth: a single by Puckett, a double by Gaetti, and Don Baylor's first-pitch home run, *deep* to left, which tied it up. There was another run after that, and four more came in, in a bundle, on Hrbek's grand slam against Ken Dayley in the sixth. Minnesota took the game 11–5, and the Series was tied for the last time. I was tickled about Baylor, who had been kept on the bench last fall while his Red Sox let that World Series slip through their grasp. Hrbek's blast had the right feel to it as well, for he has always been just about the prime local favorite. He was born in Minneapolis, and has never played a major-league game for anyone but the Twins. After one of the early playoff games, I asked him about the screamers and hankie-wavers in the Dome, and he said, "I'd like to be up there with them. My heart is *this* big for Minnesota."

Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, as Yogi Berra has often pointed out, and Game Seven, it almost seemed, tried to encapsulate every aspect of this Series, and almost of baseball itself: fine catches and close plays, good pitching and bad, great pegs and tag-out collisions at the plate, and a famous victory brought home with stout-hearted work by the new champions' ace starter and their famous relief stopper. The umpires, to be sure, appeared to have been arrested at an

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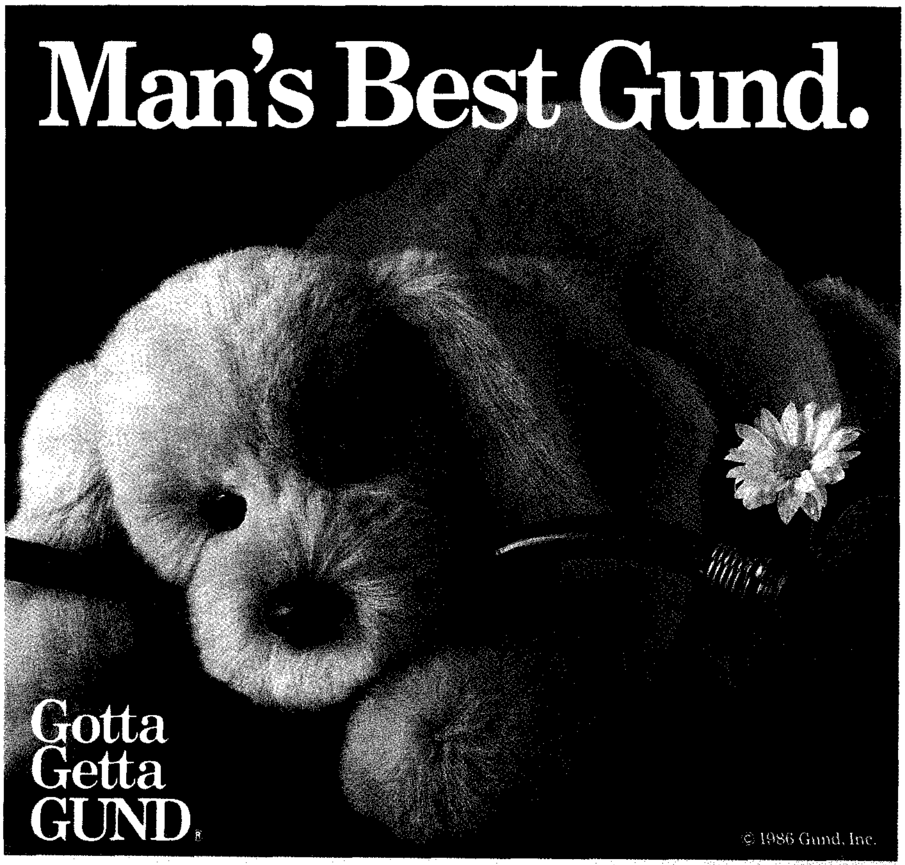

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earlier scaly or fledgling state of development, and I will not embarrass them with reminders of their multiple shortcomings on this particular evening. Let's recall instead the two early runs by the Cardinals, and two fine throws to the plate by left fielder Vince Coleman, which each cut down a runner; but, most of all, let's recall the insistent, pushing flow of Twins hitting and Twins base runners which at last tied up the game, in the fifth (Danny Cox had been brought in to stop the tide, but was insufficient to the task), and the lovely, season-winning little single by Greg Gagne in the sixth. But it felt like Viola's game, in the end. Frankie Sweet Music had looked uncertain in the second inning, when he gave up the two runs, on four sharp singles, mostly rapped off some mediocre off-speed stuff. He switched to his fastball after that, putting away eleven batters in succession, and allowing only two of his last twenty to reach base. Jeff Reardon came in for the ninth, and nailed down the season. It was 4–2 at the end, and the decibel needle went off the top of the gauge at my house, too, for just a minute. The cameras panned around the Dome, bringing us hugs and true happiness and a blizzard of hankies, and Al Michaels, of the excellent ABC telecasting crew, murmured, "Now we know what sound looks like."

I suppose it's quieter out in the Twin Cities by now. The other day, I got a letter from a friend of mine there, a writer, saying that the time has just about gone by when you can greet a friend in the street with "So how about the Twins, huh?" She misses that, she said. Another correspondent sent me a local clipping with the news that the Twins' souvenir sales in the upper Midwest are breaking all records. More than a million Homer Hankies have been sold so far, and the orders are still flooding in. I can't imagine what they're going to do with them over the winter. Yes, I can. They could be stitched together and turned into a better ceiling for the Dome. Or, tied end to end, they might reach from here to spring training, when we can start all over again.

—ROGER ANGELL

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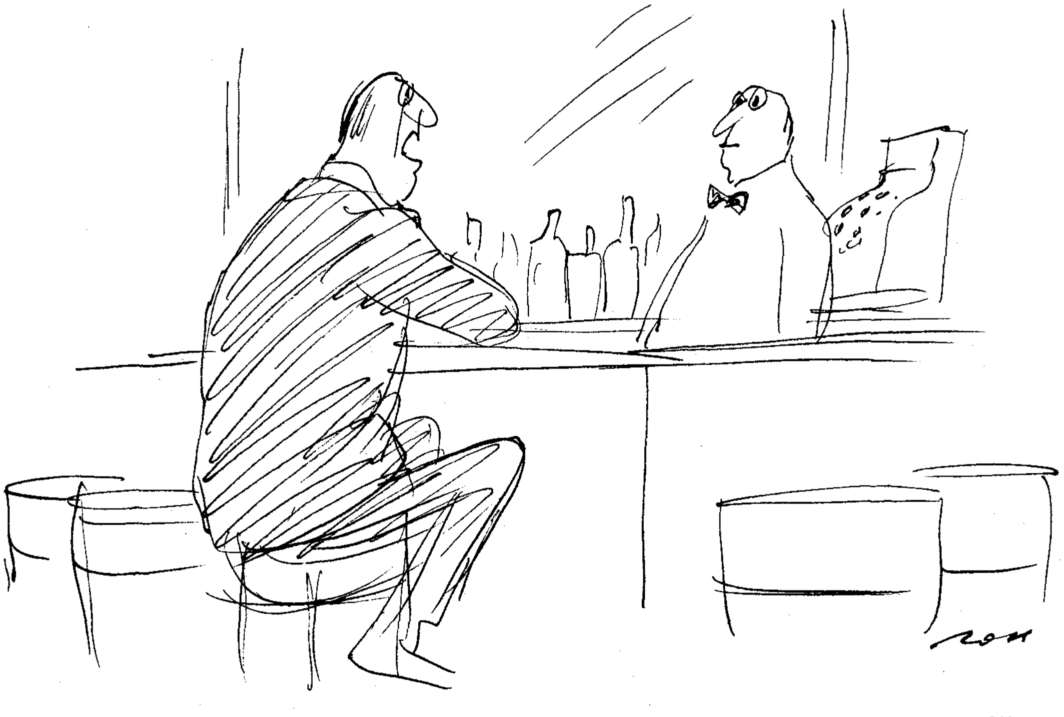
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH LITTLE HOOF

IN some circles, 1987 may be remembered as the year when college professors struck it rich as authors of books whose themes included the message that, because most Americans are now so wretchedly educated, large bodies of knowledge—which in worthier times were part of a common heritage, familiar to all—are no longer eligible for metaphorical or reference purposes. Try to make a debating point by mentioning, say, Birnam Wood or the River Styx, the message goes, and you'll get nowhere: hardly anyone in the room will know what you're talking about. Whether or not that situation is as bleak as they suggest, there remains, fortunately, one area of inherited culture that you can still put to metaphorical use in generationally mixed company, certain that practically everyone on the premises will know what you mean: the world of toys, games, picture books, and other items that continue to appear regularly on those invaluable artifacts children's Christmas lists, including the one you may have in your hand at this moment. After all, even someone who suffers from a severe case of classics deficit was once a kid, like everybody else.

Since references to anything out of Shakespeare or Bulfinch are hazardous, many of the commentators on this year's newsworthy events made do nicely with images familiar from the toy-and-game departments. After squadrons of insider traders were arrested in lower Manhattan on various felony charges, a Los Angeles *Times* cartoon showed a Monopoly board labelled "Wall Street version," on which every square said "Go to Jail." When the nomination of chubby-faced Robert Bork to the United States Supreme Court was voted down by the Senate, he was portrayed by several cartoonists as Humpty Dumpty after the fall. In the months after the Iran-Contra story broke, some observers saw another political figure as the ill-fated wall-sitter in the nursery rhyme. "Humpty Dumpty can't be put together again" was the columnist Tom Wicker's judgment on Ronald Reagan. With commentators who wanted to make the point that the events of this year have marked the end of the seemingly magical spell the President cast over the American people, images of the trip through Oz by Dorothy and her friends have been especially popular. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., saw as Reagan's "appropriate epitaph" the purported wonderful wizard's self-analysis after Toto pulls back the curtain in the Emerald City to show him behind the scenes, madly working the sound-and-light machinery: denying that he is a very bad man, he says that he is just a very bad wizard. An Oliphant cartoon saw the President as the Scarecrow and Nancy Reagan as Dorothy, trying to pretend that everything was back to normal as they got ready to resume their jaunty dance down the Yellow Brick Road while, in a corner of the drawing, the advice from the kibitzers was "Keep stuffin' his stuffin' back in. And keep him away from fire." It was a more recently invented fictional company that an anonymous Reagan Administration official knew he could count on his listeners' being familiar with as he tried to explain to reporters how it had felt when, every time the men in the White House thought things were going well with their arms-for-hostages missions, Iran crossed them up again. He said, "It was like Charlie Brown, who hoped each time he ran up to kick the football that Lucy wouldn't pull it away, but she always did."

If items bearing any of these well-known toy-world names should be on the list someone has handed you—or if you just want to make sure that children of your acquaintance won't be culturally disadvantaged in their future discussions of affairs of state—such items are, of course, available for purchase. Perhaps you'd like to start with Monopoly—the no-joke kind, whose squares say "Baltic Avenue" and "Boardwalk" as well as "Go to Jail." You'll find it at, among other places, Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (84th), where it's $18.75. You could also go for what Parker Brothers, the makers of Monopoly, call the Deluxe Anniversary Edition, which is $24.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 128 Fifth Avenue (18th). It comes with a specially designed banker's tray, a flip-through title-deed-card holder, and two full sets of money. And the thirty-two little green houses are not plastic, as in the standard set, but wooden, as they were in the original Monopoly game, which came out in 1935, a Depression year, when it may have seemed a treat to handle big money, even big play money. People at Parker Brothers like to



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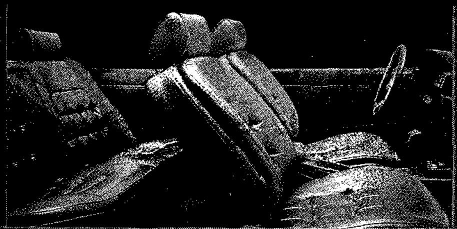

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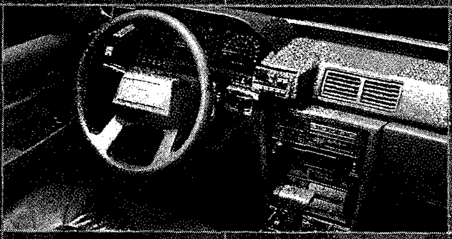

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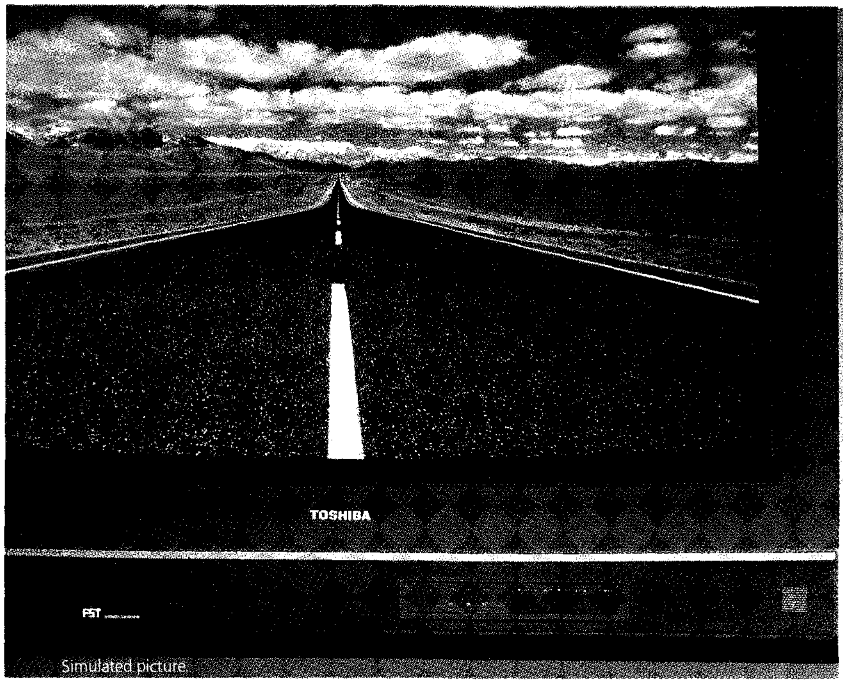

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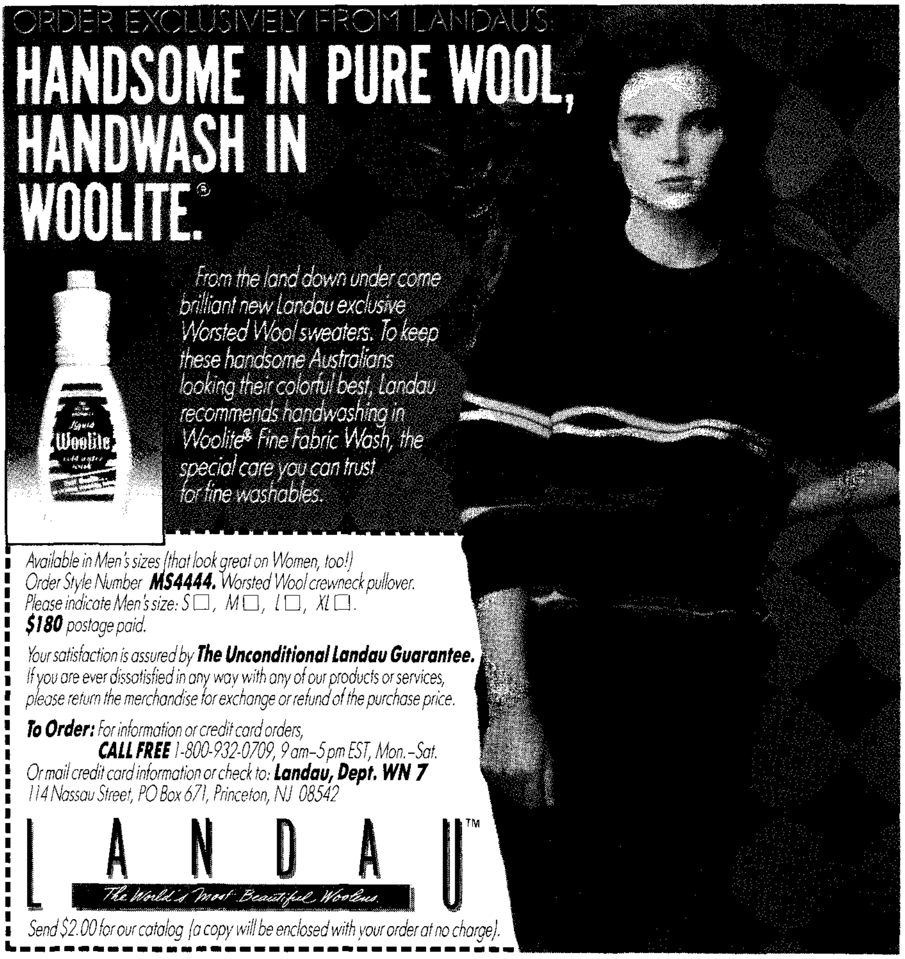
point out that since then they've made and sold two and a half billion of the little structures, so you could call them the largest housing developers in history. If some children you know have lately been big losers in tabletop real estate, "Winning Monopoly," by Kaz Darzinskis, is $6.95 in paperback. (Like all books and cassettes mentioned in this report, it can be found almost anywhere such items are sold.) The editorial response to this book in the *News* was hardly enthusiastic. It noted that the author had "fed 187,000 games of Monopoly into his home computer and come up with 108 investment suggestions and 139 strategic moves guaranteed to blow away your little brother," and asked, "Is this guy crazy? The stability of the nuclear family *depends* on nobody being able to beat anyone else at Monopoly consistently."

For younger kids, who have no interest in title deeds but are concerned about Humpty Dumpty, among other nursery-rhyme characters, the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex has a Humpty Dumpty Musical Light that attaches to a crib rail, for $16.95. Wind up this ovoid figure, who's about six inches tall, and he will rock back and forth on a plastic wall and play the Humpty Dumpty song. The reason he looks so cheerful is that the wall is very low, and a fall from it would hardly hurt at all. His face lights up when you add two C batteries, and it stays that way even after the music subsides, so he's a fine night-light. Humpty's violent experience and those of other nursery-rhyme unfortunates—there are quite a few of them if you think about it, including Jack and Jill and that rockaby baby in the treetop—are dealt with, along with scores of other familiar rhymes, on Caedmon's "Mother Goose" cassette (CPN 1091; $8.98). This Caedmon offering (which, like other cassettes mentioned here, is also available as a record) came out in 1960, in time to delight some children who are now parents themselves, and it's as marvellous as ever. Celeste Holm, Boris Karloff, and Cyril Ritchard recite the verses in voices exuberant, melancholy, lilting, or ominous, as the material decrees, to the musical accompaniment of hornpipes, cakewalk melodies, jazz numbers, and whatever else seems appropriate. If the children you know favor a do-it-yourself approach, Penny Whistle Toys (there are now four of these stores in Manhattan and Brooklyn) have a "Sesame Street" musical storybook called "Ernie's Nursery Rhymes," whose cover shows Ernie in heavy conference with Humpty. Inside are the notes for nine rhymes that have been put to music; the colors of the notes match those on an attached electronic keyboard, so that even very small children can play the songs, including the one about Humpty, and show off to their hearts' content. The price for this is $16. Incidentally, the "Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes," edited by Iona and Peter Opie, passes along the word that, according to Robert L. Ripley—the "Believe It or Not" man—Humpty Dumpty was historically meant to represent a royal politician who had a great fall; namely, Richard III. (Believe it or not.) A very satisfying way to get set to read nursery rhymes to little kids is to have invested in either the Opies' dictionary or "The Annotated Mother Goose," edited by William S. Baring-Gould and Ceil Baring-Gould. (Do you get the impression that research on nursery rhymes breeds family togetherness on title pages?) The Opies' dictionary ($47.50) seems to have richer and more thorough footnotes; the Baring-Goulds' "Annotated" ($9.95 in paperback) has more illustrations; their artists include Arthur Rackham and Kate Greenaway. With each book, as the children take time out to poke their fingers at the pictures their older companions can consult the footnotes and, often, find out things they didn't know or would never have thought to ask about. If you needed a reminder that ethnic animosity is not a recent development—in the borough of Queens, say—the rhyme that starts out "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief" was one that English rowdies used to chant in jeering tones at those on the other side of the Welsh border on St. David's Day, the Welsh national holiday. The Opies once got a letter from a Welsh woman accusing them of having committed an ethnic slur by publishing the rhyme.

As for items honoring those other metaphorical favorites the characters out of "The Wizard of Oz," at the Gingerbread House, 10 Christopher Street, you'll find one of those musical snow globes, five inches high. Wind it up, and the small figures of Dorothy, Toto, the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, and the Cowardly Lion move along a yellow brick road toward the Emerald City while the music plays "Over the Rainbow." This is $28.95. You can also buy at the Gingerbread House, for $34.95 each, eleven-inch figures of all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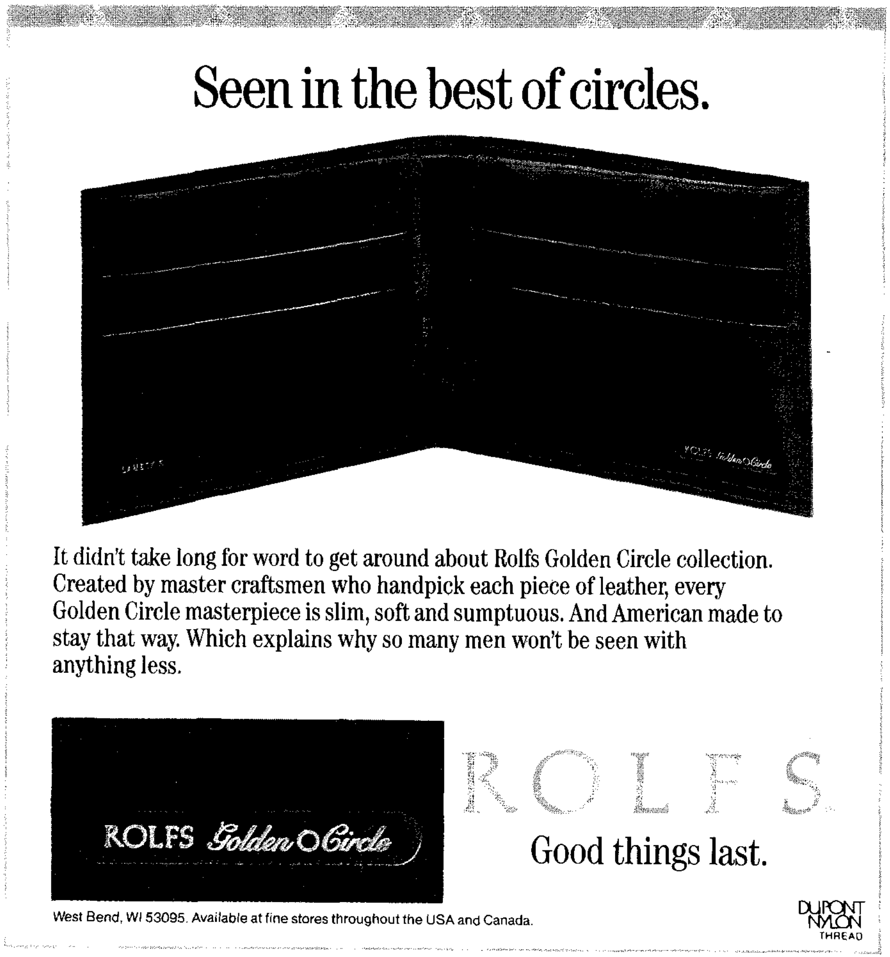
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the "Wizard of Oz" principals—the witches, wicked and good, as well as Dorothy and her travelling companions. These are well-made little dolls with rooted hair, and eyes that open and close. The book itself is $9.95 at the same place. Dover Publications, 180 Varick Street, has, for $4.50, a Cut & Assemble Wizard of Oz Toy Theatre, a paper and heavy-cardboard affair whose proscenium measures twelve by seventeen inches. While the children cut and assemble, they might enjoy listening to Caedmon's "Oz Soundbook" (SBC 125), a set of four cassettes on which Ray Bolger, the Scarecrow himself, reads excerpts from four of L. Frank Baum's Oz books: Caedmon calls them "The Wizard of Oz," "The Land of Oz," "Little Oz Stories," and "Queen Zixi of Ix." This is $29.95. For the same price, you can get the videocassette of the 1939 M-G-M movie classic. Dover also has the Wonderful Wizard of Oz Coloring Book, for $2.75, and a set of three Judy Garland paper dolls, two showing her grown up and one as Dorothy, each with appropriate paperwear. Dover's Nancy Reagan and Ronald Reagan paper-doll sets do not show them dancing along the Yellow Brick Road. The First Lady comes with what Dover describes as "31 exquisite ensembles revealing Mrs. Reagan's fashion sense," while her husband is provided with suitable Presidential garb and also the costumes he wore in twenty-three of his films, including "Bedtime for Bonzo." These sets and the Judy Garland one are $3.50 apiece.

As for Charlie Brown and his friends in the Charles Schulz "Peanuts" strip, they are everywhere. "Peanuts" was published last year in over twelve hundred papers—more than any other syndicated feature. (That fat cat Garfield was second, and Blondie, an old friend who goes back even further, came in third.) "I rank Schulz with Gandhi in the scope of his influence on people in this century," his fellow-cartoonist Bill Mauldin once said. "And," he added, "the same message is conveyed: Love thy neighbor even when it hurts. Love even Lucy." Schulz's net worth is rather different from Gandhi's. According to a recent *Forbes* study of American salaries in 1986 and 1987, Schulz's was in the top ten: fifty-five million dollars over the two years. (L. Frank Baum, the Oz man and another love-thy-neighbor type, died poor, but, then, in and out of Toyland, life is unfair.) A four-foot talking Snoopy is $79.99 at Macy's; four C batteries are needed for him. His mouth moves and his eyelids open and close at intervals as he reads a "Peanuts" story, with the help of a cassette inserted in his back; a book version of the cassette comes with him, so the children can read along if they like. Additional book-and-cassette sets can be had for $14. The talking Snoopy, by the way, is made by Worlds of Wonder, and the company doesn't mind if you notice what the acronym for that is. Late in 1985, WOW made a big splash with what it says on the box is "the world's first animated talking toy," an eighteen-inch plush bear named Teddy Ruxpin. (At F. A. O. Schwarz, he's $89. Like Snoopy, he takes four C batteries and comes with a book-and-cassette set; numerous other sets are available.) Teddy was named by a committee, which had in mind that his initials were the same as those of Teddy Roosevelt, another celebrated talker—for whom, by another nice coincidence, the Teddy bear was named. (Apparently, the Republican association continues: reviewing a debate

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among G.O.P. Presidential candidates in the Washington *Post* a few weeks ago, Tom Shales said that Jack Kemp had the advantage of not being "frightening . . . unless one has an unreasoning fear of . . . Teddy Ruxpin dolls.")

There was a special problem, incidentally, in turning Snoopy into an electronic talker. In the strip and on television, as you may know, Snoopy doesn't talk. He is one of those histrionic ruminators, conveying his views through beagle body language and thought clouds. Schulz specified that the beagle's electronic voice should "soar and dance and pontificate." The voice of a young dancer named Cam Clark was deemed qualified. (The television voice of Garfield the cat is that of an actor named Lorenzo Music, who used to be the voice of Carlton the doorman on the old television series "Rhoda." The provider of Garfield's voice says he had no problem with the role, since the cartoon cat is simply "Carlton with fur . . . a selfish, lazy, arrogant, conceited, gluttonous slob—and I know how to do that.") A seven-inch plush Garfield, looking conceited and wearing a T-shirt that says "Don't Ask," is $12.99 at the Toy Park's new store, at 626 Columbus Avenue, which is at 90th Street, and he's also available at the one at 112 East 86th. Of course, there are plush Snoopys that don't say a pontificating word. Citykids, 130 Seventh Avenue (18th), has one nine inches tall, for $13.50.

Drawing a comic strip is a big responsibility, so no wonder it is often well rewarded. Earlier this year, a reader wrote to the Washington *Post* expressing her "utmost disappointment" because Linus's new friend had asked in the strip, "Did you know that our teacher wants you and I to work together on a science project?" As the letter writer put it, "my last hope for the objective case was dashed." She urged Schulz to consider the effect of such offenses "when so many people read 'Peanuts' more religiously than the Bible." In another area of specialized concern, however, "Peanuts" has received high marks. Fran Matera, an assistant professor of communications at the University of Miami, wrote in an article that appeared a few weeks ago in *Editor & Publisher*, "It's high time Blondie Bumstead got a job. . . . What is this lady doing at home all day?" The article also flunked many of the other syndicated strips in the feminism department, but

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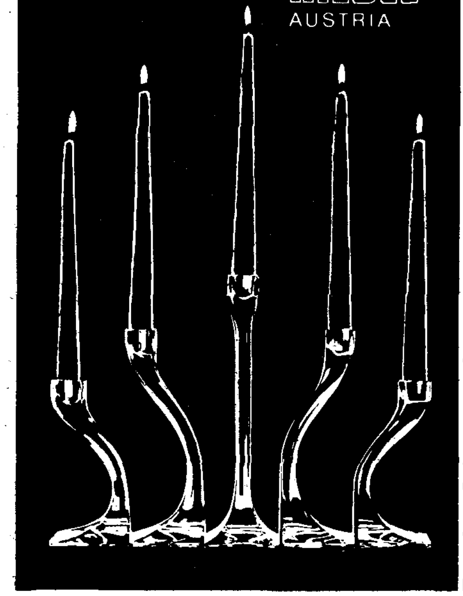
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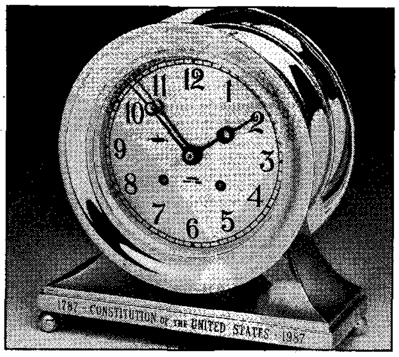
of "Peanuts" Professor Matera said, "Charles Schulz has created a world of total equality between the sexes. . . . One could never picture Lucy or Peppermint Patty being satisfied as housewives, nor would it be easy to imagine them as subservient secretaries to Charlie Brown. No, Lucy and Peppermint Patty have the mettle of corporate executives, relishing their chance to scratch and claw their way to the top." Whether or not this is the reason we didn't come across any Lucy or Patty dolls (we didn't find any Linus dolls, either), the whole "Peanuts" gang is there on the videocassette of "A Charlie Brown Christmas," which is $14.95. Lucy assures Schroeder that Beethoven wasn't so great ("How can you say someone is great who's never had his picture on bubble-gum cards?") and tells Charlie Brown, "We all know that Christmas is a big commercial racket . . . run by a big Eastern syndicate." Toward the end, though, everyone grows quiet as Linus, dragging his blanket (surely you know someone with a similar attachment), reads the part of the Christmas story from the Gospel According to Luke which begins, "And there were in the same country shepherds . . ."

HAVE you ever noticed that as Christmas gets closer many people are all smiles, as if they were hearing one of the sweetest carols or a lively seasonal tune, such as "Frosty the Snowman" or "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," while some others look as if they just wished it would all go away? Out in Tulsa just before Christmas last year, someone took direct action along the latter lines, causing banners to be hung in the streets demanding "Who Shot Frosty?" The merchants of the Eton Square Shopping Center in that city had decided to celebrate the season by commissioning someone to create a forty-two-foot inflated-vinyl figure of Frosty the Snowman, with the familiar giant stovepipe hat, button nose, corncob pipe, and muffler. After he was in place, someone shot him, inducing severe deflation. He was eventually bandaged up and returned to service. The Eton Square store owners then arranged to have a country-and-Western ballad written to commemorate the disaster, entitled "Who Shot Frosty?" Some of the lines went, "All the children cried when they thought he died/ And the tears froze on their face/ 'Cuz a snowman forty-two feet tall ain't that easy to replace." The villains who deflated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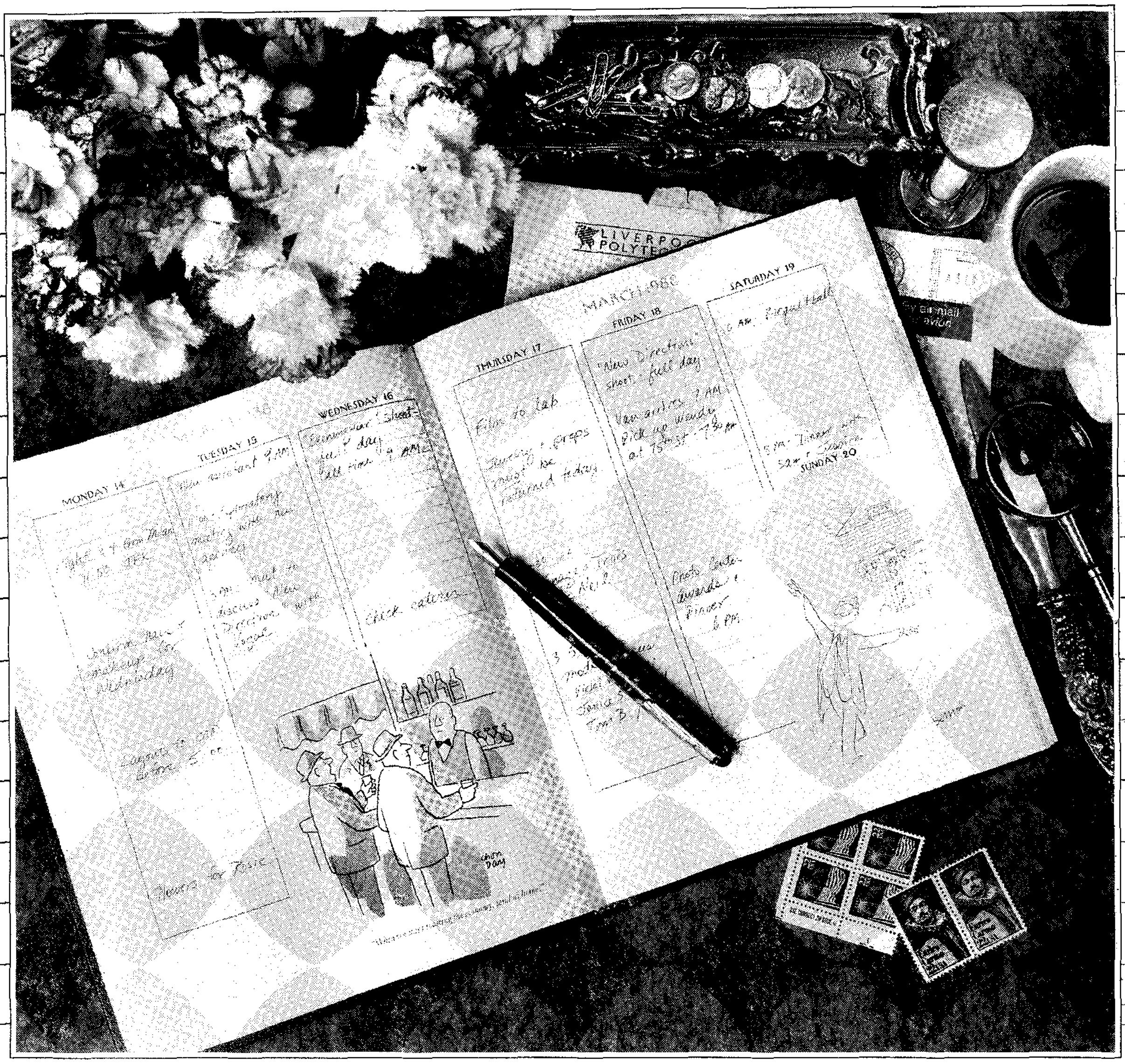

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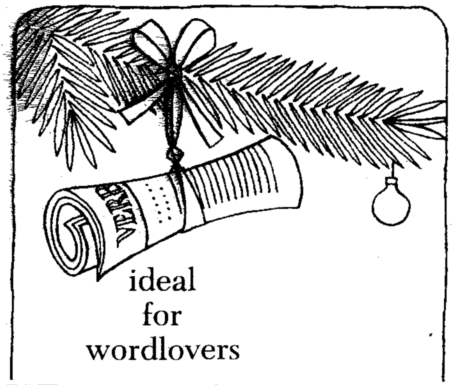

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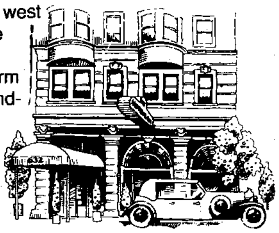

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Frosty could be related to the people who, looking through the videocassette racks at this time of year, skip rapidly by "The Miracle on 34th Street," that warmhearted story of Macy's Santa Claus, searching for "The Manchurian Candidate," in which the character played by Laurence Harvey says, "Twelve days of Christmas? One day is loathsome enough." Of course, there are those who are low in spirits this season not out of curmudgeonry but because they have trouble with the fact that the central figure at Christmas—which started out as a religious celebration—often seems to be a fat, red-costumed, neon-lit character who's chauffeured around by plastic reindeer. About this time last year, the Reverend Romano Ferraro, supervisor of religious instruction at St. John Vianney Church in Colonia, across the river in Middlesex County, New Jersey, decided to do something about it. During Mass, he announced to the children in his charge that Santa Claus was dead. In case they might wonder on Christmas morning where all the packages came from, he told them, blowing one of modern civilization's great covers, "If you pretend to be sleeping, you'll catch your parents putting presents under the tree." He also broke the news to them that there is no Santa's factory at the North Pole, adding, for good measure, that Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer doesn't exist. (It didn't help that the account of this subversive lecture in the *News* appeared on the same page as a picture that showed a Denver Santa Claus, in full uniform, being busted for passing out union leaflets on the job.) The Colonia children, and many of their parents as well, were so upset that Father Ferraro took permanent leave from the scene. St. John Vianney's pastor expressed regret that Father Ferraro "in his zeal to emphasize the spiritual dimensions of our celebrations may have appeared to diminish the importance which many, especially children, attach to some of the cultural and secular aspects of this season." The Middlesex County prosecutor, trying to calm the populace, issued a statement declaring that his office had conducted an intensive investigation and found no documentary evidence that Santa Claus was dead—there hadn't even been a missing-person report. And, while taking no position on Rudolph, Monsignor Francis Maniscalco, of the Rockville Centre diocese, on Long Island, made things even more official, saying, "I

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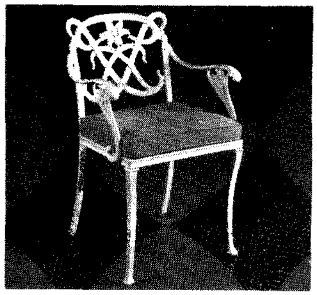

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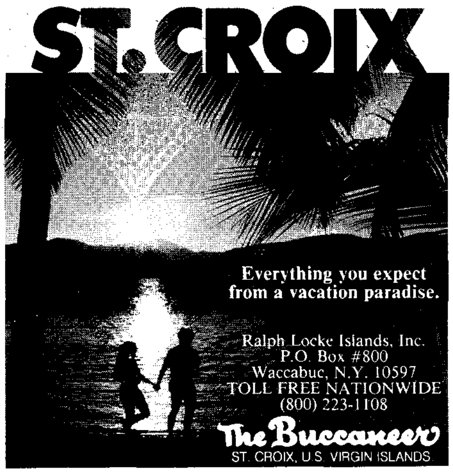

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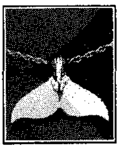

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have been to the North Pole, and I know Santa Claus exists.” That being established, it is probably all right to mention that the Toy Park stores have a plush Teddy bear, fourteen inches tall, dressed up as Santa Claus, and if you fit him out with two AA batteries and press his paw he plays eighteen Christmas songs, including—no, not “Who Shot Frosty?” but “Frosty the Snowman” and also “Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer” and “Santa Claus Is Coming to Town,” though not “The Twelve Days of Christmas.” He's $23.99, and the outline of his heart lights up and blinks as the music plays. If you want more “Frosty the Snowman,” the Gingerbread House has, for $30, a five-inch windup snow globe that plays the song as two children, a small dog, and Frosty, who does indeed have a bright button nose, frolic in the snow. Or, if you hanker after “The Twelve Days of Christmas,” there's a Tom Glazer cassette by that name (CMS X4662). He sings not only the title song but such less familiar Christmas tunes as “I Wonder As I Wander” and the one about “Little Bitty Baby” (who was born, born, *born* in Bethlehem); $6.99.

At Macy's, you'll find a book, “Santa's Beard Is Soft and Warm,” that encourages very young members of the family to reach through an opening in the cover and feel Santa's beard, which is indeed soft (anyhow), and then to turn the pages and smell the pine needles on the pictured Christmas tree, and so on. This Golden Touch and Feel Book, put out by the Western Publishing Company, for $4.95, is, of course, modelled on that perennial children's classic “Pat the Bunny,” but that's all right: “Pat the Bunny,” at the same price, is also a Western Publishing book. At Schwarz, they will sell you a package that contains not only “Pat the Bunny” but an eight-inch white plush bunny to pat, for $15. Incidentally, Western Publishing printed its billionth Little Golden Book this year and celebrated by reissuing the best seller of them all, “The Poky Little Puppy,” which came out in 1942. Western Publishing had a gratifying experience this year with a product called the Magic Slate. This is one of those heavy-cardboard items that look a bit like miniature blackboards and are covered with two sheets of plastic. Draw something or write a message on the slate, then lift the plastic, and the slate is blank again. The frame is usually decorated with a picture of a familiar figure from the toy world. Some people who visited the Soviet Union recently have dined out on stories of how they foiled Communist eavesdroppers by using the slates to communicate interesting thoughts, which could then be made to disappear without a trace. Leonard Saffir, an official visitor to Moscow in the early nineteen-seventies, wrote the *Times* this spring that he still has his Porky Pig Magic Slate at the ready. Last spring, a congressional delegation visiting Moscow was fitted out with Winnie-the-Pooh slates. Hearing of this, Western Publishing sent fifty cases of the slates to the White House. “Yours is the best idea we have had yet” was the response from Ann Higgins, the White House director of communications. “Gave to Secretary [of State George] Shultz. I'm sure it will be S.O.P. for State, C.I.A. and N.S.C.” Her message to Western Publishing was written on a Magic Slate. As it turned out, the C.I.A. rejected the cases sent to it. Nothing was heard from the National Security Council, although one might have thought that the slate would have special appeal there after the disaster of the N.S.C.

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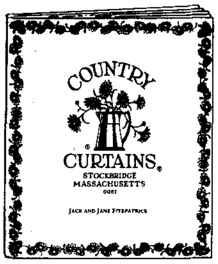

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communications in the Iran-Contra matter which escaped the shredding process. The Magic Slates are ninety-nine cents at the Toy Park stores, in case you want to give some young person a head start on a foreign-service career.

The Little Golden Books weren't the only well-known toy-department items to mark significant milestones this year. In October, Schwarz kicked off a yearlong celebration for Raggedy Ann and her brother Andy, who will be seventy next year. Seven-inch windup musical versions of the famous redheads are $25 at Schwarz—Raggedy Ann plays "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing" while her brother, taking a dimmer view of things, plays "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." "The Cat in the Hat" has been around now for thirty years; Macy's has the book, about the lanky feline, for $5.95. There is a centennial celebration for Sherlock Holmes this year, but not in honor of his birthday, since nobody knows exactly when he was born. It's the centennial of the first Holmes story, "A Study in Scarlet," which appeared in a London magazine called *Mrs. Beeton's Christmas Annual*, in December, 1887. In October, when the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History held a symposium on "The Superhero in America," the great British detective was included, and he certainly has large numbers of Yankee admirers. James P. Shannon, one of a band of Sherlockians who meet regularly in Minnesota, spoke at the symposium. Shannon and other admirers think Holmes may still be around, detecting someplace. Using a variation on the New Jersey prosecutor's standard of evidence demonstrating a famous person's continued survival, Shannon pointed out during the symposium, "Anytime any famous person in England dies, there's an obituary in the London *Times*." Since there had never been one on Holmes, he said, "it must follow that he's alive." Whether Holmes is extant or not, children of seven and up may well enjoy the game of 221 B Baker Street—that being, of course, the Holmes address. Players compete with each other to solve twenty challenging cases, moving tokens around on a board that represents London in the last century. Schwarz has this for $15. There is also a videocassette version of the game, in which Sherlock himself appears at the end of each of ten episodes, to explain what really hap-

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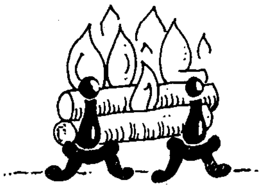

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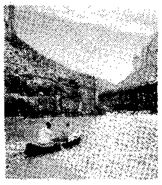

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pened. Of course, they do fog much better on video. It's $44, and the manufacturers like to mention that this game and the board version as well were created by a fellow named Moriarty. James, in fact.

THE big celebration at the Disney studios this year was the fiftieth birthday of "Snow White." Before the movie, the company's first full-length animated feature, became a smash, in the depths of the Depression, it was referred to around Hollywood as "Disney's Folly"—a foolhardy undertaking for a company that was not expected to make it financially. Part of the golden-anniversary rites for "Snow White" took place in this city: performers hired to play the heroine and her seven undersized friends did several dance routines last March on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. The Disney people explained that the setting was chosen because it would be a reminder that the stock of "Snow White," too, was at a record high; later in the year, another site and different dialogue might have recommended themselves. Though some critics have called the movie too scary for little kids—especially the part featuring the wicked witch—one mother reported in a letter to the *Times* that her four-year-old daughter *liked* the wicked witch. The Toy Park has, for $1.49 each, two-inch plastic versions of Snow White and her friends, with the dwarfs striking antic poses. And at Macy's Gift Shop you'll find them in porcelain. These are also music boxes: turn the plastic bases under the pedestals the figures stand on, and they twirl about to one tune or another. Sleepy, for instance, twirls to "All I Do Is Dream of You," and Grumpy to "Feelings." The dwarfs, five inches tall, are $30, and Snow White, two inches taller, is $35. The fact that "Snow White" is said to have saved the Disney studios from bankruptcy didn't change life only at the studio. The Disney people claim that one out of every five children's books is based on an animated Disney character. And some weeks, in the listing of the top ten best-sellers among children's videocassettes, nine out of the ten are Disney productions. "Snow White" isn't out in that form yet, but Disney's "Sleeping Beauty" sold a million copies and was at the top of the charts much of last year; lately, it has been supplanted by "Dumbo" and "Lady and the Tramp," in that order. All these Disney productions are $29.95. If

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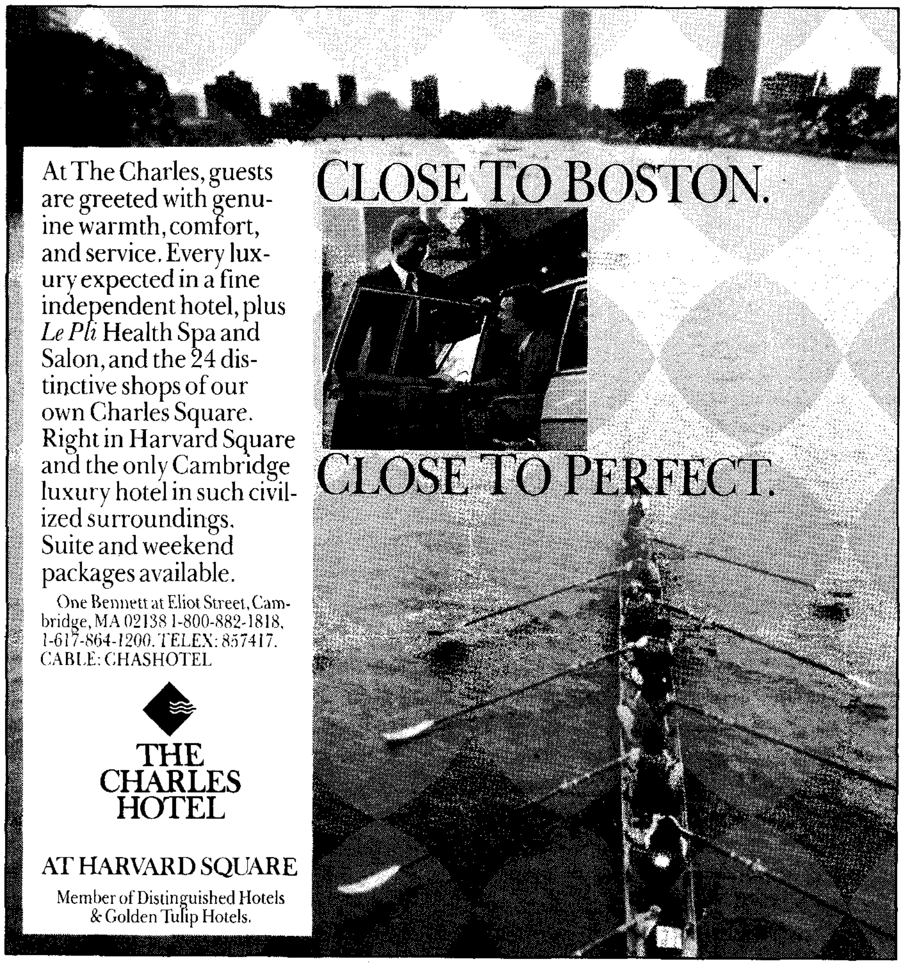

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"Snow White" hadn't saved the Disney studios in 1937, Mickey Mouse might be a half-forgotten artifact from the era of Tasty Yeast. "Full Metal Jacket" would have a final scene different from the one it has now: the shattered troops, after the battle of Hue, slogging back through the gloom, singing the theme song of the only club most of them may ever have belonged to—"M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E." Arthur Miller would not have described Mickey affectionately as "Everyman, battling for life and love . . . the little man who shuts his eyes and pastes the big bully in the jaw." And the sculptor Ernest Trova would not have identified as the three most powerful graphic images of this century the swastika, the Coca-Cola bottle, and "the smiling face of Mickey Mouse." Of course, the face of Mickey (and also that of his friend Minnie) is visible on all sorts of toy items. Citykids has six-inch plush versions of the pair for $7.50 apiece.

All in all, it shouldn't surprise you to learn that George Lucas, who is responsible for the "Star Wars" movie trilogy, reports that the films have made a billion two hundred million dollars from ticket sales and a billion five from the sale of "Star Wars" toys and related items. (Incidentally, "Star Wars" celebrated its tenth birthday this year.) With all the grand philosophical pronouncements going around about toys—which are, after all, only playthings, mostly for little kids—and about the concepts they are based on, Lucas had a surprise a few weeks ago for an interrogator who asked him at an anniversary bash to explain the true significance of his character named Yoda. "You've got me," he said. "He's just a little green man with big ears. Mel Brooks thinks he's Yiddish."

Of course, Monopoly and 221 B Baker Street aren't the only games in town. Some commentators tend to credit all good things that happen in the board-game category—which is prospering—to the good offices of Trivial Pursuit. It arrived on the scene late in 1983, just as sales of electronic toys and video games had hit the skids; in 1984, nearly eight hundred million dollars' worth of the trivia games were sold, and by many estimates Trivial Pursuit, all by itself, revived the lagging board-game business. Last year, like the year before, Trivial Pursuit sales were down to

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about three hundred million dollars annually: steady, but not sensational. The basic—or, as it's called, "genus"—edition is $29.95 almost everywhere, though at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex it's $24.95. The Young Players Edition, for children as young as seven, is the same price, and so is the Disney edition. This has two sets of questions—one for the kids and one for adults—and on the box there's a quote from old Walt himself: "The right kind of entertainment can appeal to all persons, young or old." Before Trivial Pursuit, it was rare for a board game to be on the Toy Hit Parade, the monthly list of the twenty best-sellers which is published in the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World*. Currently, two are on it: the Question of Scruples is fifteenth, and Pictionary is seventh. The Scruples game, which is $20 at Macy's, is actually for adults or, certainly, older teen-agers. The players are given cards and are asked to answer questions posed by certain ethical dilemmas. The game's manufacturer is Milton Bradley. Ethics was also the big concern in 1843 in the nation's first recreational board game, the Mansion of Happiness. Players advanced along paths of Virtue, Piety, Temperance, and Justice, fighting off Perjury, Poverty, and Pillory, in an attempt to reach the goal of the beautiful Mansion of Happiness. Among the dilemmas posed by Scruples is whether to acknowledge a past use of marijuana—an exercise that in recent weeks could have given some political figures helpful practice. Pictionary, on the other hand, is the kind of item that may please those Santa's helpers who like to be reassured that not everything has changed, usually for the worse. It's just a variation on the old game of charades, requiring a player to convey a word to his teammates by drawing it in sixty seconds. This is $29.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. And here's another old-time kind of game—though not as old as perhaps you thought it was: "Ouija, the Mystifying Oracle," it says on the box. Actually, it has been handed down to us not from Eastern ancients but from a couple of brothers in Baltimore, who put it on the market in the early eighteen-nineties; the name Ouija is a combination of the French and German words for "yes." You may not have thought of a Ouija board as being of assistance to someone in winning major poetry prizes, but it was, according to James Merrill, whose poems have won a Pulitzer, a Bollingen, and

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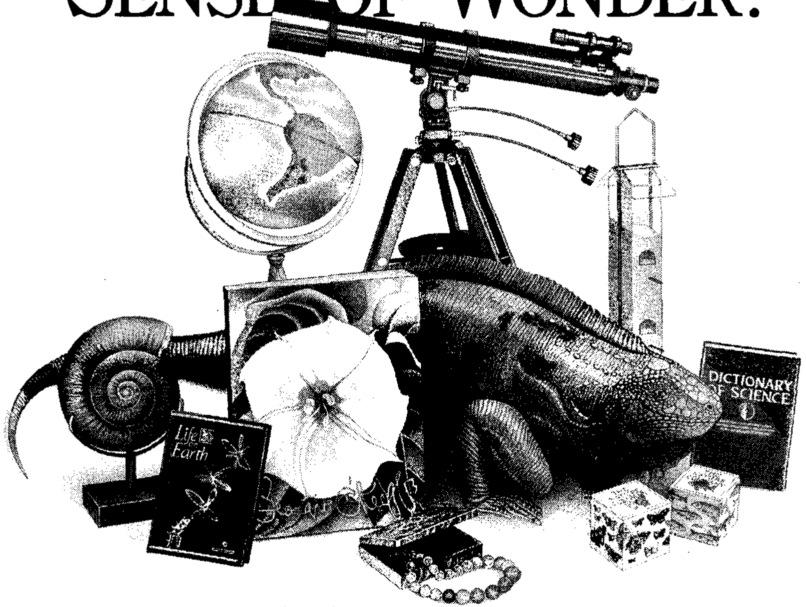

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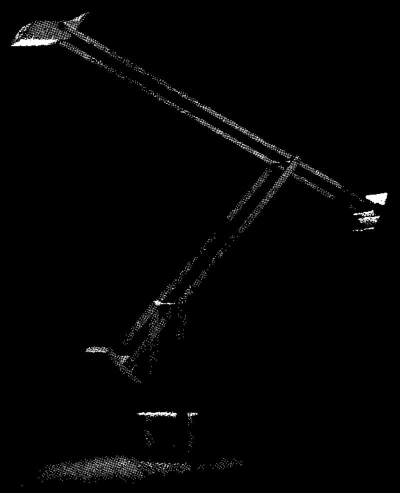

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two National Book Awards. Merrill has explained that some of his poems are, in part, messages given to him by his Ouija board; that is, their words are made up of letters on the board which the handle of an upside-down teacup points to as it slides about the board's surface. The title of his Ouija-inspired work, "The Changing Light at Sandover," is a punning reference to "sent over"—as in sent over from another world. We don't guarantee any poetry prizes to the children on your list, but a Ouija board, which can provide quite a bit of fun in the prose world, is $17 at Youth at Play. Or did you have in mind another level of fun? In that case, the second most popular Milton Bradley item (after the Question of Scruples) is a package series of games called T.H.I.N.G.S. There are four different games for children of five and up, who compete with each other (time is involved) in, for example, flipping marbles into the mouth of a plastic hippopotamus before his mouth snaps closed (this is called Flip-O-Potamus) or getting a baby "Eggzilla" into its plastic casing before the pieces bust out all over. T.H.I.N.G.S. are $7 each at Macy's, and the acronym stands for Totally Hilarious Incredibly Neat Games of Skill.

As you move around the toy departments, you may notice that while games, old and new, are doing well, the clerks behind the counters selling some other children's items aren't smiling as much. Sales of baby dolls were down last year to three hundred and sixty-five million dollars, compared with seven hundred and fifty-eight million the year before. Toy robots, which had seemed to be taking over the departments, racked up two hundred and forty-four million dollars in sales in 1986 after a high, two years ago, of nearly three times that. And action figures—those small, jointed plastic items that are essentially dolls for little boys—were off thirty per cent, as a result, according to William Garrity, the board chairman of the Toy Manufacturers of America, of being "overproliferated." He also mentioned the industry practice, which has become routine, of toy companies' going into partnership with producers of children's television cartoons, which then feature the toys—especially action figures, such as He-Man and G.I. Joe—as starring characters. Thus, critics of children's television frequently complain, each show is not entertainment but one uninterrupted toy commercial. Garrity noted that this unholy alliance, as the critics see it, had not insured success for the action figures. Some of what industry leaders saw as depressing news had a different reception elsewhere. Those who kept criticizing the cartoon programs not only because of the commercial tie-ins but also because of the violence of some of the heroes were pleased to discover that children had suddenly taken matters into their own hands—the hands that control the dials—and audiences for children's cartoons had fallen off by more than a third. Who could say why? The kids might have given up their semi-permanent places in front of the television sets to go outdoors to play tag—though not necessarily Lazer Tag. The news that this much-touted lethal-looking toy had a great fall in popularity was also not seen as bad news everywhere. Late in 1986, Worlds of Wonder, which had wowed the markets the year before with Teddy Ruxpin, came out with Lazer Tag. This is a large plastic gun that shoots beams of infrared light; when children direct the beams accurately at opponents wearing special target vests, the vests make a shrill sound. Last December, it was the best-selling toy in the country. If it's on the list you've been given this year, Youth at Play has the set—gun and vest—for $90. It's no longer on the best-seller charts, however, and some toy-store owners have reported that after the first big excitement children started going back to—are you ready?—squirt guns. The Childcraft catalogue (20 Kilmer Road, Edison, New Jersey 08818) has, for $15.95, Aqua Force, a pump-action plastic gun, which—supplied by its two-quart-reserve backpack—can shoot water thirty feet. WOW's Teddy Ruxpin, who was once in first place, is also off the charts now, possibly because there are so many other high-priced plush animals on the market which move their lips while a cassette plays in their midsections. (No doubt reflecting some of the investigations going on in Washington, a cartoon earlier this year showed such a bear being returned to a department-store exchange desk, with the customer complaining, "He won't say anything until he's granted immunity!" At least

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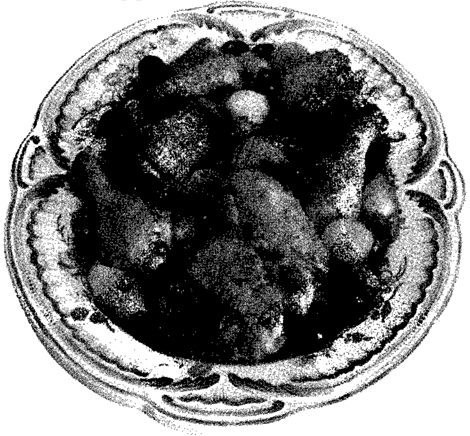

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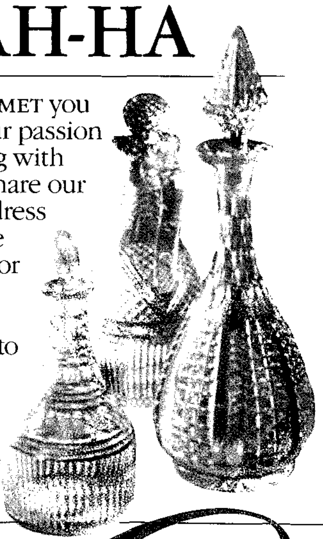

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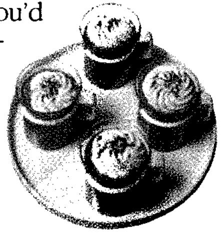

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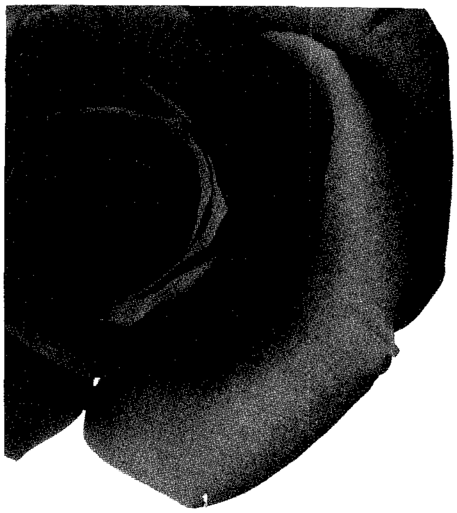
one figure in the investigations would not apparently have thought an association with playthings inappropriate. Carl Channell, the public-relations man, who raised a couple of million dollars from private sources for the Contras, is said to have kept the money in a special account called Toys.) Last winter, WOW was being bragged about as proof that a company could come out of nowhere and be a big smash: the American free-enterprise dream. Now, unable to deliver on some of its toys, not all of which work as well as advertised, WOW is said to be in financial difficulties. (*Where* did we put that extra Monopoly money?) "It's a fun business," Rick Anguilla, the *Toy & Hobby World* editor, said a few months ago. "Okay, it's a cutthroat, fun business."

Of course, action figures have by no means disappeared. One of the questions formally raised at the Smithsonian's "The Superhero in America" symposium this fall was "Where have all the heroes gone?" Certainly you can still find them on the toy counters, although, as you may have heard, they do not include that Presidentially proclaimed real American hero Ollie North. In this report a year ago we suggested, somewhat jocularly, that an Ollie North superhero doll might soon go on the market, possibly with a toy shredder as an accessory. A San Francisco businessman predicted that he would sell four hundred and fifty thousand of the twelve-inch Ollie dolls he offered for sale last summer (there was no shredding accessory, but the doll came with its right arm raised, ready for oath-taking). As it turned out, the entrepreneur got only two hundred orders. However, a button saying "It's a Fine Mess You've Got Us Into This Time, Ollie" is said to have sold well for a while in the Georgetown area. The Masters of the Universe five-and-a-half-inch action figures have also been a big disappointment this year to their sponsor, the Mattel company. (Mattel, which also makes Barbie, is the second-largest toy company in the world; Hasbro, which is responsible for G.I. Joe, is the largest.) These action figures are no longer among the top twenty toys, even though a movie called "Masters of the Universe" came out this summer, in which the head good guy, as in the Masters of the Universe enclaves in the toy departments, is He-Man, a hefty blond figure who is believed to be related to the Doonesbury character Hunk-Ra. He-Man has been described



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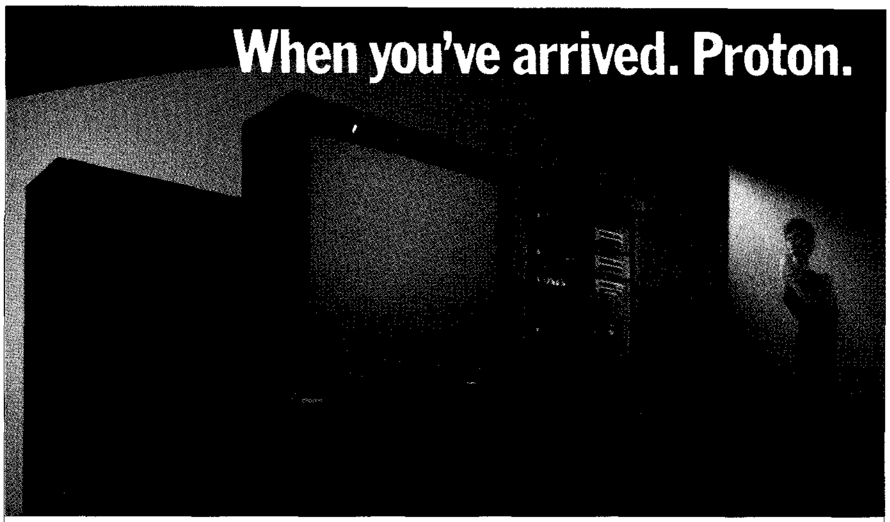

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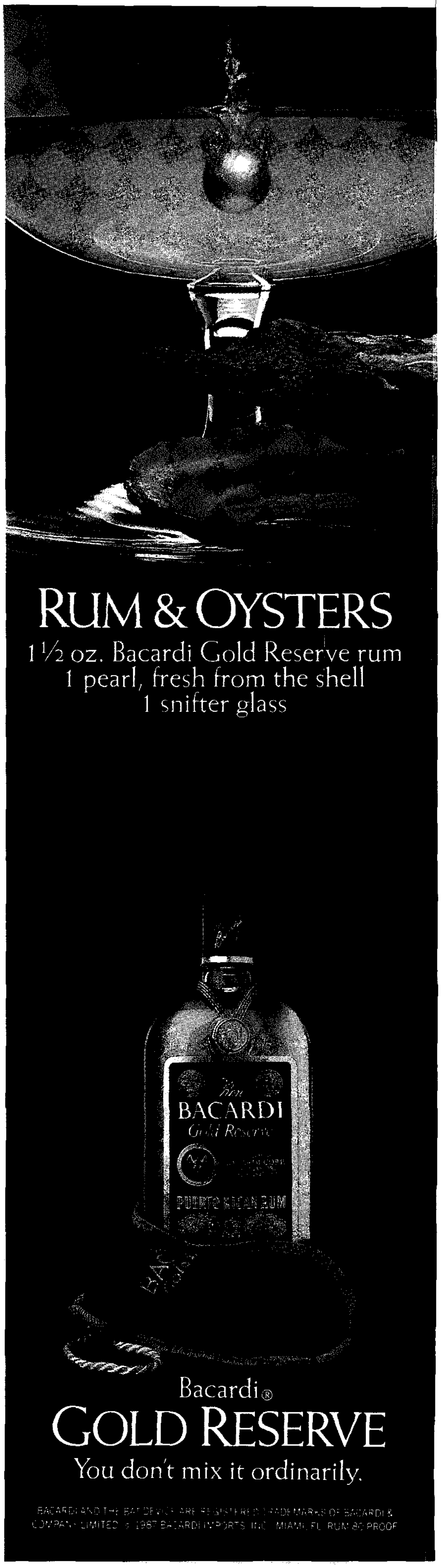
by one of the bad guys, Skeletor, as "benevolent beefcake." (The Skeletor has all the lines.) At Toys R Us you'll find all these characters, good and evil, for $4.99 apiece. The four-inch action figure G.I. Joe, the Hasbro-proclaimed Real American Hero, is second on the best-seller list. If you tend to be depressed at the news that a soldier doll, for whom scores of military accessories are available, is the most popular American toy, put that out of your mind. Alan Hassenfeld, one of the Hasbro executives, explained recently that the doll is not a war toy. "The figures in our G.I. Joe line have always been defenders of the peace," he said. The Toy Park has numerous G.I. Joes at $5.49 each. They have such names as Sneak Peek, Croc Master, and Gung Ho. Of course, it will help if the young friends who handed you their lists have provided you with the names, ranks, and serial numbers of the action figures of their choice. On the package that each of the figures comes in there is a short biography. Some of them may surprise you. Consider, for example, Zarana, a female member of the enemy force, who is also $5.49 at the Toy Park, among other places. She comes wearing a pink blouse and bluejeans and carrying a Daisy rifle; you can tell it's a Daisy rifle because it has a small plastic daisy at one end of it. Her biography informs us that Zarana "posed as an oral hygienist for six months on one assignment, armed only with a reel of specially-coated dental floss to incapacitate her unwitting victims."

Although she may not have Zarana's special talents, Barbie continues to be queen of the eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion dolls, and, for that matter, of everything else in the toy department: she's first on the latest toy-best-seller list. If you hear people complaining that there's no stability in present-day American life, remind them that twenty-eight years after she came on the market Barbie is still top of the heap. This is the case even though her supremacy has been challenged every year or so by one importuning new fashion doll or another. The latest, Jem, alleged to be a rock star, was sponsored by Hasbro, which tried the big come-on of describing her on the box as "Truly Outrageous!" Jem is not on the list at all. At Macy's, Barbie, in her own rock-star outfit, is $14. "The truth is, we underestimated Barbie a little bit," said the marketing head of Hasbro. Speaking of stability, the underestimators can comfort themselves with the reflection that their G.I. Joe action figure, which came out in 1964, is the other golden oldie of the baby boomers—now the parents of the nation's young children. If you think that's because nostalgic mommies and daddies persuaded the children in this direction, you might consult some grandmother who tried to talk a young relative into a becurled and bedimpled Shirley Temple doll when the list she'd been given specified a chinless Cabbage Patch Kid. As you remember, these big, soft sixteen-inch rag dolls came on the market in mid-1983, and mass Cabbage Patch Kid hysteria soon set in. Five hundred million dollars' worth was sold in 1984; in 1985, the total was six hundred million, and, even so, the toy departments continued to be the scene of pitched battles among grown customers fighting for the privilege of paying fifty or sixty dollars for the dolls. Some toy-business figures still spend time reminiscing about the wilder days of the Cabbage Patch craze. "It was a happening we'll never see again—at least not in my lifetime," one store executive said at this year's International Toy Fair, in New York. Such talk by doll buyers about the celebrated Kids sounds much like that of games buyers discussing the heyday of Trivial Pursuit. As it happens, the Coleco company, which makes the Kids, now owns Selchow & Righter, which produces Trivial Pursuit. At Coleco board meetings, there doesn't seem much chance of escaping "those were the days, my friend" conversations. The Kids are now not only widely available but a whole lot cheaper. Schwarz is selling them, dressed up in circus costumes, for $19. Despite the big falloff from the glory years, though, the Kids are still the only baby doll on the best-seller list: they occupy sixth place—which is exactly where they were last December. Wherever they end up next year, it won't be said that they sank without a trace. Each purchase still includes a birth certificate and adoption-application papers, which, when sent to Coleco, are certified and mailed back to the new parents. Thirty-five million stamped adoption papers are now out there someplace. (Each doll also arrives bearing two given names, which are said to be unlike those of any other Kid. We encountered one at the Toy Park called Egberta Rachele; after



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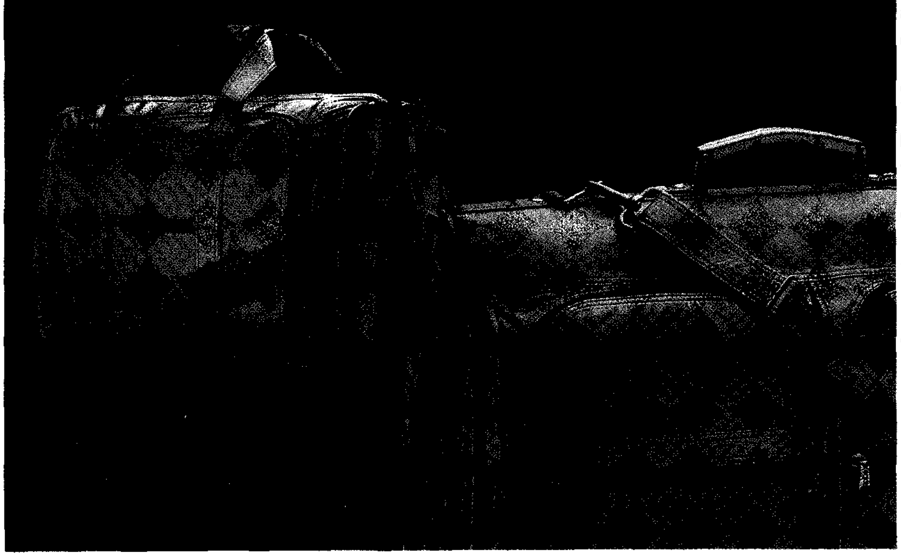

thirty-five million, a certain desperation sets in.) If you see a little girl carrying a doll in a news photograph nowadays, it is likely to be one of the Kids or a knockoff thereof. Those pursed mouths and slightly crossed eyes may have changed the baby-doll world forever. However, we should warn you that you might not get out of the store for a mere $19. Talking Cabbage Patch Kids are now available; at Macy's, they're $199 each. (Four AA batteries and one nine-volter are required here.) The dolls are equipped with chips, sensors, and other electronic devices that allow them to talk back to whoever's in the vicinity. If a child you know has one of these electronic Kids and is visited by a friend who also has one, the dolls, according to Coleco, will talk to each other. If the batteries run out, of course, the real kids can always try striking up a conversation of their own.

Some of the dolls around aren't as comely as dolls used to be, but that's only part of the story. A popular toy that Macy's sells for $16 is an item in Mattel's Mad Scientist line: Dissect-an-Alien. The set advertises that it includes a five-inch alien action figure, twelve alien organs, about half an ounce of "glow-in-the-dark Alien Blood," and a plastic scalpel. "Yank out alien organs dripping in glowing Alien Blood! . . . Only one way they'll fit together! . . . It's the slimiest puzzle on earth!" Quite a few of the kids we saw in the stores seemed to think this was peachy. If you want something scary but favor less blood, alien or other, there are five-inch characters called the Real Ghostbusters, which may also appeal to shoppers on the lookout for civilian action figures. Each Ghostbuster comes with a small plastic ghost and some exotic-looking plastic equipment to zap it with. At the Toy Park, these are $9.99 each. The Ghostbusters take a rather lighthearted approach to scariness. Maurice Sendak seemed to be dead serious when he said that it was a fear of—and respect for—monsters that made it possible for him to become an artist. (However, the large collection of memorabilia at his house in Connecticut has to do not with monsters but with that benign smiler Mickey Mouse.) Twelve-inch versions of Sendak's monster Wild Things and also of Max in "Where the Wild Things Are" cost $14.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, where the book is $10.16 in hardcover and $4.45 in paper. Some truly welcome numbers from the toy world this year, by the way, show that in spite of living in a world of electronic marvels children are apparently reading more books than ever. Sales of children's books were nine per cent higher last year than in the year before.

OF course, preschool toys, including plush animals, are selling well—that's just demographics, the birth rate being up somewhat. If it will never match the rate of the baby-boom years, the toy people like to remind themselves that many of those who are newly arrived on the scene are likely to be *only* children—and everybody knows that parents spend more money per capita on the one kid in the house. Very nice gifts for three- and four-year-olds are those carry-around play sets that open out to form a playing area—a farm, a city street, a garage. Then at bedtime the set can be closed up with all the equipment and play figures stored inside. A Hasbro official recently mentioned in a television interview that, in designing the hundreds of G.I. Joe figures the company has made over the years, artists—having a bit of fun belowstairs—have sometimes modelled the faces of Sneak Peek, Gung Ho, and the like on those of Hasbro executives. In the early seventies, the Fisher-Price Play Family Village play set included a jail in which the "Wanted" poster featured the likeness of a former Fisher-Price vice-president who had recently defected to another company. (Little kids aren't the only age group that can have fun with toys.) This year, a similar Fisher-Price carry-around environment, called the Little People Main Street, is $35 at Macy's. There's a pet shop, a barbershop, a firehouse, and so on, but—sad to say—no jail. At the Toy Park, a similar set, by Playskool, has a very familiar address: 1-2-3 Sesame Street. Closed, it shows the outside of the well-known brownstone, with its stoop, and the front of Mr. Hooper's store. Opened up, each structure has two furnished floors and a contingent of residents—Ernie, Bert, and so on—whom the children will feel right at home with. This is $34.99. Last year, when the "Sesame Street" people brought out Big Bird StoryMagic—the seventeen-inch talking Big Bird comes complete with a cassette and a read-along storybook—there was, of course, no problem finding a voice for the famously articulate yellow fellow. He's $68 at Schwarz and needs four AA batteries;

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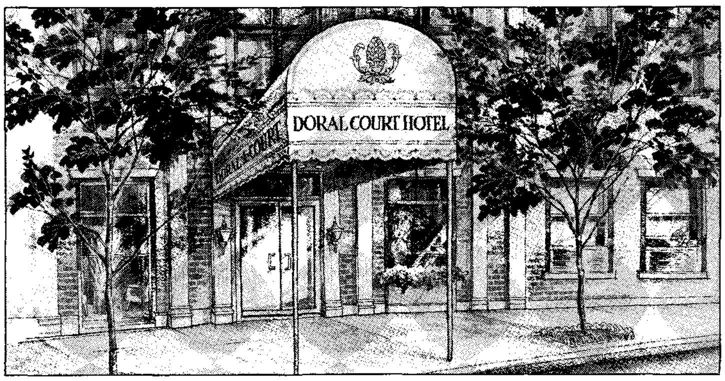

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additional cassette-and-book sets are available, for $16. Similar electronic arrangements have now been made for the Cookie Monster and Oscar the Grouch, who are $65 at the same place. Oscar comes in his trash can, which says "Go Away!" on its side, and his head pokes up out of the can at intervals as the cassette runs on, and his mouth, properly synchronized, moves with it. However, the reciting Cookie Monster and Oscar work only if they're attached to Big Bird StoryMagic; now, *that's* hegemony. (No wonder Oscar's grouchy.) And we'd like to report the latest fourteen-inch doll from 1-2-3 Sesame Street: the Count. Some would call him truly outrageous. He comes formally dressed (white tie), with a bright-green cape and a monocle. His face and hands are a suitable bright purple, and he's available at, among other places, Citykids for $20.

As for the plush-animals department, the bears seem to have that situation entirely in hand. But that's nothing new. Even Christopher Robin, hardly an anti-bear man, was once overheard saying "Bears, back to your lairs." In any event, his friend Winnie-the-Pooh, who first appeared in print in this country sixty years ago last December, now has a certain standing as an ambassador of détente. He is so popular in Poland that Warsaw has a Winnie-the-Pooh Street. And three and a half million copies of the A. A. Milne books about him were sold last year in the Soviet Union, a country where, as the books' Russian translator noted on a recent visit to this country, "one can't complain about the lack of bears." He also said, "Winnie is a great poet." Winnie's book—in English—is $8.95. Of course, it is especially suitable to look for this one at the children's bookstore called Eeyore's, at 25 East 83rd Street and at 2212 Broadway (80th). A fine Christmas present for some children you know would be an excursion to visit the original Pooh, and also Tigger, Eeyore, Piglet, and Kanga—the toy animals that once belonged to Christopher Robin. Milne's American publisher, E. P. Dutton, presented them this fall to the children's room of the Donnell branch of the New York Public Library, on West 53rd Street. To a question about whether they were now on display there, the library's answer was "Display? They wouldn't like it put that way. They are living here. This is their home."

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Of course, there are other plush toys besides bears. The Gingerbread House has a soft green turtle puppet with a bright-red mouth for $19.90 and, for $29.95, a graying Father Moose, which measures—with rack—one cubic foot. At the Toy Park, a plush mama penguin and baby—the mother is about a foot tall, to give you an idea—are $33.99. The mother wears a (removable) sign around her neck which urges people to love penguins, and adds, "Be nice, will you?" As you enter F. A. O. Schwarz, you'll find on the left an entire enclave given over to dinosaurs. A very nice dimetrodon, bright-red velvet and seventeen inches long, for example, is $25. The Last Wound-Up ("If it winds up, it winds up here!!"), 889 Broadway (19th) and three other locations, has a terribly eager-looking thirteen-inch plush gorilla, who dances about when you clap your hands at him, also for $25. Macy's has a nine-inch creature known as Bah Koo, who has the trunk of an elephant, the ears of a cow, and the mane and tail of a lion, and is said, in Far Eastern mythology, to gobble up bad dreams. The toy and a story to this effect are $29.95. At the same store, for $16, another source of bedtime comfort for the very young would be a windup Music Box Moon. As it plays "When You Wish Upon a Star," from "Pinocchio," the moon rocks back and forth. A far more elaborate version of what's in the heavens is possible by way of a Night Sky Star Stencil arrangement. With a set of stencils and glow-in-the-dark paint, you can make any ceiling look the way the sky does at night: each of four hundred stars accurately in place and glowing with the proper brightness. It's made by an Ashland, Oregon, company called Ursa Major (bears again), and the Planetarium gift shop at the American Museum of Natural History has it, in eight- or twelve-foot diameter, for $24.95 or $29.95.

And there you are. Gather all the dolls and the plush animals around—the ones that say "Be nice, will you?" and the ones that say "Don't Ask." Amend the sign on Oscar's trash can to say "*Don't* Go Away!" Strike up the music—children's choice. "Silver Bells," on the "Sesame Street Christmas Record" ($8.98), is especially welcome, with its lyrics about the crowded sidewalks and stoplights blinking bright red and green and the refrain "It's Christmastime in the city." And so it is. Merry Christmas!

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THE accounts that history presents have to be paid. Past has to be reconciled with present in the life of a nation. History is an insistent force, affecting what currently goes on, because the past is what put us where we all are. Recent events in the Soviet Union are evidence, yet again, that the past cannot be put behind until it is settled with. The Soviet Union is trying once more, as it tried, and failed, under Nikita Khrushchev, to acknowledge the truth about what has happened in the seven decades since the Revolution, and to come to terms with it. But the problem is not simply the Soviet Union's.

Germans, to take another harrowing modern case, must live with the astounding and, even to contemporaries, all but unbelievable events of 1933-45. A visitor to Munich, Hamburg, or Düsseldorf, or Dachau or Berlin, today can hardly imagine that what we know happened in Germany really did happen. How can this prosperous and progressive German nation, responsible for endowing Western civilization with immense intellectual, artistic, and moral treasures, have also done what the German nation did in the Nazi years? Germans who did not themselves live through it can scarcely bring themselves to comprehend, let alone believe, what happened. Not only the monstrous nature of Nazi genocide is hard to accept; but the vulgarity, the preposterousness of claim and ambition, of Nazism—the Thousand-Year Reich!—is almost beyond the reach of imagination.

Jews know what happened—are aware that people did die in those vast numbers and under those obscene conditions. A controversy has arisen over whether the Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jews was a "unique" crime. It must have been unique, it seems; surely *nothing* like it has ever happened. It must have been the worst thing that ever was. Those who experienced it must have undergone an unparalleled horror. Yet if it was unique it is by definition unreproducible. That is what people fearfully are saying at the same time they are insisting that the Holocaust was unique. They are attempting to connect themselves and their expectations of the future, and their fears, with a past that, because it did happen, transforms perception of present and future in an all but unbearable way.

A Jew, any Jew—also any German, any European, any American, any citizen of Western civilization—must look at himself today in a way that he never could have if the Holocaust had not taken place. There is a contingency to present existence, present political society, present-day Western civilization which recent history compels us to acknowledge—which it has imposed upon all those who are part of modern political culture. Yet we ourselves are innocent. We did not do it, or suffer it. Why are we responsible? Why should our lives be changed because of it?

Wm Hamilton

"And will you take my name even if you wind up making more money than I do?"

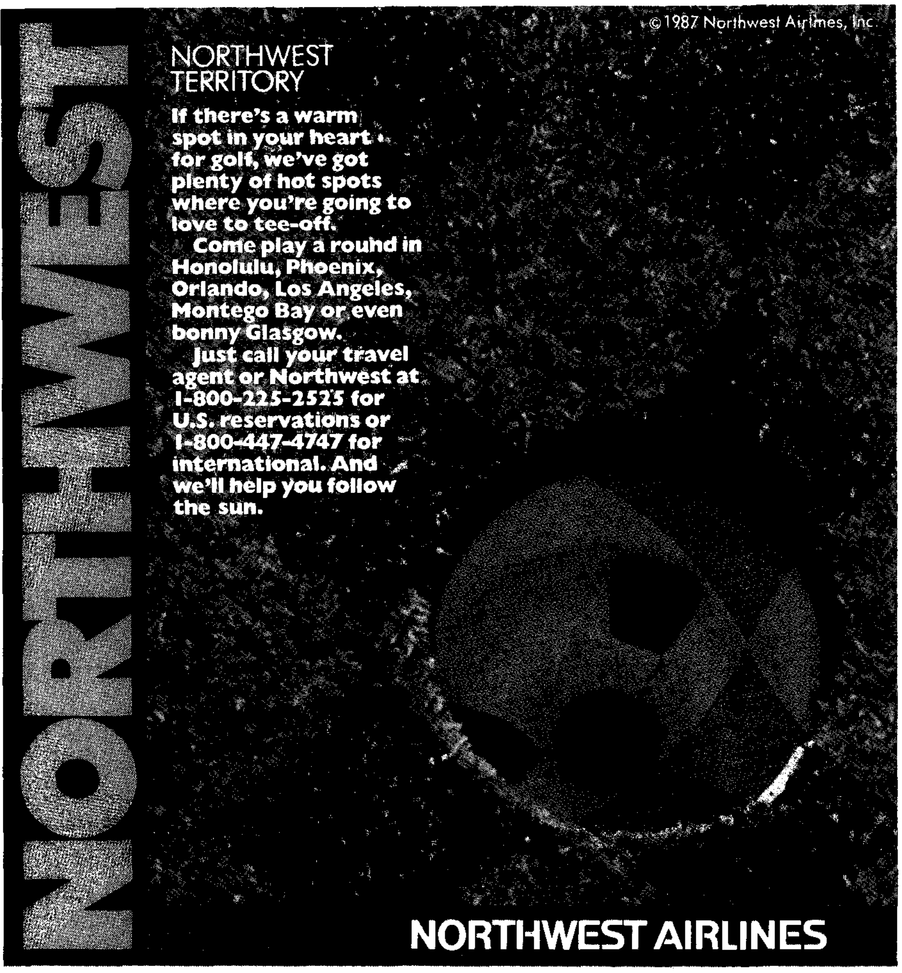
People said of the Barbie trial in France this spring that it would have an explosive political effect, because Barbie could testify about French collaboration with Nazism, about betrayals within the Resistance. This proved not to be true, and was foreseeably not true, because at least since the early nineteen-seventies the past has been more or less honestly faced up to in France. The history of the Occupation has been written. The betrayals have been recorded, insofar as it is possible to record such things. Details are missing; for example, the identity of the person, or the organization, responsible for betraying the Resistance leader Jean Moulin to Klaus Barbie, if he was indeed betrayed, is not known for sure. But it makes little difference today to know the identity of the betrayer or betrayers, since he or they are almost surely dead, and everyone knows that betrayals took place. This part of the French past has been examined, the shame confronted. The exculpatory lie told to the French by General de Gaulle in 1944, with the cynicism of great statesmanship—that the Resistance was the Nation—is today understood by nearly everyone to have been a lie, and, indeed, was so understood at the time as well. But, then, wartime France's crimes were forgivable ones—of cowardice, greed, betrayal, indifference. They were on a human scale, rather than a satanic one.

THE past is a fundamental problem for the Soviet Union, a much more serious problem than the European past is for West Europeans, because in the Soviet Union the continuity from the days of the immense crimes committed by Lenin and Stalin to the era of the present Soviet government is unbroken.

In Germany, as in France, history was interrupted. Political continuity was broken, and history started over again in 1945—"Year Zero," as it was even then known. The past can thus be reasonably considered past. Young people can legitimately ask "What has this to do with us?" without the question's being an implicit challenge to their own society and those who govern it. The Soviet Union, in contrast, has begun Year 70 of an uninterrupted historical epoch: an epoch that started with the storming of the Winter Palace, and has since passed through the Cheka, the O.G.P.U., the N.K.V.D., the K.G.B.; through Dzerzhinsky, Yagoda, Yezhov, and Beria; through the collectivizations, the camps, the purges, the Moscow Trials, right up to the persecution of "the Jewish doctors"—which only Stalin's death halted.

Public policy in the Soviet Union has suppressed the truth about the terrible but decisive episodes of Soviet history. The nation continues to be governed by people who find no alternative to resting their claims to legitimacy upon their continuity with this past, about which everyone has for years lied, yet about which everyone knows the truth—or a part of the truth, or enough of the truth to recognize the extent to which the present rests upon a construction of deliberate and desperate lies about the past.

Stalin's lies were not a success, as lies. Despite the "memory hole," such as George Orwell imagined, and the practice of rewriting the history of the Russian Revolution, and then, as Hannah Arendt has memorably written, "destroying, together with the older books and documents, their authors and readers"—despite all this, as an American official in Moscow re-



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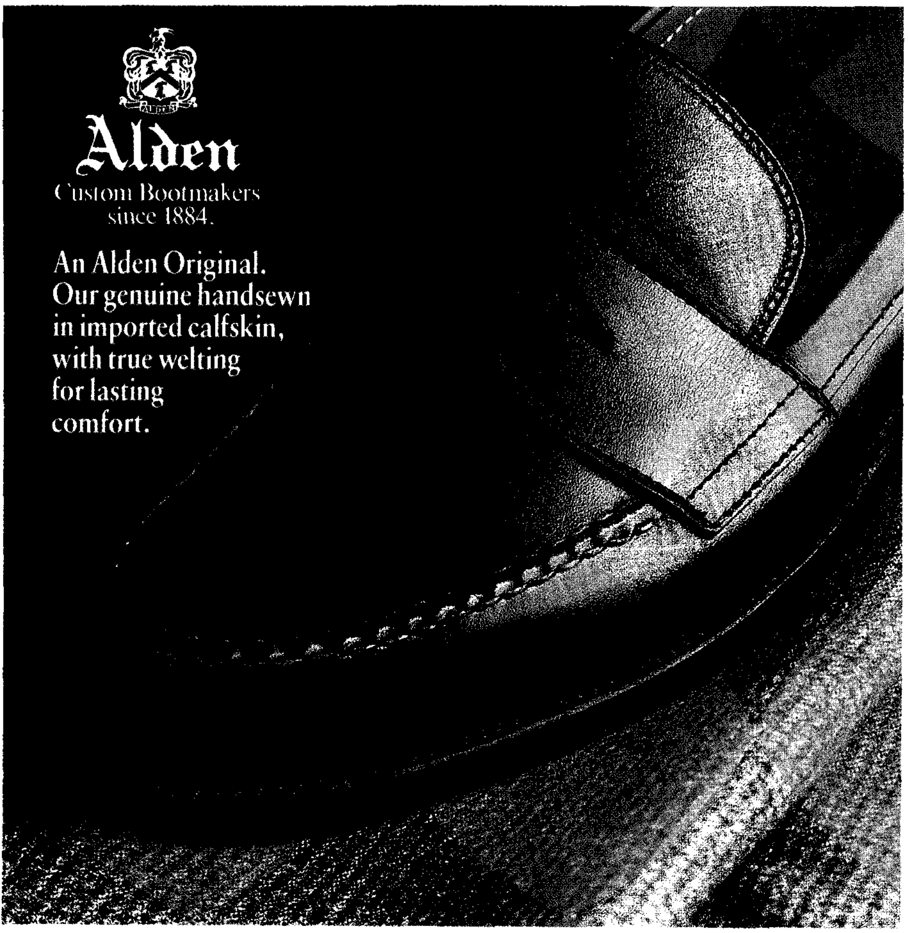

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marked to me earlier this year, "any peasant will show you the graves." Any village, as part of its collective memory, knows what was done to it during the agricultural collectivizations and the artificially induced famine of 1929-33. A peasant's parents or grandparents were its witnesses, or its victims. The collective reprisals inflicted by Stalin upon villages, or upon whole nationalities, because of their recalcitrance before Party directives or their acquiescence in German rule when the Wehrmacht first came—all this is part of living memory. In July, there were demonstrations near Red Square, which the police tolerated, by Crimean Tatars—members of a whole people transported from the Crimea to Asia by Stalin because he believed they had collaborated with the German invasion.

Intellectuals know what went on. The record has been kept in unpublished, officially unpublishable novels and works of history that have nonetheless steadily found their way to readers, both abroad and inside the country. Works that are widely known to exist but have remained unpublished until now, unreleased films, and plays never, or only fugitively, staged record the Soviet past. The moral burden of the past, the responsibility it imposes on the present, is the subject of Tengiz Abuladze's noble film "Repentance," first suppressed in the U.S.S.R., then, after three years, released, then made the official Soviet entry at the Cannes Film Festival this year.

It is a crucial historical datum that the totalitarian effort to control history—which went further in the Soviet Union than anywhere else, and which many in the West believed (and some, polemically committed, believe even today) was an inevitable success, capable of extinguishing the record of an epoch and establishing a new account to suit the political convenience of the country's rulers—has proved a failure. The interpretation of this aspect of the totalitarian phenomenon made in the nineteen-forties and fifties by George Orwell, Hannah Arendt, James Burnham, and others has been shown to be in error.

Not only did the effort fail but one can go as far as to say that truth is now prevailing over totalitarian obscurantism even in Soviet state policy. The vital element in what is described in the Soviet Union as *glasnost*, or openness, candor, publicity, accountability, is an attempt to bring the underground knowledge that Soviet soci-

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ety possesses of its past into public view, in order to reinforce the political authority of the government of Mikhail Gorbachev. By recognizing the validity of individual memories, the present government is attempting to turn the moral force of historical truth to its own advantage.

Thus, the official history of the Party is being rewritten—or so it is promised. Major figures in the Revolution and the early development of the Party and of the Soviet state, such as Leon Trotsky and Nikolai Bukharin, are once again mentioned, and discussion of their actual roles has begun (only begun). The editor of *Literaturnaïa Gazeta*, Alexander Tchakovski, acknowledged at a press conference in May that Stalin rewrote history and had recourse to terror, adding, "The dictator's opponents, from Leon Trotsky to Nikolai Bukharin, were excluded, killed, erased from Soviet texts, and lost all voice." The costs of collectivization—an issue on which there has been silence since the time of Khrushchev—have been described with unprecedented candor in the review *Znamia*, which acknowledged that millions died and that the whole thing had been an economic disaster. Gorbachev himself, though, ignored Trotsky's revolutionary and Civil War roles in his address November 2nd, observing the Revolution's anniversary, and he described Trotsky's part in the ideological debates of the nineteen-twenties in the old tendentious language, whereas he spoke of Bukharin with respect. The "cruelty and excesses" of agricultural collectivization were conceded, together with the "real crimes stemming from an abuse of power" and "the violations of legality, the wanton repressive measures of the thirties." This did not go much beyond Khrushchev's admissions in the 1956 secret speech before the Twentieth Party Congress—itself still not officially published inside the U.S.S.R.

Trotsky, founder of the Red Army, figures in a historical drama that was published this spring in *Novy Mir*. Earlier this year, Gorbachev told a group of Soviet editors that the repression of 1937-38 "struck heavily at the condors of the Party, the intelligentsia and army," something "neither justifiable nor pardonable." The son-in-law of Nikita Khrushchev, Aleksei Adzhubei, wrote in April in the illustrated weekly *Ogoniok*, which has a circulation of two million, that the great figures of the Revolution had

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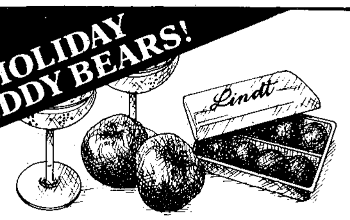
paid dearly for their ideals, and that "by excluding this period of our history from an understanding of what is happening today, and by hiding it from young people, we are simply deluding ourselves." Stalin's war role is now criticized in the official press, "for errors with tragic results," among them his refusal to believe evidence of the impending German invasion in 1941, and his earlier purge of the high command. A letter sent to Stalin in 1939 by Fiodor Raskolnikov, a diplomat who subsequently went into exile, which condemned the purges and called Stalin an "oriental despot," has also been published in *Ogoniok;* the letter added just what the purges had cost the Red Army on the eve of the war—three of five marshals shot, one in ten colonels shot, etc. (Raskolnikov was rehabilitated once before, under Khrushchev, and was condemned a second time, under Leonid Brezhnev, for "Trotskyism" and "collaboration with the filthy organs of the White emigration.")

IT commonly is argued that Gorbachev wishes to "democratize" Soviet society. The term is one he himself uses. There is no evidence, however, that he wishes to do so in any sense of the term recognizable in the West. He wishes to make the Soviet system more rational and more efficient—able to make better use of its human and material resources. He wants realistic plans, managers who take responsibility, workers who stay sober and produce. He wants better technology and better management methods. It is in order to have this, not to "democratize" the Soviet Union, that he has found it necessary to address the problem of history. He must restore a relationship of trust between Party and public. To restore public confidence in Soviet leadership, it is necessary that the leaders tell the people the truth, and that people acquire confidence that they are being told the truth. Any approach to telling the truth about the history of the Soviet Union, however, or reconsideration of the roles of Trotsky or Bukharin, implicitly raises the question of whether the Soviet Union should have gone in the direction they wanted rather than in the way it did go. An honest account not only of the colossal injustices and crimes of Soviet history but of the unforgivable inefficiency and waste with which Soviet affairs have been conducted since 1917 inevitably poses a question about the Revolution itself.



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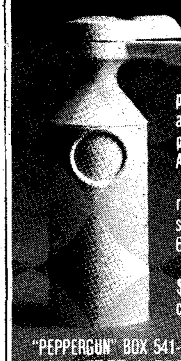

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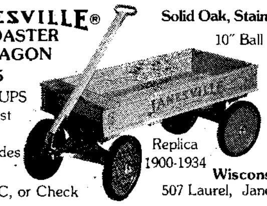

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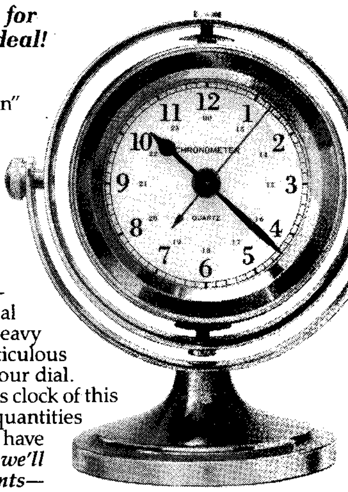
Imperial Russia in 1914 was a developing, industrializing society, increasingly involved with the dynamic industrial economies of Western Europe. Though its political system was retarded and oligarchical, the nation was experiencing erratic, but discernible, movement toward reform and the development of more representative institutions. It can be argued that if the First World War had not thrown Russia (and Europe as a whole) into profound social crisis the Revolution might not have occurred. If this had not been the case, the February Revolution, which produced the moderate Provisional Government, need not have been followed by the radical October Revolution, which imposed the Bolshevik dictatorship. Without the World War, it is at least imaginable that Russia today might possess political institutions more or less resembling those of modern Western Europe. It might have arrived late at this phase of history, as Spain and Portugal did, but it is possible to believe that it would have arrived. There are political tides, and it was caught up in the wrong one. As a result, the Soviet Union remains an exception among the more or less developed and "mature" powers, with largely primitive industry, an ill-directed economy, and a self-perpetuating, inefficient, despotic political oligarchy. But, if this is so, what justifies the ordeal that Communist authority has put the Soviet people through?

The Soviet record since 1917 has in crucial respects been one of retrogression. This has been disguised inside the Soviet Union only because of the intellectual isolation in which the country has lived since the late nineteen-twenties. Today, a relatively cosmopolitan intelligentsia is reappearing in places of influence in Soviet society and Soviet institutions. These people are the successors to the aristocratic and merchant and professional élites and the intelligentsia who conducted the country's affairs and directed its economy when Russia was a monarchy, and were nearly all destroyed or exiled by the Revolution. Members of the revolutionary and professional intelligentsia who survived the Civil War were, in turn, nearly all killed, imprisoned, sent to labor camps, or silenced during the years of Stalin's purges of Party, government, Army, and intellectual life.

After Lenin, the country was ruled first by a semi-educated Party intriguer and manipulator, Stalin; then,



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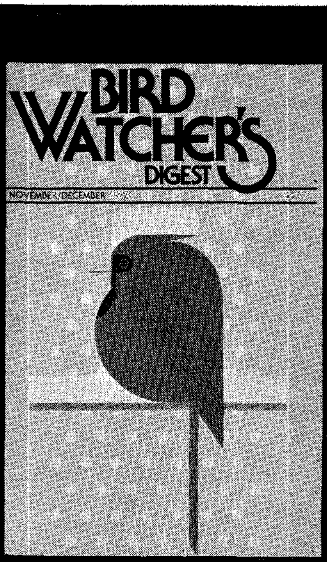
after a short interval, by Nikita Khrushchev, of peasant origins and, again, semi-educated, but with the intelligence and decency to begin to free the country from the consequences of Stalinism. After Khrushchev, there was Leonid Brezhnev, who worked as a pipe fitter while studying at technical college, and then made his way as a cautious Party careerist. Mikhail Gorbachev comes from a similar background, but he is university-educated. His sponsor, Yuri Andropov, rose primarily through the state service, not through the Party, and Gorbachev, as John Lukacs observed in a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs*, is surrounding himself with people identified primarily with government rather than with Party affairs—a shift that is of significance in the long-term division of power. These people are educated, have travelled, and are experienced in the world outside the Soviet bloc, and so are able, unlike their predecessors, to compare what the Soviet Union has become with what the rest of the world is really like. They could not for a moment imagine, as Nikita Khrushchev naïvely did, that the Soviet Union would, in this century, "overtake and surpass" Western living standards and Western levels of industrial production and technical sophistication.

Gorbachev and his people, unlike their predecessors, grasp the dimensions of the problems they confront and the handicaps that the Party's own errors and the crimes of Stalin have imposed upon them. They have to believe that their system is intrinsically superior to that of the West, provided its energies can be unlocked. If they did not believe that, or hold that they believed it, their own positions would be deprived of legitimacy. They are where they are only because of their Party's claim that it is a historically ordained vanguard of the progressive forces of society, a leading actor in a great dialectical process that will end in a transformed humanity. Since this is not the case—few outside the Soviet Union can believe that it is, at any rate—it is difficult to see how Gorbachev and his colleagues can come to grips with their nation's terrible past without destroying their own positions. The suppressions and hesitations over the truth that were apparent in Gorbachev's November 2nd speech, generally recognized as a step backward from the reform program to which he has committed himself, are evidence of this dilemma. How can the



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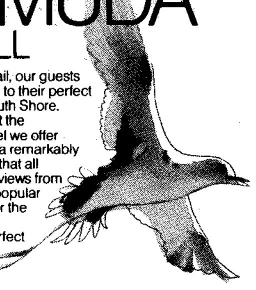

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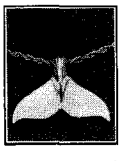

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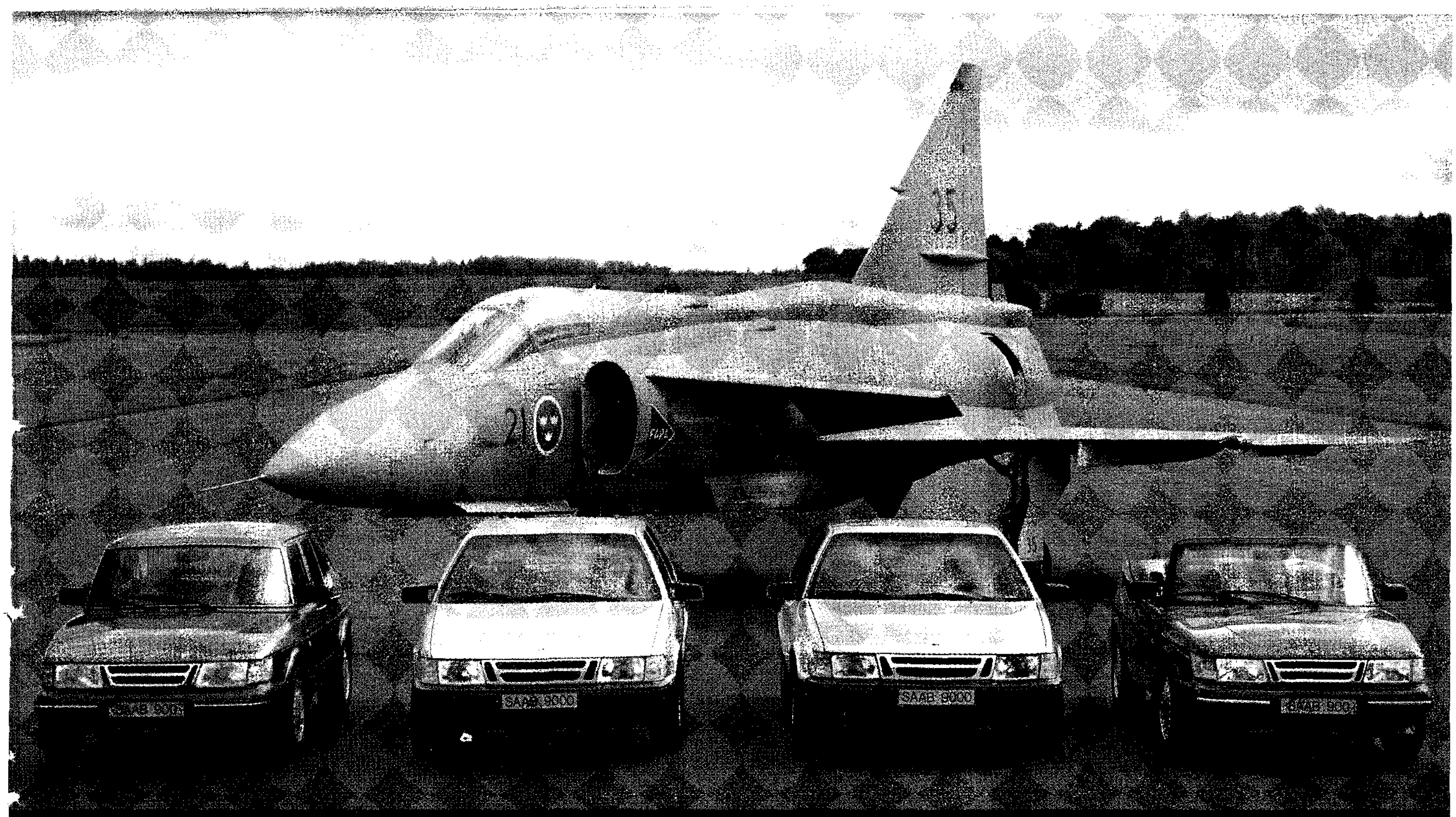

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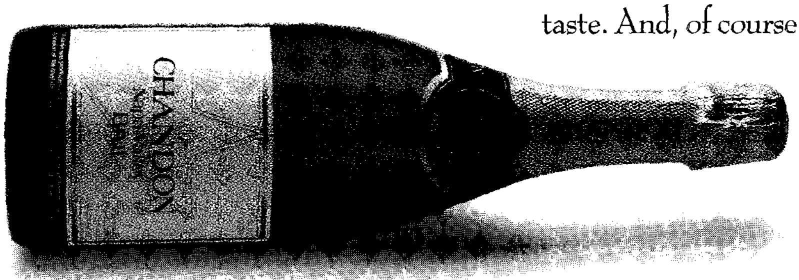

CHANDON

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Produced and bottled by Domaine Chandon, Yountville, CA © 1987 dilemma be resolved? One fears that it cannot.

It seems more reasonable to think that in the end there will have to be a break in historical continuity in the Soviet Union, as there was in Germany. If Gorbachev successfully compels his nation to confront its past, he may simply provoke a crisis in the system, ending with its rejection of him. A subsequent reactionary restoration would result—as he foresees—only in continued economic, social, and political decline, and the Soviet Union's eventual loss of international influence. The alternative to that seems to be a crisis in which the Party's own legitimacy, its right to rule the country, would be challenged. A revolution put the Party into power; there is no real reason that a revolution should not put it out.

It is true that revolutions rarely, if ever, happen outside conditions of extreme tension or external pressure—military defeat, political or economic crisis—or in their immediate aftermath, when established authority is discredited and people suddenly believe that liberating change is possible. Nothing like that exists in the Soviet Union at present. Thus, if Gorbachev fails, the hypothesis of continued relative decline seems more plausible. It is conventional to talk of leaders' deliberately courting foreign adventures as distraction from internal failures. Yet for the Soviet leadership today even a small-scale war, such as the one in Afghanistan, means trouble and unrest. It is no mobilizing alternative to domestic stagnation and decline. Any larger military adventure, involving the Western powers or China, would raise the possibility—or the probability—of nuclear weapons' being introduced at some point.

THE force of the past is commonly underestimated, even denied, in American discussion. It has been characteristic of American culture to think history mostly bunk, and certainly to act as though it were—possibly because the United States has enjoyed a relatively happy history. The past does not stalk us—or so we are inclined to think. Yet the legacy of the worst thing in our past, slavery, is still unresolved. It is true that slavery itself and Jim Crow, which followed, were eventually undone because of the working of the national conscience. Thus, the American majority lives with this past without undue discomfort. The evidence all about us that, in

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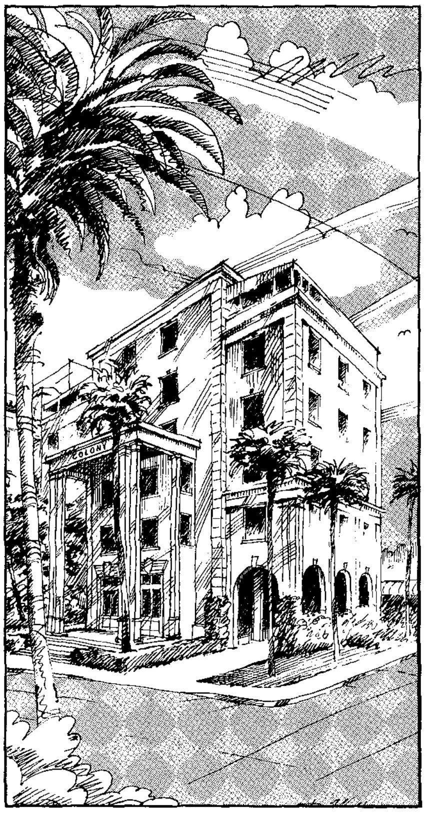

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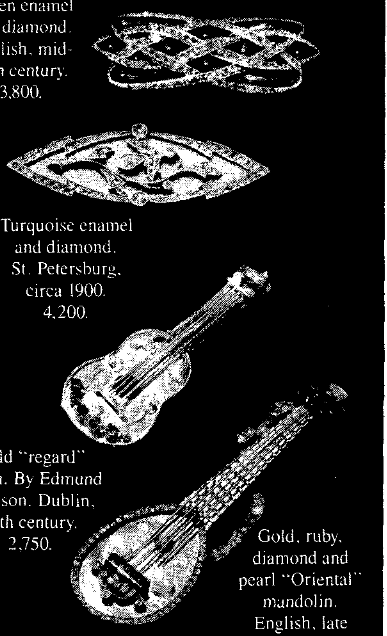

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crucial respects, we remain an economically and socially divided nation is taken as the other side of our prized individualism.

The capacity of Americans for forgetting the past or acting as if the past had no relevance follows from the conviction of a special Providence, which is, as Tocqueville noted, a "doctrine of necessity." Democracy, he said, denies the "aristocratic" notion that individuals shape history, and is inclined to assume that "each nation is indissolubly bound by its position, its origin, its antecedents, and its character." Thus, historians in a democracy find it "not enough to show what events have occurred: they wish to show that events could not have occurred otherwise." The United States and the Soviet Union, each of which claims to be the democratic nation par excellence, have a common belief in inevitability—which the evidence contradicts. Things *could* have been otherwise.

The fact that they could have been, and can be, otherwise is a troubling consideration; but while Americans may assume inevitability, at least they do not claim infallibility. The Soviet Union rests on just that claim: of an unfailingly correct "general line." It is a claim by which Mikhail Gorbachev finds himself bound. His society, like any other, needs to connect with its past in order to deal with its present: to make moral sense of the past in order to possess moral confidence in itself and in its future. What is now going on in the Soviet Union is an affair of consequence because it is happening in a nation that more than any other has committed itself to the future, justifying everything by what it is supposed to become, and by what it triumphantly claims to have left behind. The discovery that nothing is left behind until the truth about it has been told is a radically unsettling fact, implying, as it does, that the truth about the future remains unknown.

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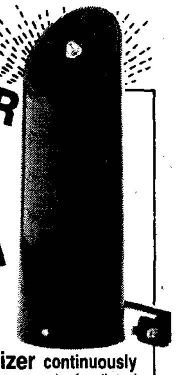

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THE ART WORLD

Poet-Decorator

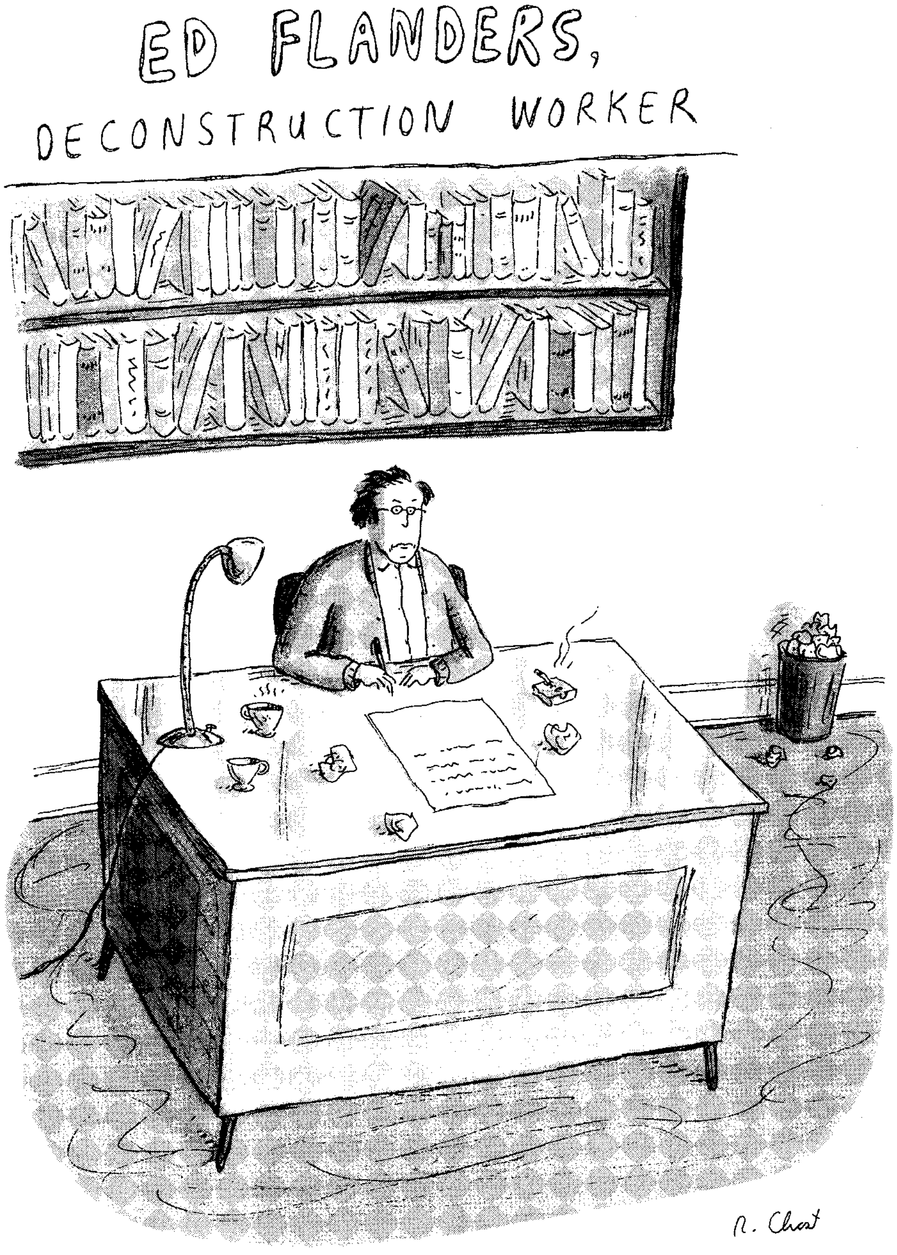
Zurbarán is a superb painter of passages of a single color—when a white robe, say, creases this way and that. These passages have an impacted, damped-down, yet also organic and quietly voluptuous quality; they're like cream cheese sculpted in low relief. Most Americans, I think, discover Zurbarán on their own, in a single picture—often of a monk or a saint—in a museum. You generally know little about this seventeenth-century Spanish painter, and you need to see only one picture to become an admirer, because he gives oil paint a special, dulled-down glow. The surprise of Zurbarán's exhibition at the Met is that there isn't a lot more to his art than those special passages. There are a number of fine pictures and many delectable details here and there—a cape, a flower—but the show is like a mausoleum. The pictures aren't emotional; they send no particular message. Many of the faces in Zurbarán's pictures are surprisingly realistic—they seem like portraits. But there is no inner life to the faces. At the end of the show, you may feel that it never quite began.

Francisco de Zurbarán (1598-1664), who worked primarily in Seville, then Spain's wealthiest city, is known for religious paintings, particularly of martyrs. The Met's show—it is the first comprehensive show of his work in this country—is full of pictures of monks and nuns, Christs, saints, and Madonnas. Little is known about Zurbarán beyond some bare documentary details. Most of his paintings were commissioned by monasteries and churches and by individual patrons as devotional pictures. In his early years, Zurbarán had more orders than he could handle, and he produced pictures with the help of a workshop. In his later years, when he was not as much in demand, he made religious paintings for export to the American colonies. He was a lifelong friend of Velázquez, the painter of the royal court, in Madrid, and went there himself, but he did little work in the city. It was once assumed that Zurbarán was destitute when he died, but it now seems that at the end he was mostly alone—he outlived the fashion for his work, and he outlived two of three wives and most of his children.

Zurbarán is often described as the foremost painter of the grave and ascetic current of Spanish religious art, but he is the subject of a Met show, I believe, because many have felt that, especially in his early work, he has a modern sensibility. In the subdued way he presents people and in the emphasis he gives to paint for its own sake, his name is often linked with Manet (who was crucially influenced by Spanish painting), and there are real similarities. They both place impassive figures against bare yet not quite empty backgrounds, and Manet, too, gives oil paint a matte polish. But in Manet the blank expressions reverberate; Manet looks at people with the same no-comment intensity with which he looks at clothes. For Zurbarán, there is rarely any connection between the lovingly painted details and all the rest. We miss a sweeping, personal, Zurbaranesque way of seeing people.

Looked at in a large show, Zurbarán isn't an artist whose vision could only be appreciated long after his death. He comes across, rather, as a painter who had certain masterly formal talents and so caught the attention of his society, which demanded religious paintings. And when he made those paintings he seems to have been partly excited, but mostly winging it. Zurbarán isn't the monumental or touching artist we had imagined. At his infrequent best, though, he is a gentle and odd creator. He is a kind of poet-decorator. He is placid and intent—and chic—all at once.

There are a number of charming and elegant pictures of female saints in the exhibition. Each shows a woman standing alone in a darkened area,



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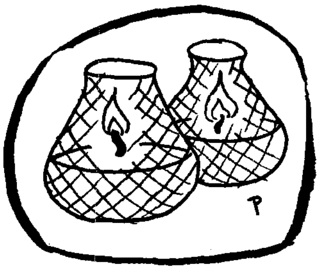
rather like a sentry in a sentry box. There is a mixture of a costume-party artificiality and an aloofness to these imaginary portraits of St. Lucy, St. Casilda, and the others. They give a real sense of the texture of Spanish life in the early seventeenth century, when the country's great power was already on the wane.

The women are like geisha. Some are a bit shy, and look down or peer out at us; they incline their heads or torsos slightly. They seem to be picking up their long skirts and gliding by as we look at them.

St. Margaret has the most forceful personality. She doesn't glide. She is planted before us in her sandals, a staff in hand. She wears a curved straw hat (it is mesmerizing on its own) and a big vest, and she has a striped cloth bag (another amazing detail) over her arm. At her feet is a snarling dragon, the creature associated with her martyrdom. (She was swallowed by a dragon but cut her way out with a little cross.) With her travelling equipment, and holding a book, Margaret seems as if she's about to set off on a strenuous walk. She might be an intrepid young lady explorer with a guidebook or diary. And the painting, made when Spain was the world's leading colonial power, might be taken as an emblem of national pride and superiority.

Zurbarán's female saints aren't a revelation. They have been admired for a long time. And they aren't towering masterpieces. At the show, set in and among Biblical scenes and pictures of church personalities, they melt into the crowd. They would look much better if they were set alongside certain twentieth-century works—Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie Woogie," say, or Brice Marden's panel pictures—where a few colors bounce off each other rhythmically. The Zurbaráns are about one sublimely presented color and texture—skirt, vest, blouse, cape—placed next to another. Looking at these pictures, we're reminded that Zurbarán painted for monasteries, for we fall into a meditative mood as our eyes travel from a white sleeve to a gray skirt to a red cape to some pale pink and violet flowers. The effect is like seeing the pleats of a balloon slowly shifting in the wind.



There are passages in other paintings, when Zurbarán paints a white dove, sheep, or flower, that compare in quality with these saints' pictures. He is a matchless painter of white. Zurbarán's distinctive note is to set things before the viewer as if on a platter. He can't compose deep into space, with elements overlapping. The paintings that show overlapped space are a mess; they're airless and flat, like theatre backdrops. It makes sense that, in formal terms, his most resolved picture is a still-life. This is "Still Life: Lemons, Oranges, and a Rose." It presents what the title says; the fruit and flower are laid out on a shelf, with a plain dark background. (The picture, in the collection of the Norton Simon Museum, in Pasadena, is not in the show or illustrated in the catalogue.) There is a still-life of jugs and a cup in the Met's show, but it is dull compared with the Pasadena picture, which is majestic. There isn't an ambiguous underlying story to the Pasadena picture, as there can be with some still-lifes. It is merely a powerfully simple composition, with softly radiant objects. Zurbarán is like a folk artist; we admire his touch without feeling his consciousness.

One painting in the Met's exhibition, "The Virgin and Christ in the House of Nazareth," is a masterpiece. Mary and Jesus sit on low stools in a dark room, with a little window on a far wall showing a stormy winter sky. A wooden table seems to float between them, and there are gorgeously painted things everywhere: linen in a basket, books on the table, flowers in a jug, some doves. Orange light streams in behind Jesus. Mary looks up from her sewing and gazes at the boy, who has just pricked his finger on a circle of thorns he has been making. Mary has tears on her cheek. The painting is about her vision of the future. But Mary's tears aren't readily visible; one has to get close to the picture to see them. She appears to look blankly at Jesus, and this gives the picture its tension. She seems to glance absent-mindedly at him, half lost in her own thoughts and half wondering what he is into now.

"The Virgin and Christ" has marvellous brassy, cold colors: rust brown, white, a glistening sourish blue. The painting has a wonderful big, open spaciousness. It is like an enormous aquarium, with each item set off on its own: the table, the flowers, Mary in red, her white linen, the doves, the blob of blue (Jesus—an empty-faced blond). The painting is like a detail from an Oriental scroll which has been blown up and given an attractive enamelled surface. The setting itself is Japanese in feeling. It could be a dark chamber of a Japanese palace, and Mary's features and the way she sits low to the floor are also a touch Oriental.

Mary's bland and intelligent face holds together the unconnected details. Zurbarán's model for Mary might have been his model for Margaret. They have the same slanted eyes and full cheeks, tiny chins and dark hair. They recall the women in Georges de La Tour's paintings of saints and the Holy Family seen by candlelight, which were made at the same time. These plain-and-pretty Zurbarán women are alive as individuals, like the sitters for Copley or Goya.

Zurbarán's men, however—his many monks and saints—are characterless. Piety became harder to paint convincingly after the Renaissance (after the late fourteen-hundreds, I think, or earlier). El Greco had difficulty with it and with saintly rapture, too. But El Greco—he was a generation or so before Zurbarán—often suggests religious will power: his church eminences can be fierce and nervous; a poet-preacher is superior, smug, self-conscious. These men are real to us. There's a connection between their bristling faces and El Greco's jagged hand and the icy sensations of the colors. Zurbarán is picturesque about piety. Many people have liked certain works in the first rooms, done when Zurbarán was starting out and fashioning beautiful individual details. A large Crucifixion and pictures of St. Serapion and St. Peter Nolasco are the favored works, but to me they aren't more than handsome. The Serapion shows a dead or dying man in a monk's white robes. He's hanging by ropes—his head is flopped to his shoulder, and his eyes are closed. The stark composition is freakishly modern, especially when the picture is seen in a black-and-white reproduction. It's a sexy image. The actual work, though, is like a colored-in version of a striking black-and-white photo. The painting has surprisingly little surface life. It's soft and retiring.

A painting called "Saint Francis in Meditation"—he is shown kneeling, he holds a skull in his hands, and his

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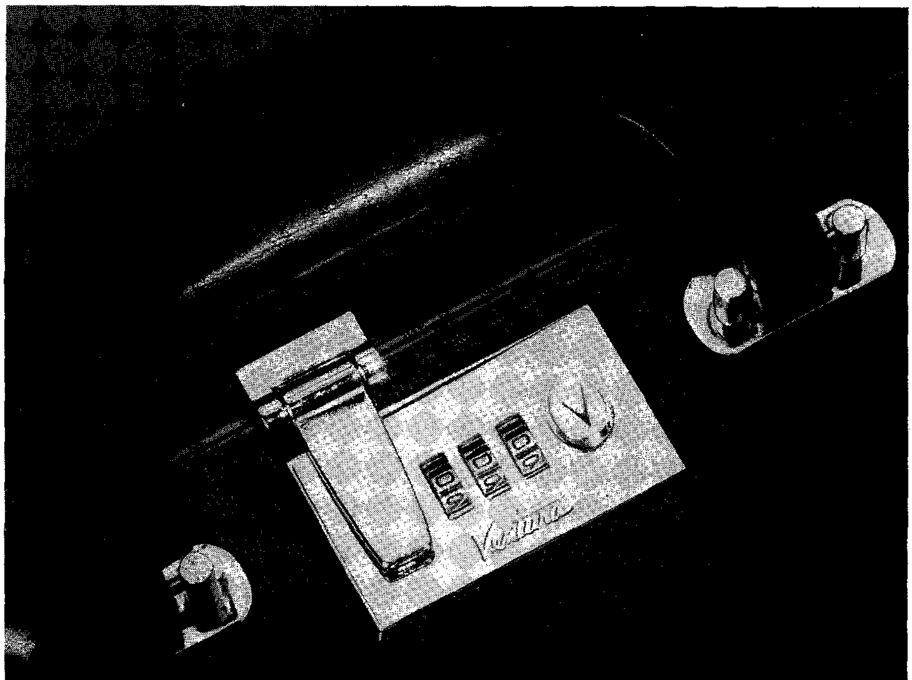
face is almost concealed by shadows—is also impressive and cold. The painting of the saint's garment, in different browns and tans, with a carefully presented threadbare elbow, has a ritzy, glassy look. This picture is like a still for an expensive movie about piety.

In the back half of the show, we wander as if in some moldy European gallery, our eyes dutifully glancing at one Old World artifact after another. The pictures don't say "Zurbarán"—or anybody. Each seems to be by a different hand. A few works are primitively stiff, but none have the charm of primitive art. In his last pictures Zurbarán is sugary and sentimental. He is like a Victorian in advance.

The exhibition has more to do with history and biography than with art. The paintings illustrate a decline in religious subject matter as a challenging theme for a serious artist. The paintings also show the effects of a deadening process that, historians say, took over Spanish society in the late fifteen-hundreds—around the time when the Armada was defeated and just before Zurbarán was born. And the pictures relate the story of an artist who worked in a world that bound his talents. Surely it was Zurbarán himself—not his workshop assistants—who made the luminescent passages, and those passages seem to want to disengage themselves from the cardboard-like scenes they are set in. Zurbarán doesn't convey the emotions of a monk or a saint, but his body of work presents what a life in service, a life full of chores, was like. You see him as a chugging, acquiescent man, a sort of Willy Loman—a purveyor of church decorations.

There is a tantalizing detail in Zurbarán's biography. Most of the men in his pictures wear the prescribed outfits of different monastic orders, but scholars cannot account for the clothes that some of his female saints wear. Jeannine Baticle, who wrote most of the catalogue, says that these clothes aren't those of ladies of the court or of any particular local Seville style. No one knows what social class is represented by the clothing. Did Zurbarán assemble these skirts and vests and capes based primarily on his feeling for color? One likes to think that these outfits were his own inventions. Acting as his own clothing designer must have been liberating for an artist who spent his career painting men in the uniforms of religious life.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ



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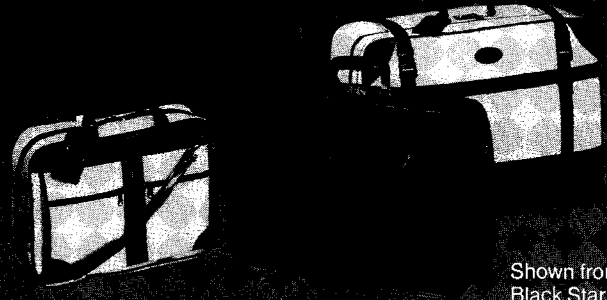

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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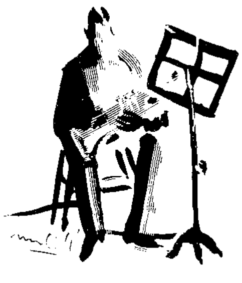
LES ARTS FLORISSANTS, the Paris-based ensemble, directed by William Christie, has in its concerts, stage productions, and recordings set so high a standard for the execution of French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music that performances less precisely focussed, less stylishly articulated, less finely tuned and tempered, less verbally incisive tend to be unsatisfying. With its 1984 recording of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's "Médée" (Harmonia Mundi) the ensemble put Charpentier on the large musical map as the composer of more than the oft heard "Messe de Minuit." With its production (and, now, recording, also on Harmonia Mundi) of Lully's "Atys" it revealed Lully to be a more passionate, varied, and interesting composer than was generally believed. Less specialized groups, of course, also essay this repertory. Last month in New York, there were three evenings of music from the time of Louis XIV: given by the Waverly Consort, by Opera Atelier, and by Les Arts Florissants.



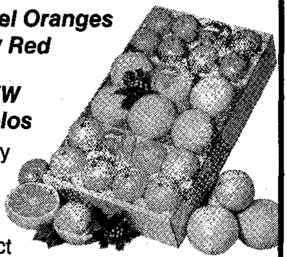
The Waverly season is entitled "Musick's Majestie" and subtitled "Four Monarchs and Their Musicians." The first concert was a tercentenary tribute to Lully, the Sun King's chief musician. There were five airs de cour by his father-in-law, Michel Lambert; a generous serving from François Couperin's "L'Apothéose de Lully;" music by Charpentier, Delalande (the radiant motet "Regina coeli"), D'Anglebert; and the plainte for Lambert by the shadowy Du Buisson, known to history as a *fameux buveur* who "gave lessons in music and feasting to Paris visitors, especially Germans," and composed many drinking songs. There was also some Lully, but not very much of him: excerpts from "Le Triomphe de l'Amour" and "Psyché" at the start and four of his greatest hits—"Deh! piangete," "Il faut passer," "Bois épais," and the Turkish scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—at the close.

Waverly concerts are well planned and well presented, with a feeling for balance, contrast, and a pleasing progress from number to number. The program books, edited by Kay Jaffee, printed by Do-Best Printing, are the best in the city: iconographically, typographically, and in content. (The first article in the book for this concert was by Voltaire.) The performances were not of Arts Florissants quality, but they were sensitive and enjoyable. The monarchs to be celebrated in the later programs are Maximilian I, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and Elizabeth of England. If I'm not a regular attender at Waverly events, it is in part because I find the hall in which they are given, Alice Tully Hall, something of a damper both to the spirits and to the sound of early music. Economics, inevitably, come into the choice of venue. Waverly has acquired an audience that fills Tully Hall twice over, and each concert is given twice. If it were to move the concerts to Town Hall, which holds more people but holds them compactly and intimately, audiences might fall off. The Times Square area still draws theatre- and cinemagoers, but Town Hall has not yet regained the high position in New York's musical life which once it held. In an ideal world, Donald Trump would engage Hugh Hardy to design for the huge developments being planned for the vacant acres west of Lincoln Center the resonant concert halls, the intimate opera houses and theatres, the concert room for early music, the electronically equipped hall for the newest music, the cinemas, the attics and cellars for experimental work which Lincoln Center lacks. (Amid, of course, winter galleries and summer parks and gardens, and with attendant restaurants, cafés, music shops, bookshops, record shops all open into the small hours.) Even in this world, it ought to be possible to rewrite arrangements with the musicians' and stage unions so that Lincoln Center's best performing space, the Juilliard Theatre (a thousand-seater, like Tully), could, instead of being dark most nights of the week, hold the mini-Met that James Levine dreams of, the Waverly Consort, the Chamber Music Society, and other things that would overflow Merkin or Christ and St. Stephen's but are unfavorably housed in Tully.

Opera Atelier, a Toronto company whose earlier productions have included Monteverdi's "Orfeo," Purcell's "Dido," and Handel's "Giulio Cesare," presented Charpentier's pastorale "Actéon"—a miniature tragédie lyrique—in Grace Church, on Broadway. Renwick's building is decent mid-nineteenth-century Gothic, but it is not a theatrical space and does not have good sight lines for opera. I reviewed the Arts Florissants "Actéon" two years ago; Opera Atelier's, given in English translation, was less captivating. Charpentier wrote the title role in the alto clef, for an haute-contre, and he made a version of the piece with the role adjusted for a soprano. Les Arts Florissants used a countertenor; Opera Atelier used a rather burly baritone, who was less delicately affecting in the transformation scene. Jane Leibel, the Diana, was the most polished singer. Les Arts Florissants prefaced "Actéon" with Rameau's one-act "Anacréon." Opera Atelier gave, as a curtain-raiser, a scene from the prologue to Rameau's ballet héroïque "Zaïs." The troupe practices Baroque dance and Baroque stage gesturing; the latter needs to be well done if it is not to make a primping, finicky effect.

Les Arts Florissants performed in the Grace Rainey Rogers auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum, not at full strength, with orchestra and chorus, but as a choice touring group of six singers, accompanied by Mr. Christie at harpsichord or organ and a viola da gamba. I can't review the performance—it coincided with Parnassus' presentation, in Merkin, of Jonathan Harvey's "Bhakti," and, other things being more or less equal, a critic gives preference to new music—but was able to hear most of the program in rehearsal. It comprised two scenes of "Atys," a scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," eight airs by Lambert, the Du Buisson plainte that Waverly had done, and music by Charpentier. One of the delights of recent years has been hearing page after page of H. Wiley Hitchcock's big Charpentier catalogue brought to life, and discovering the range, the richness, and the consistently high quality of Charpentier's invention.

The Met program included the first scene of "Les Arts Florissants," the opera from which the ensemble takes its name; the "Stances du Cid," a setting of speeches from Corneille's play (which Mr. Christie in a program note called "very simply the marriage of great music and great poetry,"



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as if Byrd had set Shakespeare); and the extraordinary, autobiographical "Epitaphium Carpentarij." At Heaven's gate, a Spirit meets Ignatius and Marcellus and introduces himself: "I was a musician, considered good by good musicians and ignorant by those who were ignorant. Since those who scorned me were more numerous than those who praised, music became to me a small honor and a heavy burden." Angelic strains ring out, hymning the Trinity; the Spirit contrasts them with the music of François Chaperon (Charpentier's predecessor at the Sainte-Chapelle) and recommends listening while on earth to ridiculous, "capronical" music, as a penance for which the music of Heaven will be reward. There is humorous yet bitter parody of Chaperon, and, for the angelic consort, there is music in Charpentier's most shining and beautiful vein. The "Epitaphium" is a six-voice piece; Les Arts Florissants did it with five singers, allowing the countertenor who sang the role of Charpentier's Spirit a share, too, in the music of Heaven. Next year—exciting news—the ensemble plans to stage the five-act tragédie lyrique "David et Jonathas."

THE Gus S. Wortham Theatre Center in Houston, America's newest opera house, home now of the Houston Grand Opera and the Houston Ballet, cost seventy million dollars. Beside the soaring splendors, follies, and vulgarities of downtown Houston, it makes a slightly dumpy impression—a large, right-angled, rather squat brick building, trimmed with granite, that might be a train station or a jail. The architect was Eugene Aubrey. The façade, with a glazed central arch rising to roof level, parodies Tewkesbury Abbey. On entering, one is faced with not a grand staircase but a twin-flight escalator, suggesting a store, a modern bank, or a London subway station. The escalator, flanked by eight tall Albert Paley sculptures that wave colored steel tentacles at visitors, debouches into an enormous, rather plain foyer. It could contain a six-story building; a preliminary article suggested that a herd of longhorns could roam it without feeling hemmed in. Having crossed this foyer, most operagoers must then descend again, down stairs and into corridors that lead, left and right, to the two auditoriums.

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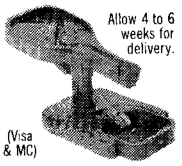

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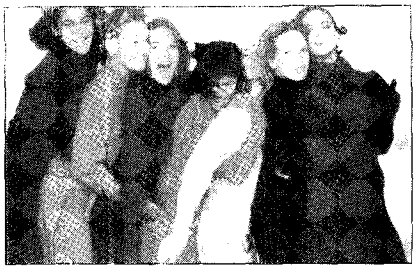

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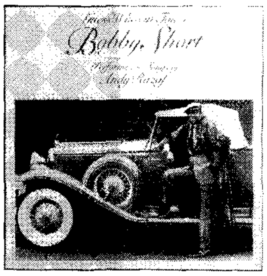

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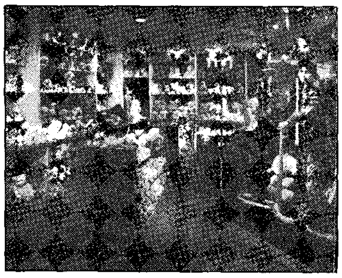

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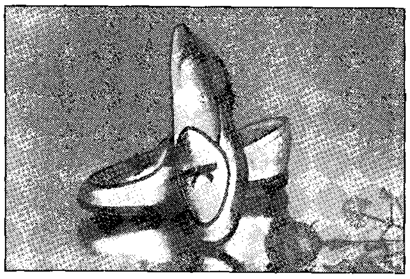

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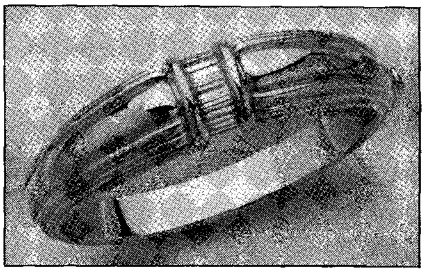

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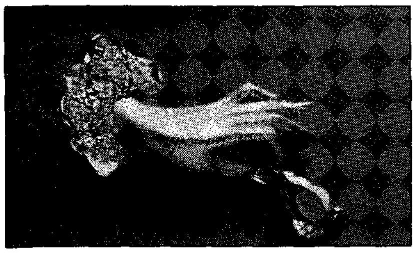

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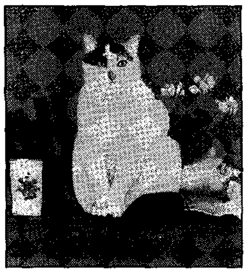

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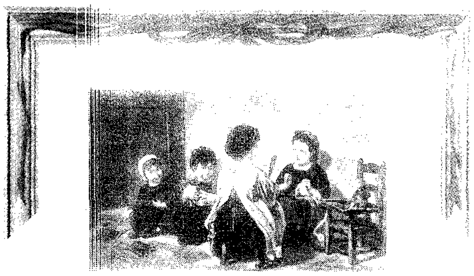

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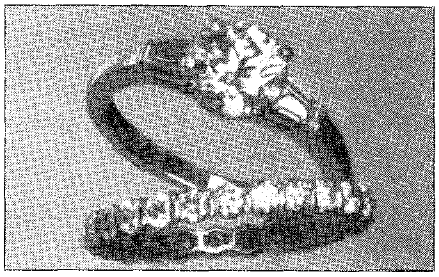

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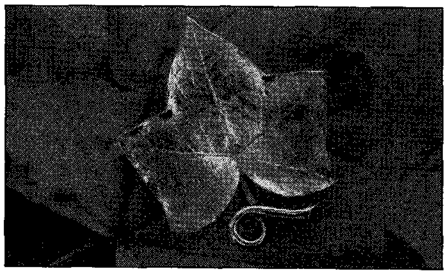

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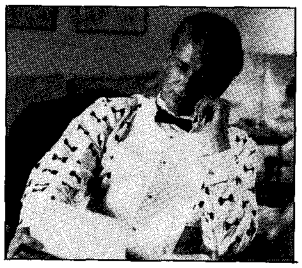

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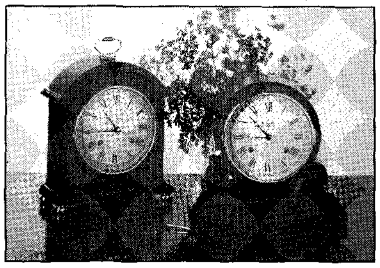

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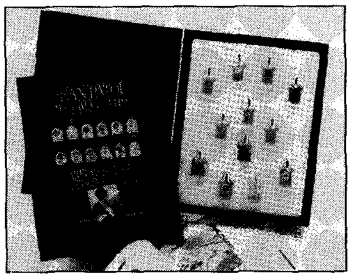

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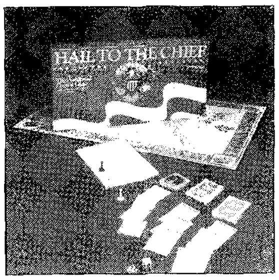

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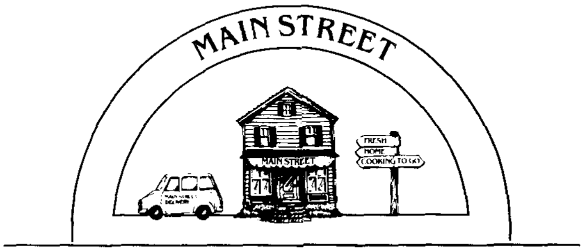

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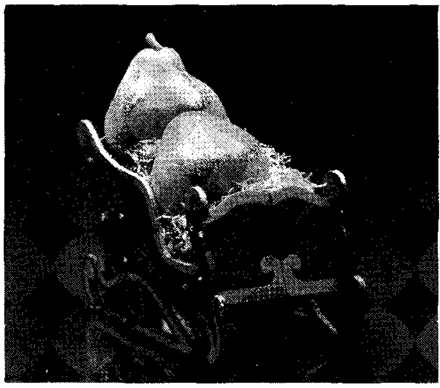

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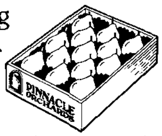

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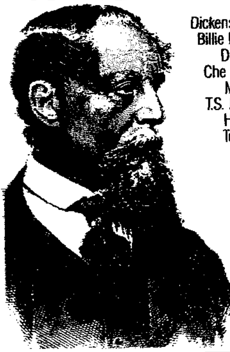

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than many big American houses hold, but in a configuration that makes the place seem big: the audience is not wrapped around the stage; there are only three tiers, pushed well back; the parterre audience sits in long, long rows, most of them stretching toward blank walls. The sight lines are admirable, but the slope of the balcony floor is alarmingly steep. The acoustics, by Chris Jaffe, are still being "tuned." At the first production, "Aida," one could hear the voices well enough but in a way that seemed more boomy than clear, warm, and defined; and the voice-orchestra balance was uneasy. The tendency of our day is to bring opera orchestras out and up into the house, so that the players—as in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—are able to hear the singers, balance with them, make music with them. (At the Met, James Levine's raising of the orchestra pit has just about ended the old complaints about orchestral playing that drowned the voices.) But in Houston, in both houses, the orchestra is buried in a deep pit extending back under the stage. It was a fine idea for Bayreuth—but that's a very special theatre, built for special operas.

The "Aida" was a routine affair, with Placido Domingo going through reliable paces and Mirella Freni, a lyric soprano who has hardened her once lovely voice, grappling with the title role. The designer, Pier Luigi Pizzi, gave both of them an unhappy appearance: Mr. Domingo had bare feet, a gilded mini-kilt, and a long blue train; Miss Freni wore a narrow, ill-cut blue dress and a golliwog wig. Mr. Pizzi's set consisted of panels, columns, and, in the triumph scene, bleachers swishing to and fro, with a colossal head of Ptah in the temple and the Nile scenes. Simple "Aida"s can be striking. One in Munich, designed by Helmut Jürgens—essentially just very tall panels, gold on one side and silver on the other—I remember as the most splendid and dramatic I have seen. The Houston "Aida" was visually dull. (I must add, however, that the performance I attended had been lit for television; the décor was said to look more shadowy and romantic on other occasions.) Stefania Toczyska was a strident Amneris, Ingvar Wixell a plain Amonasro. Emil Tchakarov conducted with a technique too elaborately flamboyant to admit of the constant small adjustments that keep singers and orchestra together. The singing of the chorus, trained

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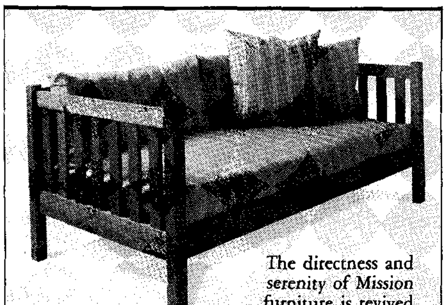

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by Coloney Ballard, was admirable.

The smaller house, the Lillie and Roy Cullen Theatre, holds just over a thousand people but has been laid out in a way that denies intimacy. Instead of packing the audience close to the stage, the plan distances them. The first opera given here was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," directed by Peter Mark Schifter and conducted by John DeMain. It was done, deliberately, in a cheap, tacky way. A nineteen-thirties B-movie, with a plot about Americans on a Turkish island, falling foul of the local governor, is being made. (This is at least the fourth production of the year to have recourse to the let's-film-an-opera device.) The director plays the Pasha in his own film, and in life, too, he has designs on the leading lady. It sounds awful, but it had vitality and—after the meaningless, undramatic parades of the "Aida"—it was, at least, lively and entertaining. Most of the singing was passable, and that of the Constanze, Evelyn de la Rosa, was accomplished.

"MAGDALENA," a musical by Heitor Villa-Lobos, opened in Los Angeles in 1948 and, later that year, came to the Ziegfeld Theatre, where it was well reviewed and ran for nearly three months. Jules Dassin was the director, Jack Cole the choreographer; and it was declared the most expensive show that had been produced on Broadway. "Magdalena" was revived for the first time last week, at a concert performance in Tully Hall. Vasco Mariz's monograph on the composer calls the music "a crazy quilt of the best Villa-Lobos themes" and the libretto "a very commonplace plot bad enough to drag down any music composed for it." How much music Villa-Lobos did compose for it must be in doubt until some Ph.D. candidate gets to work correlating the score against Villa-Lobos's earlier compositions. "Magdalena" was commissioned from the team of Robert Wright and George Forrest, adepts at providing catchy tunes with catchy lyrics. They were riding high on "Song of Norway" (after Grieg). Among their later collaborations are "Czaritza" (after Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony), the opera in the movie "Maytime;" the 1949 version of "The Great Waltz" (after Johann Strauss I and II); and "Kismet" (after Borodin). Wright and Forrest—glaring omissions from American Grove—met as students at Miami High in

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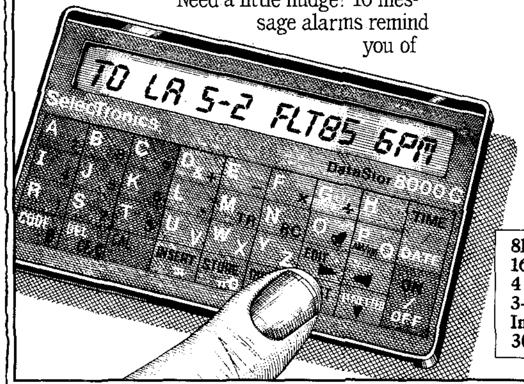

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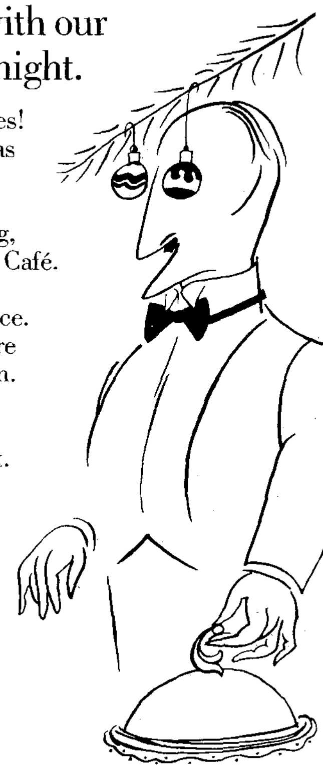

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1929, and are still working together; they were bright presences at the "Magdalena" revival. Maybe someone should write a catchy operetta about *them*.

Villa-Lobos, however, thought he had been engaged to compose a new score, not merely authorize a pasticcio. When he learned otherwise, he approached Wright and Forrest (according to a recent interview with the former) "in tears" and said, "You tell me what to write and I'll write it. You know everything I've ever written. Tell me what you want to use, and I'll decorate it in a different way if the copyrights are free, and if they're not, I'll write something even more beautiful." What resulted is a lush, tuneful score, richly orchestrated, rhythmically and melodically picturesque, with the verve that is never absent from Villa-Lobos's music. The book is drivel, and in some aspects actually unpleasant. The titular Magdalena—the Colombian river, flowing from the Andes into the Caribbean—is apostrophized in one song but has nothing to do with the plot. There is a romance between Maria, a devout Christian Indian, and Pedro, a bus driver, pagan, and partisan. The emerald mines are owned by General Carabana, villain and buffo in one. He has a Parisian mistress, Teresa, who is a good cook. The General, lusting for Maria, arranges for Pedro's assassination; a bomb is planted in the bus. Teresa kills the General with one of her famous meals and makes off with the precious Carabana necklace. Pedro returns, apparently from the dead: Maria hails a miracle, while Pedro thanks his hardy frame. There are also local ceremonies and festivities; in the theatre, "Magdalena" was doubtless rich fare for eyes as well as ears.

A concert performance seemed justified, though it might have been better to do just the musical numbers, scrapping the dialogue and the plot. Orchestra New England, conducted by Evans Haile, played with brio. The Connecticut Choral Artists sang with enthusiasm. The soloists, however, were hampered by blatant—sometimes earsplitting—overamplification. Only Judy Kaye, a bright, accurate artist, as Teresa, commanded the electronic medium securely, making the most of two songs about cooking. Faith Esham and Kevin Gray were Maria and Pedro. George Rose was the General. John Raitt, the 1948 Pedro, returned to the show as a Tribal Elder, to lead the title song. —ANDREW PORTER

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THE THEATRE

Three of a Kind

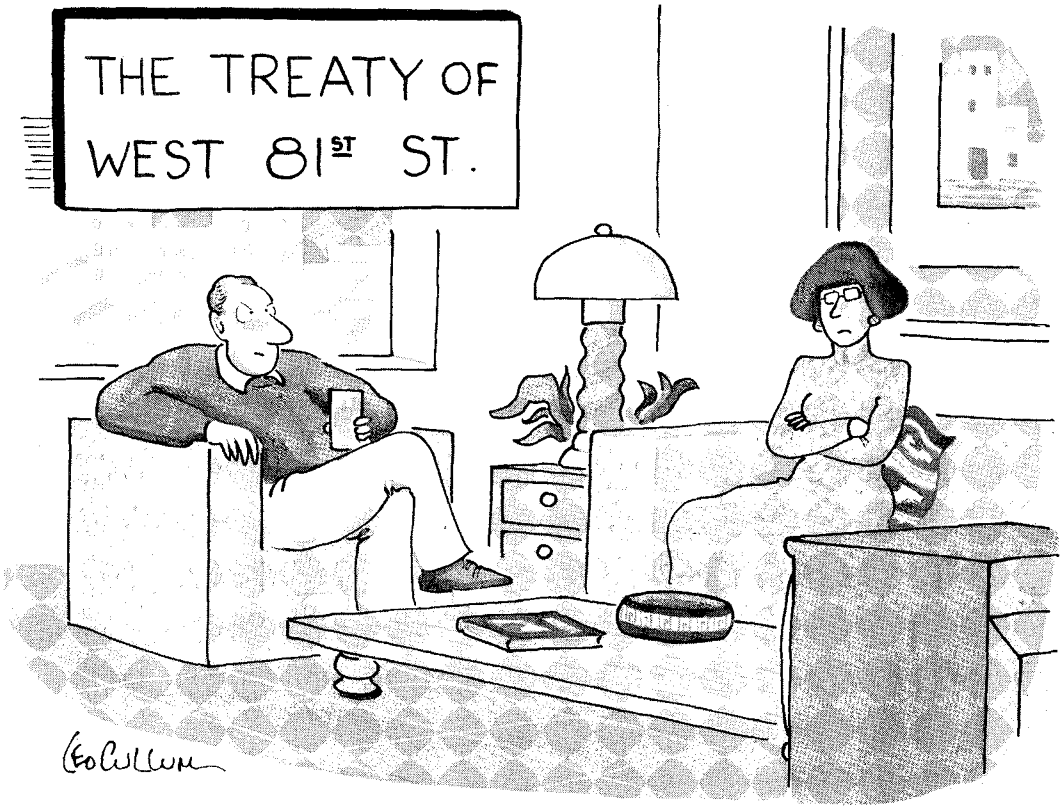
Reinaldo Povod is a good writer and a born dramatist. His "Cuba and His Teddy Bear"—about a drug dealer and his young son—was performed by Robert De Niro and an excellent company on Broadway and off, and was one of the strongest plays of last season. Last week, Mr. Povod's "La Puta Vida Trilogy" ("This Bitch of a Life") opened at the Public, but although, again, the writing and the casting are impeccable, Mr. Povod has provided his audience with a truly miserable evening. At the beginning, after the obligatory music and drumming, a fellow called Papo (Michael Carmine) walks onto a bare stage, which is covered with torn paper and other litter, to tell us about himself and his deep attachment to his mother, who is very ill and in intensive care at some nearby hospital; if she should die, he tells us, he will have to kill somebody in the audience. Meanwhile, he will present a trilogy he has written about the Hispanic community on the lower East Side—a trilogy composed more of sketches than of plays. (And which, by the way, Mr. Povod wrote before "Cuba.") The first of the three plays is set in a "shooting gallery," where a Vietnam veteran, with a patch over an empty eye socket (Michael Guess), has come to give himself a fix of heroin. As he does so, a nut (John Leguizamo) keeps questioning him about the missing eye, insists on offering one of his own good ones to replace it, since he is planning suicide anyway, and then takes the offer back. In the second play, a little boy (Miguel Correa), alone in a kitchen, starts to masturbate, injures himself slightly and calls out the window for help. Help turns out to be a homosexual child molester (John Turturro), who, I must confess, proves to be rather funny and beguiling. The third, and worst, play consists entirely of the sexual advances and repulsion between a mother, who is a stripper (Rosana DeSoto), and her son (Mr. Turturro). Declaring that sex on a stage or in a movie is boring has always seemed a cop-out to me, but I must confess that I switched off long before the mother stabbed the son and he beat her to death with a baseball bat. At the very end, Papo returns to tell us that his own mother has been sprung from intensive care, so nobody out front gets killed.

And what can be the use of it is more than I can see. True, Mr. Povod has opened up a world unknown to many of his audience, and every line rings true, but he has left it at that, providing no indelible characters to stick to our ribs. Bill Hart was the capable director. The good settings were designed by Donald Eastman and lighted by Anne Militello, and the appropriate costumes were by Gabriel Berry. —Edith Oliver

Train Wreck

"The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," currently being revived at the WPA Theatre, is Tennessee Williams' play about a handsome young man who arrives mysteriously at an Italian villa and gets all the women there very excited. Set in 1962, it chiefly concerns Flora Goforth, an aging actress who has come to the Divina Costiera to write her memoirs. A former Follies girl who has lost six husbands, Mrs. Goforth—known as Sissy—is now dying herself, though of what is not entirely clear. (At times, such as when Mrs. Goforth has herself injected with morphine, it seems to be cancer. At other times, such as when she coughs blood, it seems to be tuberculosis—though, as far as I know, tuberculosis was not a big problem in 1962, so perhaps it is cancer after all.) Living with Mrs. Goforth and helping her to organize the story of her life and loves is her personal secretary, Frances Black—known as Blackie—whom she alternately abuses and exploits. Also drifting in and out of the villa is Mrs. Goforth's friend Vera Ridgeway Condotti, another wealthy and faded widow who is known, for no discernible reason, as the Witch of Capri.

Christopher Flanders, the new arrival, is the pivotal figure in the play. A jack-of-all-trades—part parasite, part visionary—he constructs mobiles, dabbles in literary translation, and travels around Europe making his home with rich women of advanced years. He's also a poet, also an erstwhile ski instructor—though sadly out of shape, for, winded (apparently) by the mountainous terrain and the long climb up to the villa, he falls asleep immediately on arrival and is put to bed. When Vera, a fierce gossip, tells Mrs. Goforth over drinks that night



that Chris's reputation as a companion to dying women has earned him the nickname the Angel of Death, she is horrified. Haglike, the two women go in to ogle Chris, thinking him still asleep. On rising later, he describes the incident to Blackie, who, having taken a liking to the young man, goes to bed with him. The following day, Mrs. Goforth attempts to humiliate Chris, first by withholding food and then by offering herself to him. When he rebuffs her, explaining that he'd hoped to bring spiritual, not physical, comfort, Mrs. Goforth flies into a rage and sends him away. The play ends with Chris starting back down the mountain and Mrs. Goforth weakly imploring Blackie to bring him back.

The first Broadway production of "Milk Train" (with Hermione Baddeley in the role of Sissy Goforth) opened in January of 1963 and ran for sixty-nine performances. The following year, a revised version of the play opened on Broadway on New Year's Day and closed four nights later. The present revival, which features Elizabeth Ashley as Flora Goforth, Amanda Plummer as Blackie, and Marian Seldes as Vera Ridgeway Condotti, is strictly for those who feel either that Williams can do no wrong or that no wrong can be done him. That it seems so traumatizingly long and boring—and productions like it have been known to make mutes scream—may be partly due to the presence of three actresses of such disparate extravagant tendencies. All three overact dreadfully, but in such different ways that the result is fascinating, though ultimately exhausting. Miss Ashley favors old-fashioned Method realism, Miss Seldes old-fashioned mannerism. Playing Mrs. Goforth with the rough, gravelly voice of a Texas jukebox mama, Miss Ashley sounds like a lower-class version of Tallulah Bankhead, who played the role in the second Broadway production. Miss Seldes, for her part, is putting her all into getting across the message that the Witch of Capri is a comic character: she does funny things with her mouth, and tilts her body toward or away from the audience, and dangles her absurdly long-seeming arms loose from the elbow. If we've seen these tricks once, we've seen them a thousand times, and if we've seen Miss Seldes in "Painting Churches" we've seen her as Vera Ridgeway Condotti. Amanda Plummer, meanwhile, is doing her own thing in her own special way. It's not the Method hamming that Miss Ashley is engaged in or the grand-actress hamming of Miss Seldes but something newfangled and unique to Plummer—"unnaturalism," I suppose you might call it. As Blackie, a character who is likened at one point to "a Brownie den mother," Miss Plummer works hard to seem disengaged from whatever is happening onstage. Wrapped up in her own unholy thoughts, she takes on the aspect of a slightly disturbed adolescent: she's always looking off somewhere, as though she were seeing Hamlet's father's ghost. Seemingly incapable of delivering a line without affectation, she speaks now with a Bryn Mawr accent, now in baby talk, now as though English were her second language. To a simple observation—"There's no wind"—she brings a whole casebook of interesting subtextual meanings.

For the record, it's only fair to point out the difference between Miss Ashley's performance and the performances of Miss Plummer and Miss Seldes. There is, after all, such a thing as honest acting that fails. In Elizabeth Ashley's Mrs. Goforth I found not a shred of authenticity, but her performance had a kind of honest bravado. What's going on with Plummer and Seldes is something quite different—a kind of passive upstaging not often encountered in the professional theatre. Both actresses appear unable to go out of focus, as it were—to watch or listen to another character without seeming to want to attract attention to themselves. They radiate a kind of narcissistic energy, which—when bad acting vies with bad acting on the few occasions when the two of them share the stage—becomes a psychic wrestling match. Watching Seldes and Ashley two-step staggeringly about the stage with drinks in their hands, watching Plummer lurk broodingly, I was struck by the utter impossibility of three such actresses wringing any kind of pathos out of this material.

The character of Blackie in "Milk Train" is a bit of an anomaly. Alone of the central figures in the play, she fails to fit into a Tennessee Williams mold. Mrs. Goforth comes from a long line of desperate older women—like Blanche DuBois and Amanda Wingfield, like Alexandra del Lago in "Sweet Bird of Youth" and Big Mama in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"—who either live on illusions and

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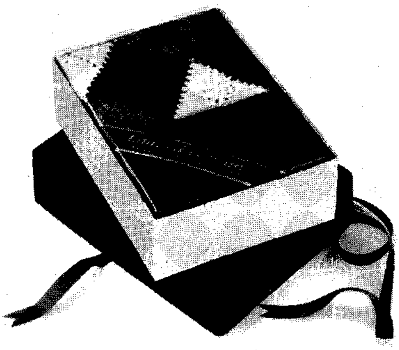

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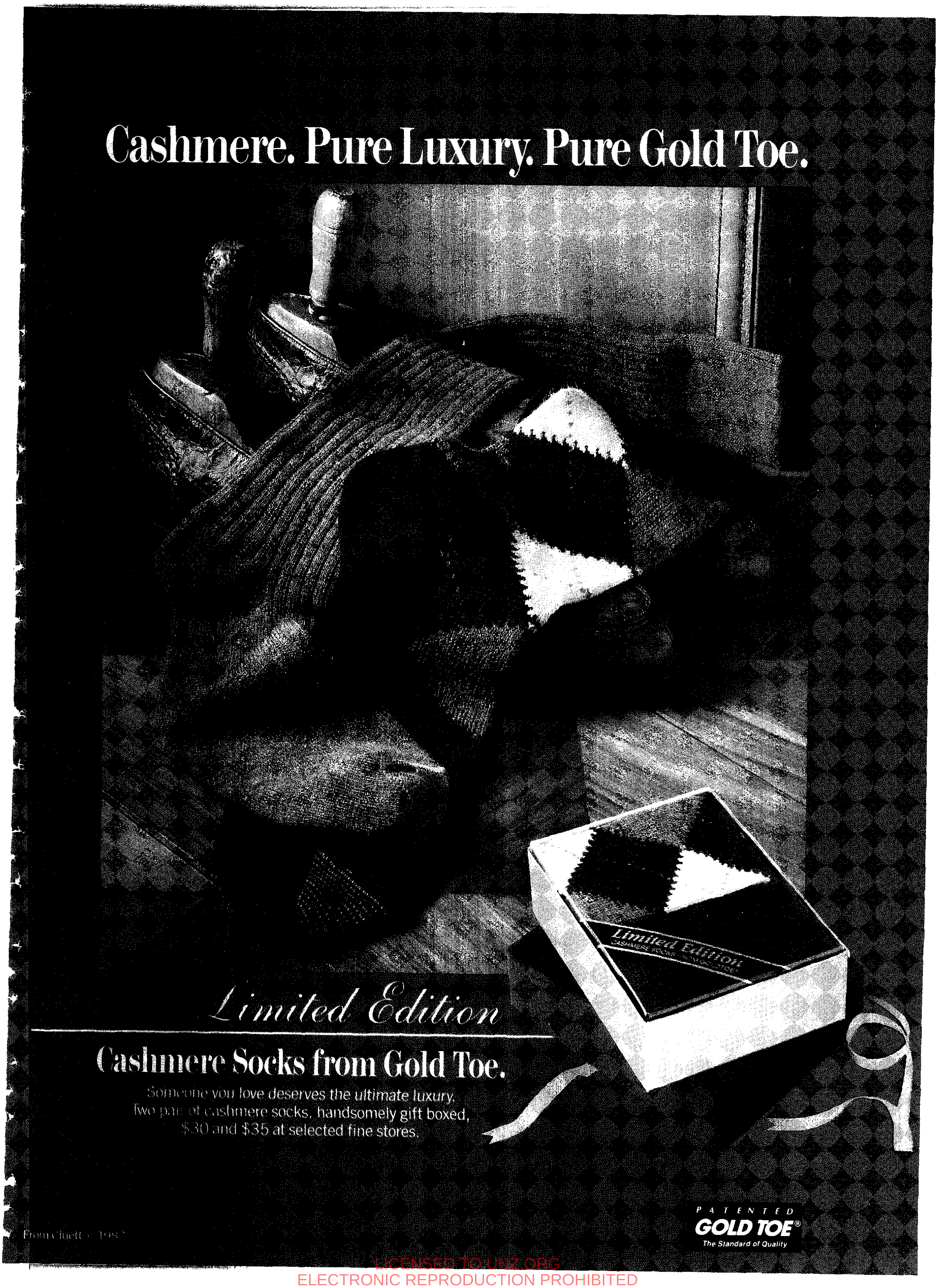
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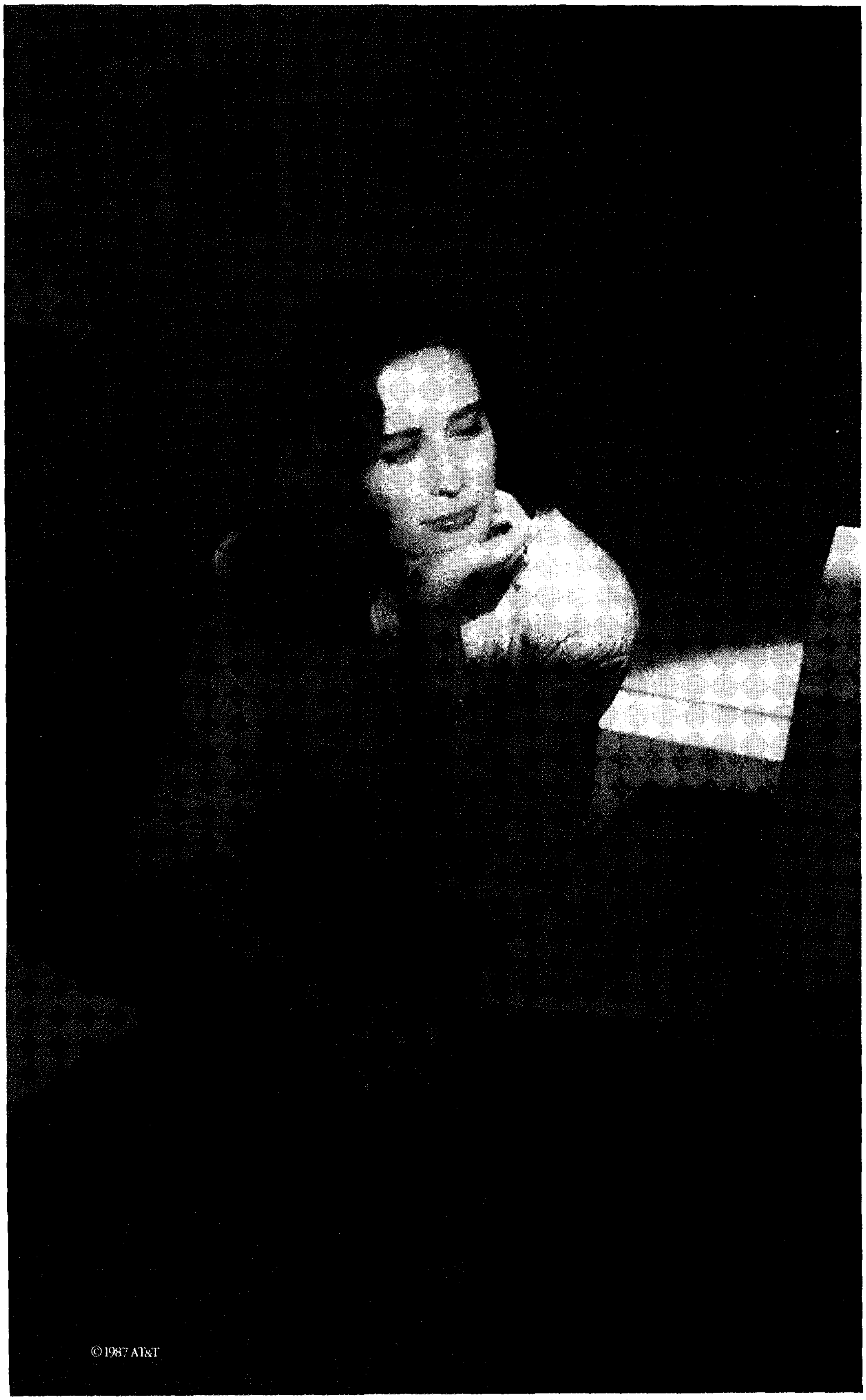

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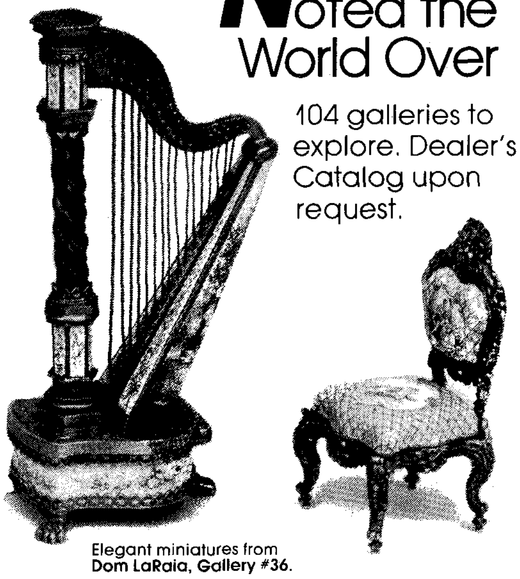
dreams of their fairer past or are unable to face death head on. Young Flanders comes from a long line of poet-parasites. He's one of that crowd of proud, beautiful young men in Williams' work who—like Val in "Orpheus Descending," Chance Wayne in "Sweet Bird of Youth," and the young man in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone"—are vagrants and freeloaders yet always, somehow, more spiritually attuned than the women they prey on, and reluctant (though wryly willing) to be sexually used. Even the bitchy Vera is a Williams type. Yet for Blackie, who is neither greatly overwritten nor sentimentalized, who occasionally employs sarcasm (rare in Williams) and who has some rudimentary capacity for judging those around her, I can find no precursor—unless, perhaps, it is Tom in "The Glass Menagerie." A college girl, sharp and blunt, Blackie is somewhat less stagy than most Williams creations: not realistic, exactly, but cinematic. Williams couldn't help daubing her slightly with the too-deep-for-tears mystique of suffering with which he imbued so many of his characters. (Blackie comes to Mrs. Goforth, for instance, "fresh from the deathbed of [her] young husband.") Still, she's made up of Hollywood, rather than Broadway, clichés. And, standing, like Tom Wingfield, midway between an ethereal spirit and a delusionary, she's the closest thing the play has to a moral norm.

To cast in such a role an actress like Miss Plummer, who specializes in the abnormal—the possessed ("Agnes of God"), the withdrawn ("The Glass Menagerie"), the brain-damaged ("A Lie of the Mind"), the mad ("Daniel")—seems inordinately perverse. Equally perverse is the performance that the director, Kevin Conway, has elicited from Stephen McHattie as Flanders. Mr. McHattie, who has proved himself able enough in situations where he can play for the broadest possible comedy—he was a good Hector Hushabye in the Circle in the Square revival of "Heartbreak House"—here delivers his lines in funereal tones, like a dying prophet or a psychopath. He overacts so badly in silence that we're bored before he opens his mouth.

Other aspects of the production are equally inexplicable. Candice Donnelly's costumes are alternately shop-worn and anachronistic. Miss Plummer and Miss Ashley both wear eighties hair styles throughout the production, and Miss Plummer wears eight-



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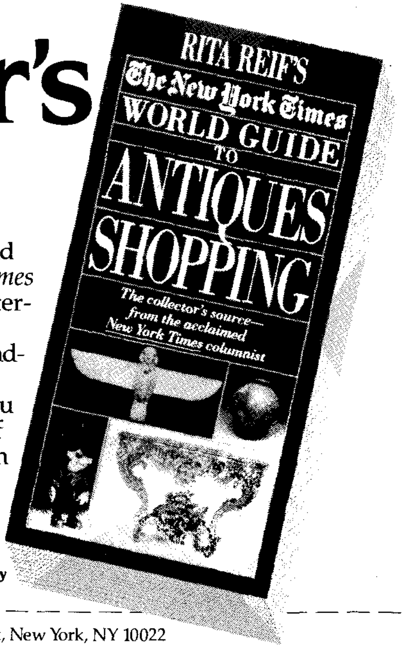
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ies clothes. (In Act I, she wears slacks and the same kind of striped man-tailored blouse that Ellen Barkin looked so terrific in this summer in "The Big Easy.") At one point, Miss Ashley appears wearing non-matching earrings—a long, dangling feather and a rhinestone post. Miss Seldes is got up in a costume that any self-respecting child would refuse to wear to a Halloween party: a gown of grimy-looking *chiffon—turquoise and spring* green—awash with rhinestones, and set off by silver dime-store shoes. Mr. Conway's direction is a bouillabaisse of mistaken assumptions about what can and cannot be accomplished with non-realistic staging. He has characters glancing at one another through stone walls and Miss Seldes fishing an olive out of her cocktail with gloved fingers. Even the set, by far the most pleasant aspect of the production, proves ultimately unworkable. Designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco and lighted by Craig Evans, its bright stonework, laced with marble and white bougainvillea, is pretty to look at but requires areas that have been vividly defined as exterior spaces to double as interiors. There isn't much scenery left, in any case, by the time the cast gets through with it.

—MIMI KRAMER

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CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

Dear Abby's column yesterday incorrectly stated that a man's hiccups were temporarily cured through the use of carbon monoxide. The treatment involved carbon dioxide.—*Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

Too late.

•

SIR,—Writing about the current controversy at Warwickshire County Cricket Club, your correspondent, Martin Swain, reports that "David Heath had carried the burden of two 'bum wraps.' "

Just what are these 'bum wraps'? My wife claims that they must be babies' nappies but I am inclined to believe that they are merely long sweaters worn by fast bowlers who wish to keep warm between overs.

D C COLLEY

Moseley,
Birmingham.

• Martin Swain writes: Close, Mr Colley, but not quite correct! The "bum wraps" were new chairman Bob Evans's description for claims that Heath had taken the secretary's job unfairly and then clung to a committee's chairmanship against club rules. It is an Americanism we would not normally use.

—*Birmingham (England) Post.*

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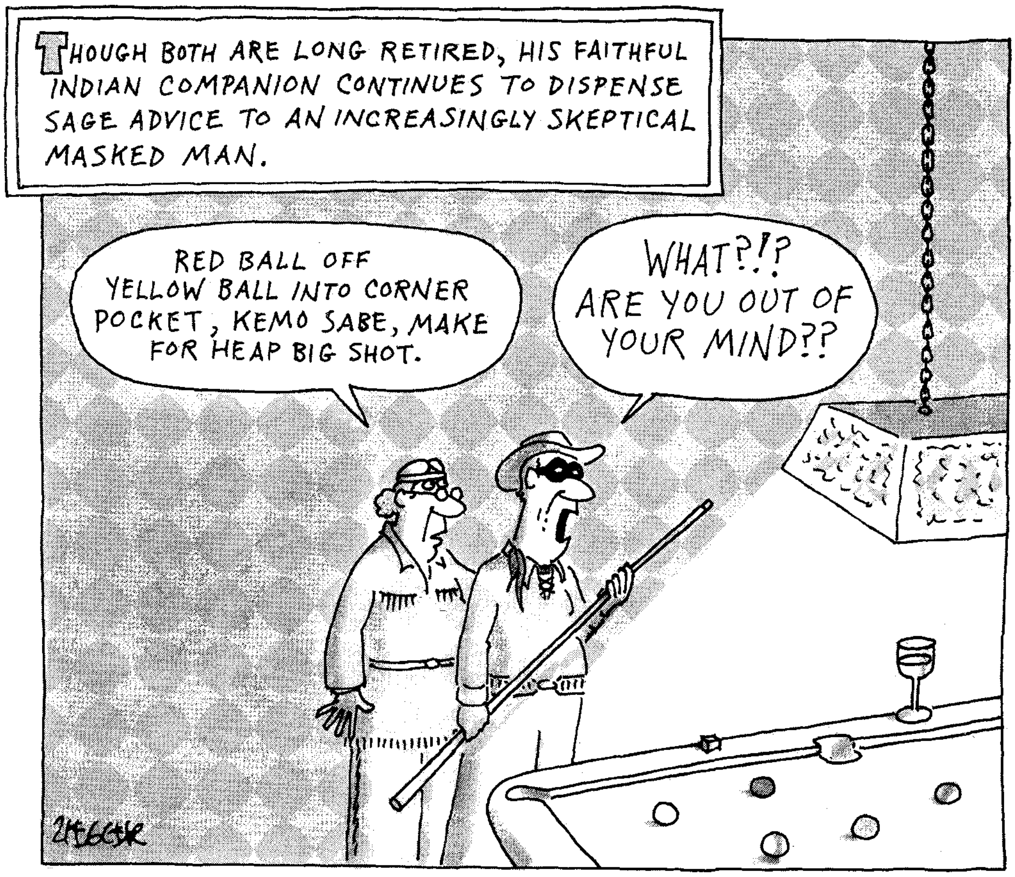
Becoming a Great Naturalist

THE published record of science tends to be a misleading—at times, even sanitized—account of how science progresses. By convention, formal scientific books and papers usually omit failed experiments and conceptual missteps, thus transmuting a tortuous advance into an apparently straightforward march from ignorance to knowledge. Perhaps the ultimate reality of the scientist's journey to understanding is no more accessible than that of any other human endeavor, but a good deal of it is discernible in the private record of journals, notebooks, and correspondence.

Since 1974, a monumental effort has been under way—funded by an impressive array of public granting agencies and private philanthropies—to publish the letters of Charles Darwin. The principal editors—Frederick Burkhardt, in the United States, and Sydney Smith, in England—have found approximately fourteen thousand letters to and from Darwin, about ten thousand of them in the Cambridge University Library and the rest in libraries and private collections elsewhere in the world. They have issued a complete list of these materials, including a brief summary of each item, in "A Calendar of the Correspondence of Charles Darwin, 1821-1882" (Garland; $110). It is estimated that only twenty per cent of the letters have previously appeared in print. Some collectors have declined to permit the Darwin project to publish their holdings, fearing that the market value of the items would be diminished. Mr. Burkhardt deems the fear groundless, noting that a four-page Darwin letter that had been published in its entirety in 1893 fetched thirty-two hundred dollars in 1983. Most of the correspondence is to be published eventually. The editors intend to bring out by the end of this decade an initial seven volumes, comprising some twenty-five hundred letters and covering Darwin's life through 1859—the year of the publication of "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection."

"The Correspondence of Charles Darwin: Volume I, 1821-1836" and "The Correspondence of Charles Darwin: Volume II, 1837-1843" (Cambridge; $37.50 each) have now been issued, and Volume III will appear soon. The first volume begins when Darwin was a twelve-year-old schoolboy and ends with his return, at the age of twenty-seven, from the voyage of the Beagle. Of three hundred and thirty-eight letters, almost half were written during the journey, which began on December 27, 1831. Though originally planned for two years, it lasted nearly five, during which the Beagle mainly plied the east and west coasts of South America and the continent's tip, at Tierra del Fuego, then completed a circumnavigation of the globe via the South Pacific and the Indian Ocean. The second volume, containing about four hundred letters, covers the period of Darwin's life when he established himself as a young scientist in London, forged his theory of evolution, married Emma Wedgwood, and moved, with his burgeoning young family, to Down House, in Kent. Both volumes are splendid examples of wise and exacting editorial practice. The editors have taken pains to decipher Darwin's difficult script as accurately as possible—and to date the letters, identify the correspondents, and not only annotate but index the texts. They have included the letters to Darwin. In all, they have provided admirably self-contained volumes, which one need not be a Darwin scholar to read with profit.

The authoritativeness of the edition (indeed, the ambitious scope of the letters project itself) bespeaks the emergence, since the centenary of "On the Origin of Species," of what has been called "the Darwin industry"—a flourishing community of scholars whose energetic range and diverse accomplishments are evident in a recent rich collection of essays, "The Darwinian Heritage" (Princeton; $100), edited by the historian David Kohn, who is also one of the associate editors of the Darwin correspondence. The industry has drawn heavily upon its major capital resource, the vast body of private materials—not only the letters but the notebooks, journals, and diaries that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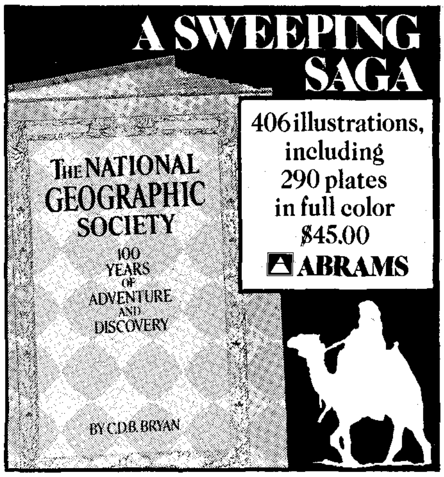
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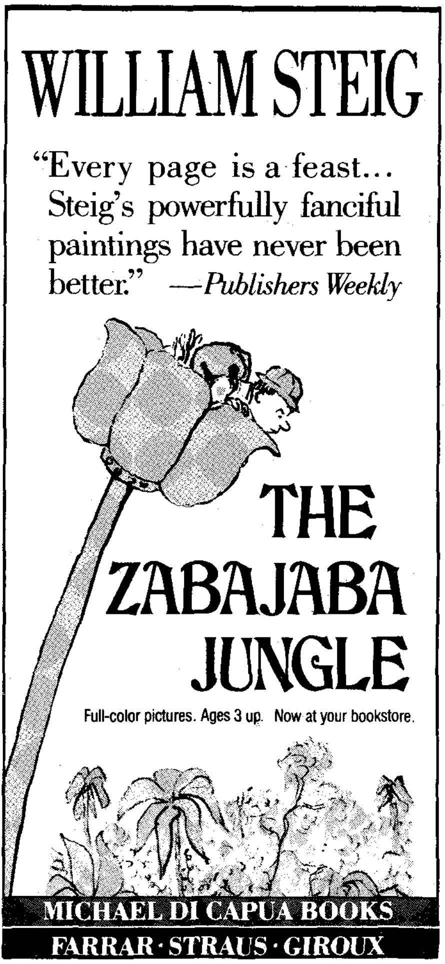
Darwin left, a number of which have been published in excellent editions. Darwin students have compelled major reassessments of how Darwin created his revolutionary theory—especially how he came to be converted to the belief that species are not fixed but mutable.

The conversion, of course, went against not only most religious but also most scientific opinion in England. It was known that the earth contained fossil remains of animals that were extinct, and that different fossil groups tended to be concentrated in particular geological strata, which succeeded one another in time. English natural scientists accounted for the new life forms by holding them to have been created by God, *de novo*, with the opening of each new geological epoch. Darwin himself—who, though he grew during the voyage to doubt the literal truth of the Bible, at the time remained to some degree a Christian believer—reflected in 1835 that a failure to replace extinct species would contradict "the fitness which the Author of Nature has now established."

In the opening sentences of "On the Origin of Species" Darwin set down a version of what had brought him to the realization that species were mutable: "When on board H.M.S. 'Beagle,' as naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. These facts seemed . . . to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers." In 1876, almost twenty years later, in an autobiography that he wrote for his children and for his own amusement—it was published by his family after his death—Darwin spelled out the crucial facts that he thought had been revealed to him during the voyage: "I had been deeply impressed by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armour like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southwards over the Continent; and thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group."

Numerous accounts have built upon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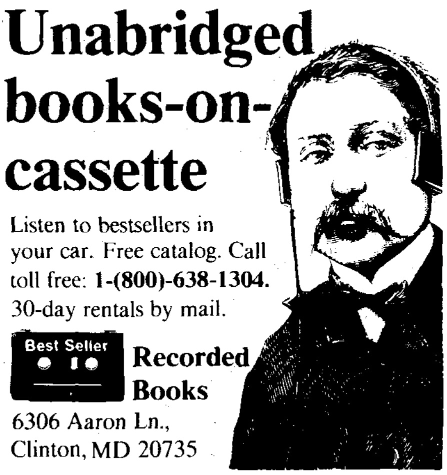
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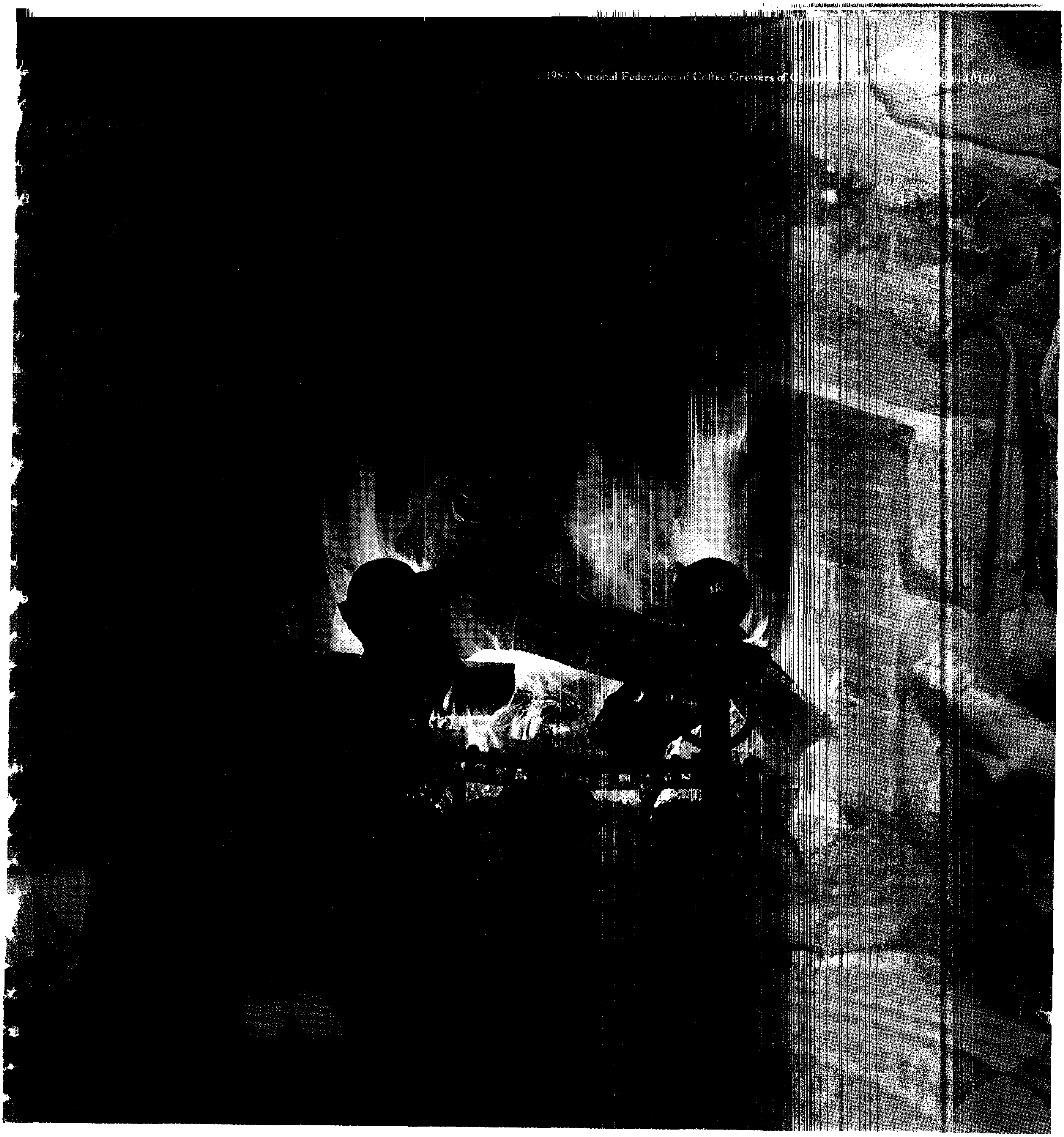
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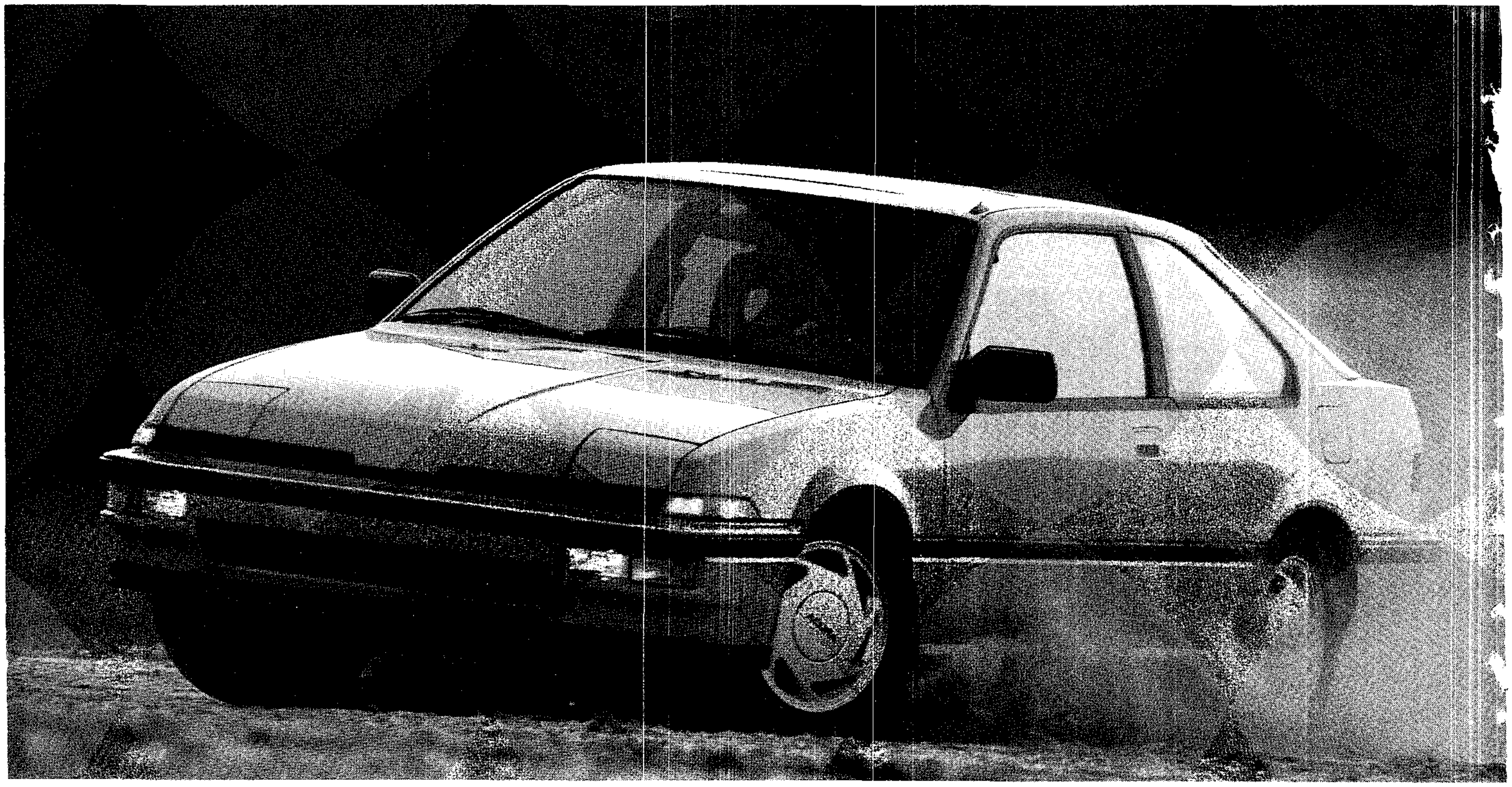

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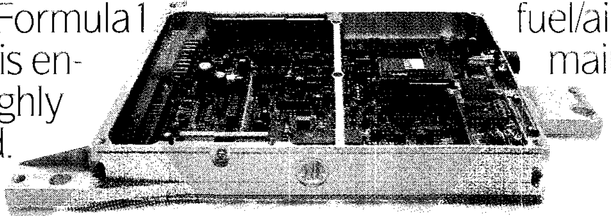

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Darwin's version of the origin of the "Origin," placing heavy weight, as Darwin did himself, upon his experience in the Galápagos, which the Beagle visited from mid-September to mid-October, 1835. Special emphasis has been given to Darwin's having found there a large number of finch species that were closely related to each other, some of them confined to one or another of the four islands that he happened to explore, and exhibiting variations in the shape of their beaks which are now recognized as adaptations to the food supplies of their habitats. In the current textbook understanding, such facts opened Darwin's eyes to the mutability of species and to certain mechanisms—among them geographical isolation and local adaptation—by which species with a common ancestor might diverge into new forms. Darwin's evolutionary insights have thus been placed in a voyage of romantic dimensions which took him out of civilization into the wild—and, by freeing him from the constraints of organized scientific and religious creationism, permitted him to read the data of nature directly and refract their meaning through his genius.

Darwin's autobiography is a candid document. Nevertheless, along with the opening lines of the "Origin," it misrepresents the process of his conversion—particularly the way the voyage of the Beagle figured in it. Darwin's private papers, including the letters, and his voyage specimens, which are preserved in the natural-history section of the British Museum, in London, tell a different story. The historian Gertrude Himmelfarb drew upon some of these materials to argue in "Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution," published in 1959, that while on the voyage Darwin had no epiphany about the mutability of species. In recent years—in several independent studies published in the *Journal of the History of Biology* and elsewhere—Frank Sulloway, of Harvard, and Sandra Herbert, of the University of Maryland, who is an adviser to the Darwin letters project, have demonstrated in decisive detail when and how Darwin came to perceive the evolutionary significance of the voyage specimens.

Although Darwin was knowledgeable about several branches of natural history, he was not expert in systematics. While he was in the Galápagos, he collected what were actually thirteen specimens of finch but misidentified

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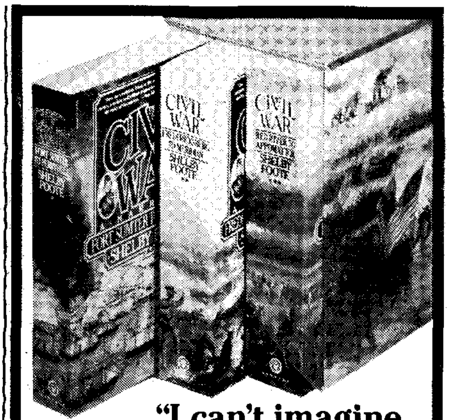
seven of them as belonging to other species, which they mimicked; he thought that all the finch diets were identical; and he did not identify which islands most of his finches came from. To be sure, he did reflect, during the post-Galápagos part of the voyage, on the island-specific differences among the archipelago's mockingbirds. He had begun to wonder about the fixity of species, but he convinced himself that the differing mockingbirds were only varieties of one species, and suspended his doubts.

After his return to England, in October of 1836, Darwin delivered some of his fossil and ornithological evidence to systematists in London. The following February, he learned from Richard Owen, an authority on comparative anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, that certain large bones were those of an extinct giant llama (Owen later decided that it was a giant llama-like creature), and that his other fossils were, similarly, from large and extinct creatures that resembled contemporary inhabitants of South America—specifically, armadillos and sloths. During a mid-March meeting at the Zoological Society of London, the distinguished ornithologist John Gould told Darwin not only that all thirteen of his finch specimens were finches but that they represented thirteen different finch species. Gould also revealed that one of Darwin's South American avian specimens was a previously unknown species of rhea (Gould named it *Rhea darwinii*) closely allied to another, from the northern part of the continent. Darwin had it from Gould, too, that the mockingbirds were in fact three distinct species. Several herpetologists informed him that the Galápagos tortoises, which Darwin had thought were all of one species not native to the islands, represented at least two species, and that, like many of the specimens from the archipelago, they were native to the island group, and were not found on either of the two American continents.

Only after his receipt of these reports did Darwin's doubts about the fixity of species crystallize—probably in March of 1837, according to close historical detective work by Professor Herbert—into a belief in transmutation. The conditions of Darwin's conversion have thus been recast—from circumstances of romantic independence to those of dependence upon the scientific community of Victorian London, particularly Owen and Gould,



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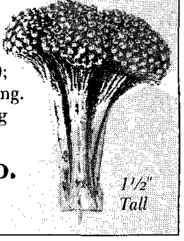

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for expert knowledge. Yet only Darwin—here is the mark of his genius—came to see in transmutational terms the facts known to the London experts.

THE truth of Darwin's conversion may demythologize the voyage of the Beagle, but the journey did, of course, influence him profoundly—in ways that the letters in Volumes I and II of the "Correspondence" make manifest. Darwin, who grew up a comfortable member of the gentry in the Shropshire town of Shrewsbury, in the West of England, was for much of his youth absorbed in shooting birds. He was an uninspired student at the Shrewsbury School and also—as the letters attest—at the University of Edinburgh, where he was sent in 1825 to study medicine, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was shipped in 1828 to be liberally educated for the clergy (and where, as he recalled, he quickly fell into "a sporting set, including some dissipated low-minded young men"). Although he displayed scientific inclinations, the British educational system of the time typically failed to encourage them. His Shrewsbury headmaster, Dr. Samuel Butler, publicly rebuked him one day for wasting his time with chemical experiments, and at Cambridge students in general were exposed to little more than the rudiments of science, partly through study of how the hand of God was to be seen at work in nature. However, Darwin's cousin William D. Fox, who was a year ahead of him at Christ's, was a man of entomological interests. He drew Darwin into insect collecting and also introduced him to the popular Cambridge botanist and divine John Stevens Henslow, who ignited in Darwin a spark of scientific purpose.

By the spring of 1831, just after he had graduated, Darwin was reading Alexander von Humboldt's "Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent"—a multivolume scientific travelogue of a journey, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to Central America and the northern part of South America—and planning a scientific adventure to the Canary Islands. At Henslow's urging, Darwin took up the study of geology, learning the methods of field work on a brief tour of North Wales, in August, with Adam Sedgwick, one of England's leading geologists and the Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cam-

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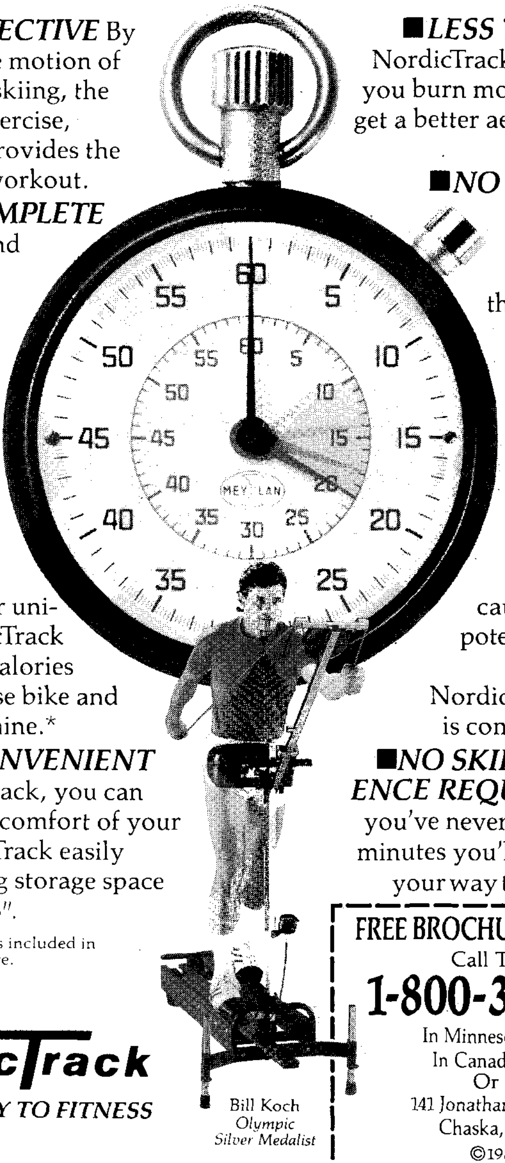

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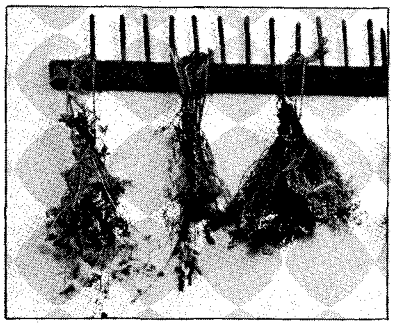

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bridge. It was Henslow who, that month, recommended Darwin as the unpaid naturalist who might accompany Captain Robert FitzRoy on the survey voyage of H.M.S. Beagle. In October, having been accepted by FitzRoy, Darwin wrote to the captain that the day of the ship's departure would be a glorious one: "My second life will then commence, and it shall be as a birthday for the rest of my life."

The Beagle was a ten-gun brig that FitzRoy had refitted at Devonport, in Plymouth, as a three-masted bark. To Darwin, it looked very small. Throughout the voyage, he suffered bouts of seasickness, which often brought on bouts of homesickness. Letters from Shropshire friends reminded him that the young women were marrying and county life was passing him by. As the voyage dragged on, Darwin's family—who wanted him "settled in your nice Parsonage," in the wishful phrase of his sister Catherine—suggested that he return from the Beagle. The voyage "goes on lengthening & lengthening every time we hear of it," Catherine wrote early in 1835. "We are quite in despair about it." Usually, however, the family's letters were affectionate and supportive. Darwin wrote to Catherine in July, 1834, "As for all of you, you are the best correspondents a brother, 3000 miles off, ever had." His father, a dour widower who communicated with his son almost entirely through the sisters' letters, paid Darwin's bills without serious complaint and also let it be known that he liked Darwin's journal—it was modelled on Humboldt's "Personal Narrative"—which, sent in installments, served as letters home (and later formed the basis of his popular book that came to be known as "The Voyage of the Beagle"). FitzRoy, a young man of volatile temper, was often difficult to live with, but he was a duke's grandson and he possessed a lively intellect. Darwin considered him an extraordinary man—one whom, as he wrote to his sister Caroline, he "could fancy being a Napoleon or a Nelson."

Besides, FitzRoy did not have to be always endured, since Darwin spent long periods—sometimes several months—ashore. He relished the natural exotica of the tropics and endured the hazards of several encounters with armed political rebellions. He joined the crew in towing the ship's boats upriver, in hunting to supplement the

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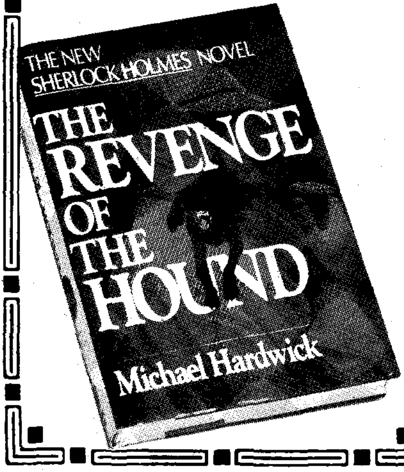

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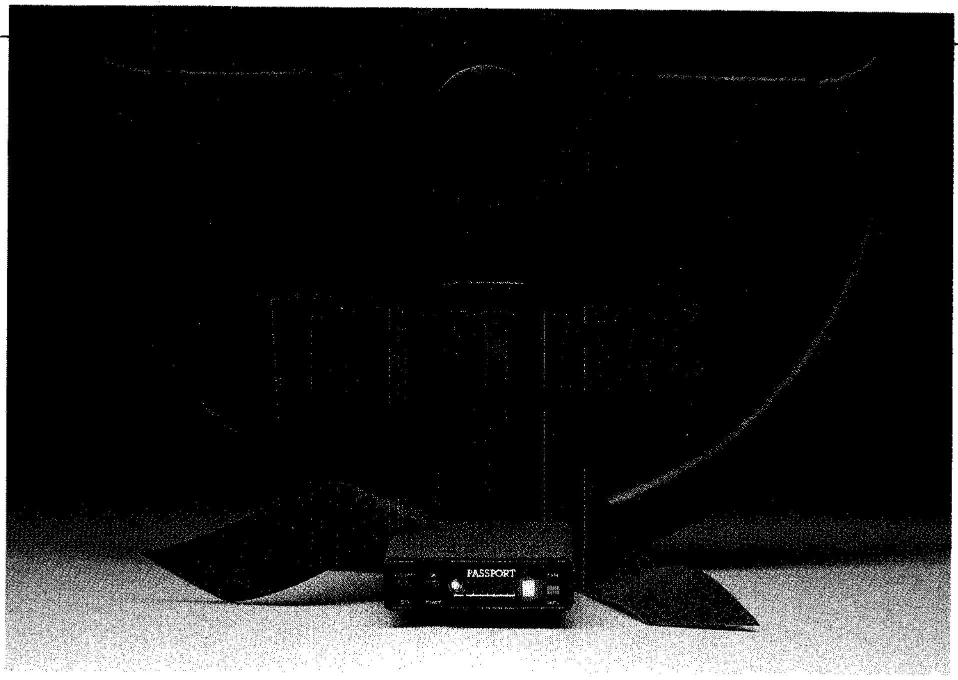

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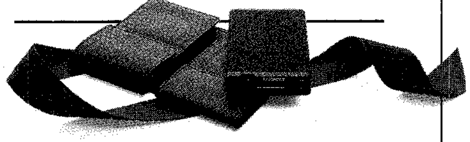

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food supply, and in standing watch in dangerous areas. He informed a fellow-Cantabrigian in August, 1832, "If you were to meet me at present I certainly should be looked at like a wild beast, a great grisly beard and flushing jacket would disfigure an angel." He was sustained throughout his journey by a zestful curiosity, a hunger for observation and experience which took him riding with gauchos in Argentina—he was impressed by their skillful use of the bola to snare ostriches—and tracking hundreds of miles into the interior, often with a small volume of Milton's poetry along. More than any immediate pleasure, what made him continue the journey was anticipation—"the glorious prospect of the future," he wrote to Catherine, "when passing the Straits of Magellan, we have in truth the world before us.—Think of the Andes; the luxuriant forest of the Guayquil; the islands of the South Sea & new South Wale. How many magnificent & characteristic views, how many & curious tribes of men we shall see.—what fine opportunities for geology & for studying the infinite host of living beings: is not this a prospect to keep up the most flagging spirit?"

The fine opportunities for geology bore upon the debate of the day over how the earth's crust had taken shape. Sedgwick believed that some changes in the face of the earth resulted from short-lived events of far-reaching violence which might, for example, raise up mountains. Darwin subscribed to that view, too, until, on the voyage—in response to a suggestion of Henslow's—he began to read the first volume of Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which had been published in 1830. There Lyell argued that the face of the earth had changed gradually through a continuing accumulation of local disturbances: volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, erosion, and deposition—processes uniform in the geologically distant past with those observable in the present.

Darwin was immediately convinced of the validity of Lyell's theory when, in January, 1832, the Beagle called for three weeks at the volcanic island of St. Jago—now São Tiago—in the Cape Verde Archipelago, about eighteen hundred miles southwest of Gibraltar. A band of white rock extended horizontally at a height of about forty-five feet for some miles along the face of the sea cliffs, and the band contained seashells like those found on the shore. Darwin reasoned that a stream

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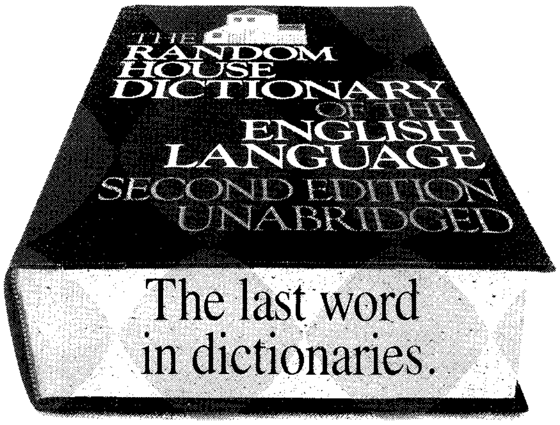
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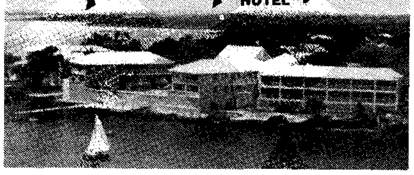

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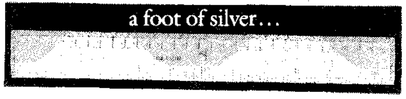

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of lava from the island's ancient volcanoes had once flowed over what was then seabed, baking it to form the hard white rock, and that the whole island had subsequently been heaved up to make the sea cliff from the white band downward. He also realized that the interior surface of the island had been formed not by a single overwhelming event but by a succession of lava spills from different craters over a long period. A few months after leaving the island, he wrote guardedly to Henslow that its geology yielded "some facts on a large scale of upraised coast . . . that would interest Mr. Lyell," adding, "Tell Prof. Sedgwick he does not know how much I am indebted to him for the Welch expedition.—it has given me an interest in geology, which I would not give up for any consideration."

By the following spring, Darwin had decided, as he told Catherine, that "doing what *little* one can to encrease the general stock of knowledge is as respectable an object of life, as one can in any likelihood pursue." However, through the early years of the voyage, Darwin's scientific self-conception did not match his awakening ambition. He wrote worriedly to Henslow about his "utter ignorance whether I note the right facts & whether they are of sufficient importance to interest others"—a doubt that still bothered him three years later—and about whether the geological specimens he was sending home might be too small. "No person has a right to accuse me, till he has tried carrying rocks under a Tropical sun," he told Henslow. In 1833, he still thought of himself as a collector in the field for the real scientists in England—"a sort of Jackall, a lions provider," as he noted to William Fox in a letter that May—and continued to fancy becoming a country clergyman and working with his cousin at natural history.

All the same, Darwin recognized that South America was rich in opportunities to transform the jackal into a lion. The continent abounded in plant, animal, and paleontological specimens that, for the most part, were unfamiliar to English naturalists. More important, little was known about the geology of South America's southern regions. Darwin, who received in Montevideo the second volume of Lyell's "Principles" shortly after it was published, in 1832, saw the continent as a vast testing ground for Lyell's ideas. "Every thing in America is on such a grand scale," he wrote to Fox

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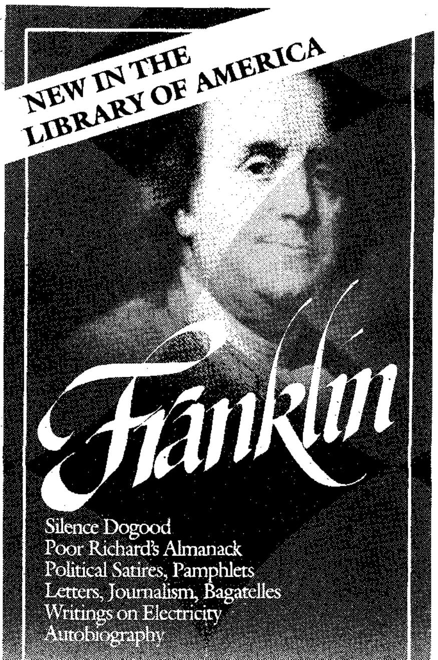

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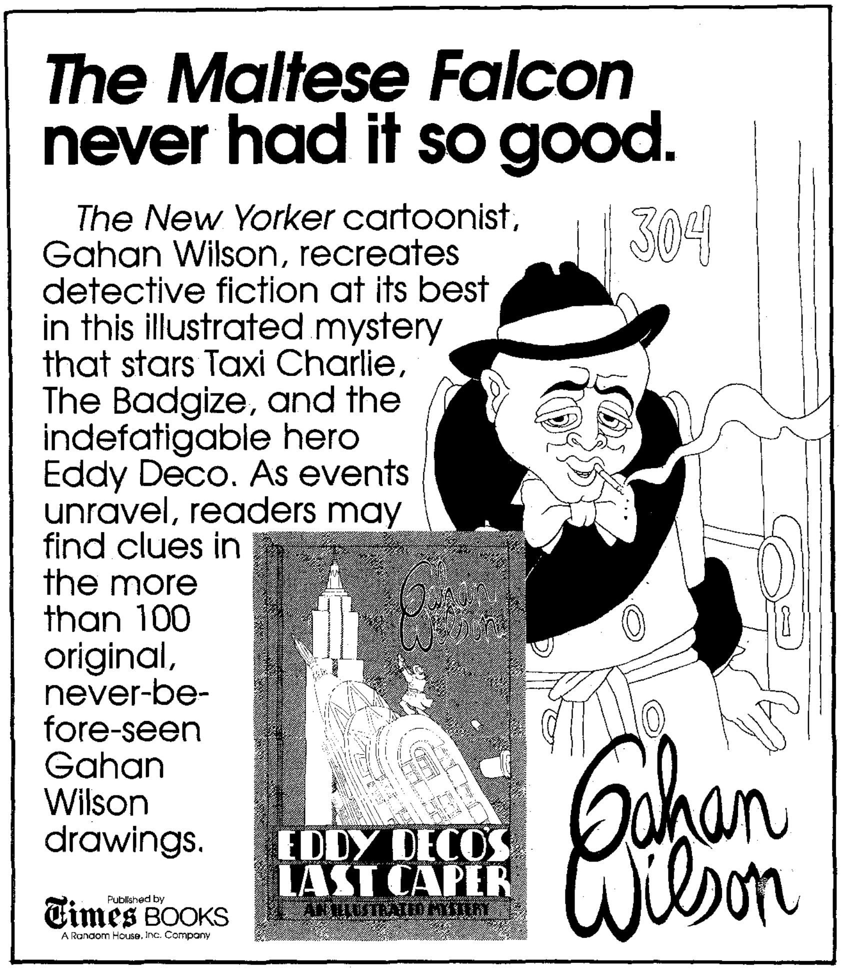
in October, 1833, after a trip galloping through the pampas. "The same formations extend for 5 or 600 miles without the slightest change—for such geology one requires 6 league boots." The more Darwin geologized in South America, the more his enthusiasm for studying the earth's history grew, eventually surpassing even the foremost passion of his Shrewsbury life. In April, 1834, he remarked to Catherine, "There is nothing like geology; the pleasure of the first days partridge shooting or first days hunting cannot be compared to finding a fine group of fossil bones, which tell their story of former times with almost a living tongue."

Inspired by the scale of the South American formations, Darwin fashioned Lyellian theories for features of continental magnitude. After traversing the Andes, in 1835, he wrote to his sister Susan that he could now understand "to a certain extent, the description & manner of the force, which has elevated this great line of mountains." He had observed that the upper mass of the mountains was composed of alternating and immense strata of compact crystalline rocks, which he was sure had originated as lava, and sedimentary beds containing the remnants of huge trees. He had also found fossil shells at an elevation of twelve thousand feet. He thus theorized that a chain of suboceanic volcanoes had poured forth enormous quantities of lava, eventually forming islands, which came to be tree-covered. The islands, subsequently subsiding into the ocean, had been layered over with strata of sediment and more volcanic lava, and—through a further process of upheaval and fracturing—had turned into the higher reaches of the Andes' main range.

Darwin set down his observations and his theorizing upon the geology of South America in several letters to Henslow, who was sufficiently impressed to have them excerpted, read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society and the Geological Society of London, and published. Darwin did not know until late in the voyage that he had, via Henslow, been making a successful scientific début, but he did hear from Henslow in 1833 that every specimen received from him had become an "object of great interest." Although the voyage of the Beagle had not removed Darwin from his scientific culture, it had taught him to think productively and independently within it.

During the last year of the journey,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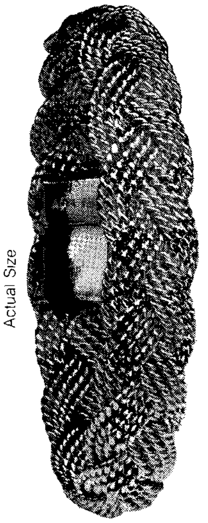

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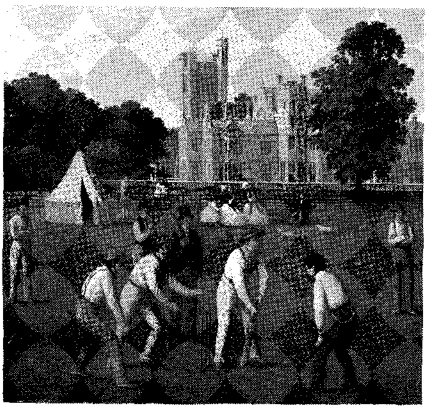

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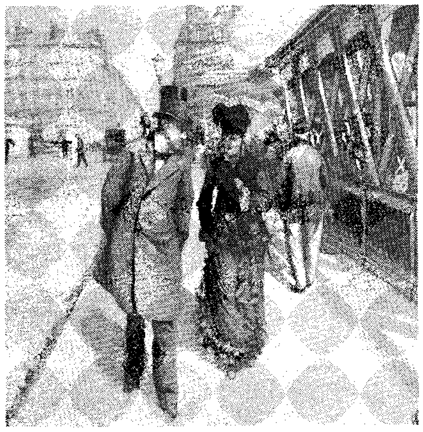

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Sedgwick wrote to Dr. Butler about their former student, "It was the best thing in the world for him that he went out on the Voyage of Discovery—There was some risk of his turning out an idle man: but his character will now be fixed, & if God spare his life, he will have a great name among the Naturalists of Europe."

IN March of 1837, Darwin settled in London—and into the life of London science. He was welcomed by the leaders of the Geological Society, to which he had been elected the preceding November. In July, he wrote to Fox that he had read some short papers to the society, adding, "They were favourably received by the great guns, & this gives me much confidence, & I hope not a very great deal of vanity; though I confess I feel too often like a peacock admiring his tail." The scientific accolades that counted most for Darwin came from Charles Lyell, who had written to Sedgwick in 1835 "How I long for the return of Darwin!" and who now became a good friend and a sounding board on geological questions.

Part of their correspondence is concerned with Darwin's theory of the formation of coral reefs and atolls. In Volume II of his "Principles" Lyell had attributed the formation of such reefs to volcanic action. In contrast, Darwin called in the more general scheme of gradual changes in the earth's crust which resulted from subsidence of very large areas, including those beneath the sea, corresponding to elevation elsewhere. In Darwin's theory, coral, which thrives only at shallow depths, would grow on the seabed out from an island shore, forming a fringing reef. Subsidence of the bed, with continued growth of the coral, would create a barrier reef. If the whole island slowly subsided, and sank beneath the ocean's surface, and if all the while the coral continued to grow, the barrier reef would turn into an atoll around a lagoon. Darwin's theory swiftly convinced Lyell, and it has stood the test of later scientific judgment.

Darwin eventually wrote a book on coral reefs, and during the London years he began work on several other treatises, including two more on geology, that dealt with the data and observations from the Beagle voyage. He also superintended the production of a five-part work, "The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle," each volume of which was written by a special-

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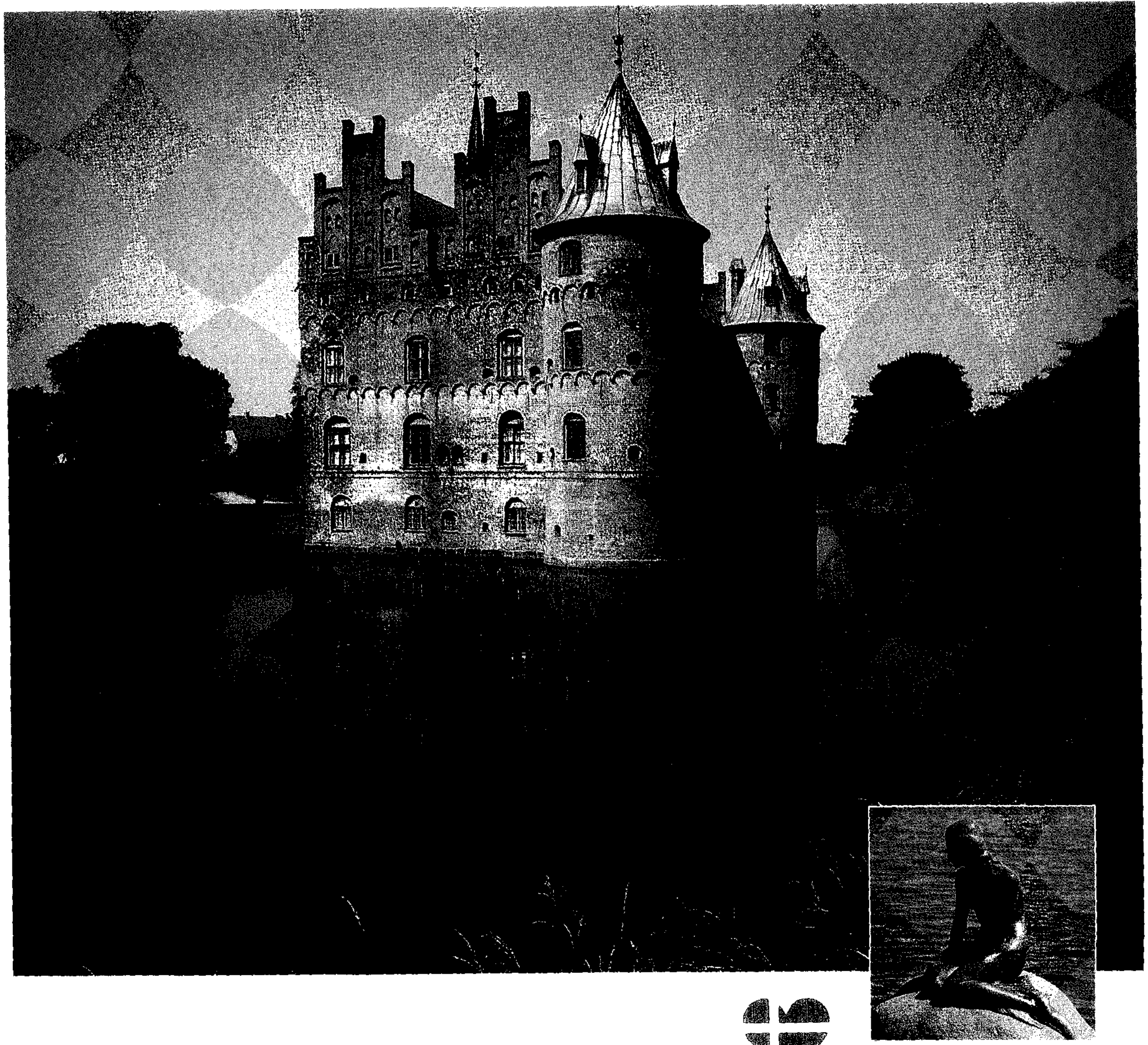

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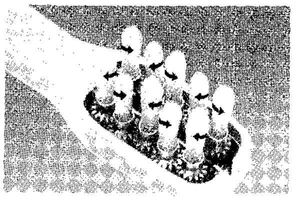

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ist—Gould, for example, analyzed the bird specimens—and was published with the aid of a thousand-pound government grant that Darwin had obtained for the entire project with Henslow's help. However, the book from this period that Darwin later seemed most pleased with was his first, "The Voyage of the Beagle." In this book he developed the style of lucid exposition laced with sharp description which characterizes his works. He took pleasure in the idea of becoming an author—"If anyone had told me I should have been an angel by this time, I should have thought it an equal improbability," he wrote to Henslow in November, 1837, adding, "I sat the other evening gazing in silent admiration at the first page of my own volume, when I received it from the printers!" The book was originally published, in 1839, with FitzRoy's own report of the journey—which included a chapter on the Deluge that, in Lyell's opinion, Darwin reported to Caroline, "beats all the other nonsense he has ever read on the subject"—and then, almost immediately, as a separate volume under the title "Journal of Researches Into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries Visited by H.M.S. Beagle." When the "Journal of Researches" appeared, Darwin sent a copy to Alexander von Humboldt, who responded with a lengthy complimentary letter.

Darwin's scientific stature rose with his accomplishments. In 1837, he was elected to the governing council of the Geological Society (and he was soon prevailed upon to serve as one of its secretaries); in 1838, to the Athenaeum (in the same group as Charles Dickens), the exclusive club for men distinguished in literature, art, or science; and in 1839 to the Royal Society. Through his older brother, Erasmus, a bachelor-about-town, he met Thomas and Jane Carlyle and the feminist Harriet Martineau. (Martineau struck him as demanding and formidable, but, as he wrote to his sister Susan, following one of Erasmus' brilliant dinner parties, he had discovered there to his relief that "she is not a complete Amazonian, & knows the feeling of exhaustion from thinking too much.") Yet the gay London life meant little to Darwin. Through all the adventures, sights, and experiences of the Beagle years, he told Emma, "the whole of my pleasure was derived, from what passed in my mind." Upon their marriage, in January, 1839, the Darwins moved into a

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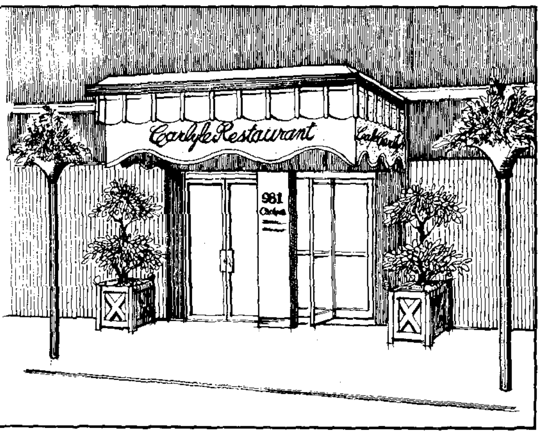

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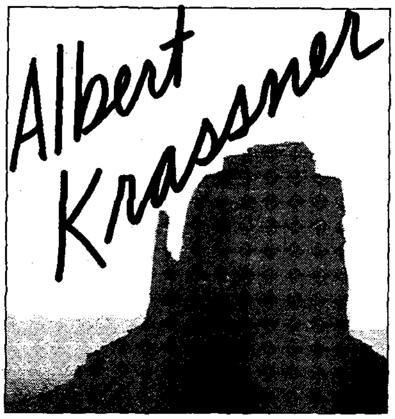

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house on Gower Street, and settled into a regular and secluded domesticity. "We have given up all parties," Darwin wrote to Fox that October, "for they agree with neither of us."

All the while, Darwin had kept working on the species question. He opened his first notebook on transmutation in July of 1837 and proceeded to collect facts bearing on the subject—some through letters, more in discussion with breeders, gardeners, naturalists, and zookeepers, and still more through extensive reading. In his autobiography he recalled that he "worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory." However, his absorption in geological questions, especially those of continental magnitude, had tempered his early delight in collecting with a propensity for theorizing about the facts he gathered and searching for wide-ranging, even universal, laws. According to recent close studies of his notebooks by David Kohn, he theorized on the species question from the outset, ruminating at first upon how variations might be transmuted into new species by, for example, adaptation and geographical isolation.

Then, in October, 1838, he read Thomas Malthus' "Essay on the Principle of Population," which stressed the theory that population growth was always checked by limitations in the food supply. In his autobiography Darwin recalled that, given the struggle for existence everywhere among plants and animals, "favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here, then, I had at last got a theory"—the principle of natural selection—"by which to work." After he hit upon the principle, Darwin stepped up his queries to plant and animal breeders, reckoning that their experience with artificial selection might illuminate how natural selection worked in the wild. He was confident enough of his theory in 1842 to pencil out a rough sketch of it (and, in 1844, to compose a polished, coherent exposition two hundred and thirty pages long).

In the years after Darwin opened his first notebook on transmutation, he was often ill. The letters tell of palpitations, stomach distress—during the first six months of 1840 he suffered from persistent vomiting—fatigue, and debilitation. They report that he was unable to work for weeks or months at a time. In July of 1841, Darwin wrote

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to Lyell, "It has been a bitter mortification for me, to digest the conclusion, that the 'race is for the strong'—& that I shall probably do little more, but must be content to admire the strides others make in Science— So it must be, but I shall just crawl on with my S. American work & be as easy as I can." Darwin increasingly found the country easier than the city, and his illness helped bring about the move, a year later, to Down, a quiet village about sixteen miles from St. Paul's Cathedral.

Ralph Colp, Jr., a psychiatrist and close student of Darwin's life, has argued convincingly that his maladies were mainly psychogenic—manifestations of anxiety arising from his struggle with the species question. Darwin knew that his views would challenge scientific authority, including the important authority of Lyell, who did not accept the transmutation of species. He recognized that they would offend theological doctrine, not to mention comfortable notions about the harmony of nature. ("It is difficult to believe in the dreadful but quiet war of organic beings, going on [in] the peaceful woods, & smiling fields," he confided to a notebook.) He feared making a scientific fool of himself and inviting a kind of persecution reminiscent of that visited upon early advocates of the heliocentric theory of the solar system.

Not surprisingly, Darwin shied from making his theory known before he could marshal sufficient evidence and argument to advance it with convincing force. From time to time, he did mention to friends that he was collecting facts bearing on "the question of species," as he put it vaguely to Lyell in a letter of September, 1838, or "on the origin & variation of species," as he wrote to Henslow in November of 1839. But throughout this most creative period of his life he kept his revolutionary ideas largely to himself, persisting against illness and in solitude on his adventurous scientific journey—as he had learned to do while with the Beagle.

In 1844, Darwin began to discuss his theory with the young botanist Joseph D. Hooker, at times in letters that will, of course, appear in succeeding volumes of the "Correspondence." The letters in the first two volumes, although virtually silent on his brewing of the theory, nevertheless provide a vital restorative to the familiar Darwin hoary with achievement and honors—the Darwin found in John Col-

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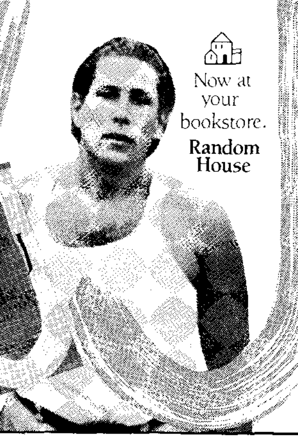

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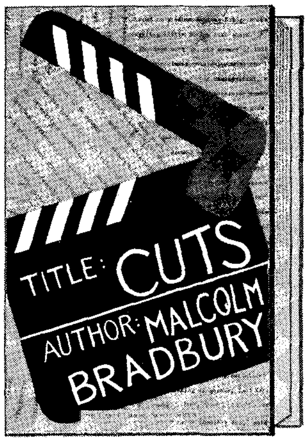

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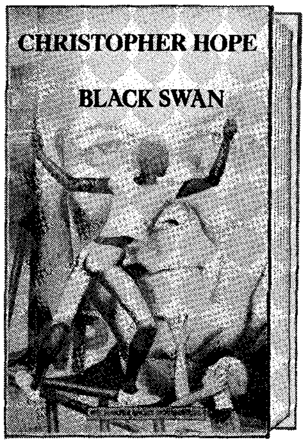
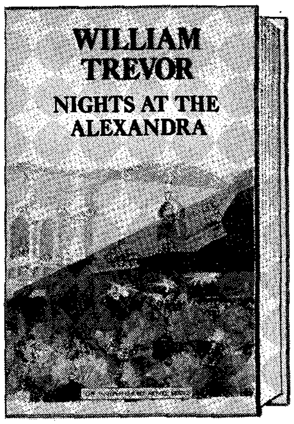


The darkly lyrical tale of two innocents in Africa—a black youth who dreams of dancing in "Swan Lake" and his naive German teacher. "A remarkable parable of a cruel state."
—*New York Times Book Review*



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Some of the contents of William Trevor's book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

lier's painting, in the National Portrait Gallery, in London, of a bearded old man of learning, dressed in a black Victorian suit and greatcoat. Darwin, direct and engaging in his epistolary style, wrote to family, friends, and colleagues on most subjects with little guardedness or guile. These letters, so informatively framed by the editors, give development and dimension to the young man and scientist, revealing—with an immediacy that is often touching—his self-doubt and anxieties, his tenacity and courage, his abundant affection, unpretentiousness, and intelligence. They also express his boundless interest in the details of nature and his passion to comprehend them in their prodigious variety.

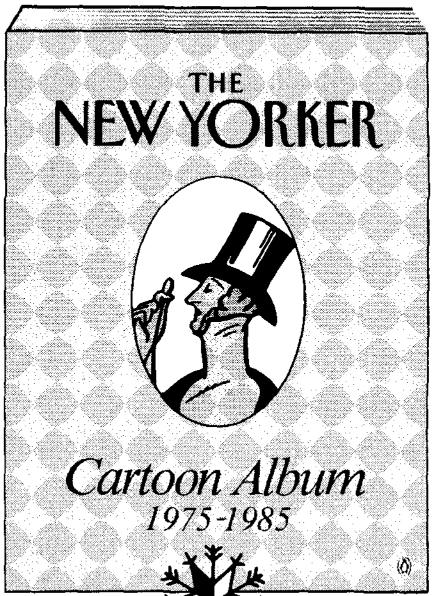
—Daniel J. Kevles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Imagining Argentina, by Lawrence Thornton (Doubleday; $16.95). A harrowing, brilliant novel about a visionary, named Carlos, whose Buenos Aires garden is where the mothers of *los desaparecidos* can be found when they are not parading in the Plaza de Mayo. Carlos's own wife is among the missing he envisions, bundled off in one of the infamous green Ford Falcons of the military to some torture chamber or other; and then his daughter joins her. At one point, Carlos likens himself to a lighthouse and his wife to a sailboat, and sees that his suicide would mean her murder. Lawrence Thornton, who has never been to Argentina, and whose first novel this is, neglects neither his characters nor his plot as he raises profound questions about the efficacy of faith and the psychology of fear. "*Debe ser por algo*" ("It must be for something") is whispered near the beginning, after yet another savage police raid and abduction. "*Nunca más!*" ("Never again!") is shouted near the end, as generals deny the existence of *los desaparecidos*.

Rich in Love, by Josephine Humphreys (Viking; $16.95). A novel set in the New South about a teen-age girl coping with her parents' separation could hardly promise to chart new territory, but here the good humor and the narrator herself are enough to overcome any similarities to other recent fiction, including the author's own. When Lucille Odom's mother deserts her family, leaving only a baffling note,



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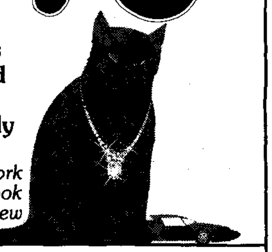

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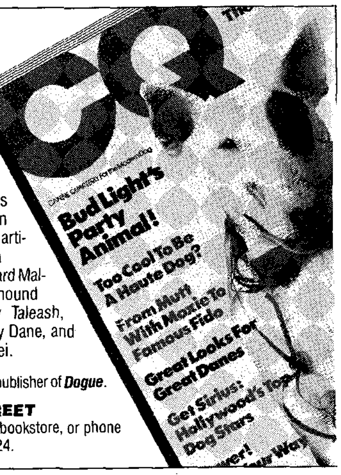
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it is Lucille who assumes responsibility for the others. She summons her beautiful sister from Washington, and drives her father through the suburbs of Charleston in search of her mother. Lucille is stubborn and bright; she seems so well grounded compared with the rest of the family that we're easily caught up in her amusing and pointed perceptions until her own trials with love reveal the limits of her view. Although the author is concerned with the present-day afflictions of teen-agers and families, she is, fortunately, sparing with pop-culture references; we get a full picture of a Southern metropolis overtaking tiny nearby towns without having to know where every K mart is.

CROSSING TO SAFETY, by Wallace Stegner (Random House; $18.95). Near the beginning of this generous novel about four old friends, the narrator, a graying novelist, recalls that in high school he preferred Cicero's "On Friendship" to his "On Old Age," and confesses that he still does. Near the end, the four discuss the fact that everyone prefers Dante's "Inferno" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" to the "Paradiso" and "Paradise Regained." In the intervening pages, spanning four decades, three college towns, two continents, and one idyllic Vermont retreat, the four learn that friendship can be a sort of movable paradise and that old age need not be hell. The narrator drifts now and then into trite rhapsodies unworthy of Wallace Stegner. But Mr. Stegner redeems himself by making one of the four a prideful perfectionist who causes plenty of entertaining, if instructive, trouble.

COBWEBWALKING, by Sara Banerji (Adler & Adler; $15.95). Morgan, the seventeen-year-old narrator of this whimsical, sinister novel, is a dwarf, but her doting father pretended that she was a fairy, educating her at home and generally keeping reality at bay. Then a series of unwelcome intrusions—such as the arrival of a stepmother and her own adolescence—began to poison everything. The story opens shortly after a bomb has gone off near Morgan's house, outside London, and she seems suspiciously reluctant to explain what has become of her family. Instead, she lovingly evokes memories of her childhood—when she could fly through the fields on her dog's back and hear the sweep

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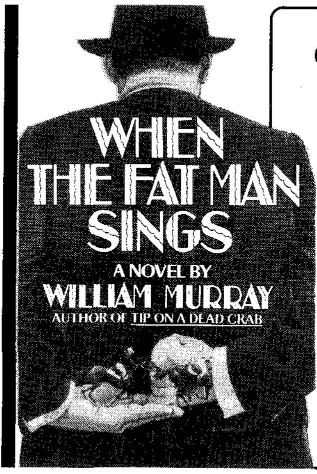

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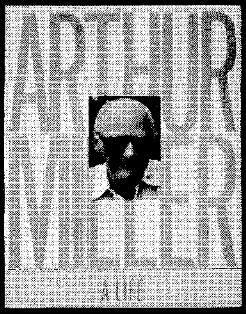

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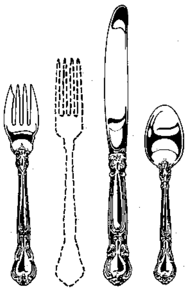

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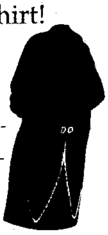

of a swan's wing high overhead—and it becomes increasingly clear that she has taken drastic measures to recapture her magical past. This curious tale is reminiscent of Frances Hodgson Burnett one minute and Ruth Rendell the next, but Morgan's twisted yet strangely beautiful vision of life is consistently compelling.

NOTE: "Nights at the Alexandra," a novella by William Trevor, has been published by Harper & Row ($10.95). Part of it appeared as a short story in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

VICTOR GOLLANCZ: A BIOGRAPHY, by Ruth Dudley Edwards (David & Charles; $45). This book, which runs to nearly eight hundred pages, covers the career of a remarkable Englishman. Victor Gollancz (1893-1967) was a writer, a publisher, a pamphleteer, a proselytizer for Christian socialism and pacifism, a scourge of monopoly capitalism and the death penalty, and the founder of the influential Left Book Club. Ms. Edwards goes over his middle-class Jewish boyhood in London, when he was smitten by the Sermon on the Mount; his time at Oxford, where he all but deserted Judaism; his years as a public schoolmaster; and his founding, in 1928, of Victor Gollancz, Ltd.—a publishing house whose long and golden list included seminal and controversial works on politics and social reform, and the fiction of such writers as George Orwell, Nadine Gordimer, Kingsley Amis, John Cheever, John le Carré, Daphne du Maurier, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and Peter De Vries. Gollancz's radicalism earned him many enemies, and even his many admirers found him vain, arrogant, and intolerant of criticism. "A pixie rogue elephant," a rival publisher called him, but added, "He was the most ebullient and stimulating character in literary London." Those qualities are much in evidence in Ms. Edwards' first-class book, and do much to justify its bulk (and, maybe, its price). Photographs.

AND WE ARE NOT SAVED: THE ELUSIVE QUEST FOR RACIAL JUSTICE, by Derrick Bell (Basic Books; $19.95). The author, a Harvard law professor who is black, has imagined a black woman civil-rights lawyer with a celestial commission to discover the way to racial

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justice, who summons the author for an exchange of arguments, fantasies, and parables that describe the multiform bafflements blacks confront. For example, the fact that when blacks do well—and particularly if they succeed at intellectual endeavors—they make whites uneasy. Or that, so far, school desegregation has benefitted everybody in American education except black students and faculty. The author's catalogue of aspiration and humiliation is as moving as his invention is delightful, and his surprising conclusion is noble and edifying.

THE BIG STORE: INSIDE THE CRISIS AND REVOLUTION AT SEARS, by Donald R. Katz (Viking; $22.95). How big is Sears, Roebuck? Well, according to this excellent book's hero, Edward Telling, who ran the company from 1978 to 1986, "one in thirty living Americans has worked for Sears." Telling's achievements resemble those of Louis XIV: he broke the power of the nobles—the regional bosses of the decentralized chain—and he added new territory, by diversifying into real estate and financial services. In the Sears story, personality proves more important than theory: none of the hypotheses adduced to explain the failures that began to afflict the giant merchant in the nineteen-seventies seem conclusive, and under Edward Brennan (whom Telling eventually chose as his successor) Sears' retailing attained what had been deemed impossible highs. Some of Brennan's and the firm's success was the result of applying technology. Most of it came from picking, motivating, and supporting the right people. Nothing happened fast or easily, and the book is the more fascinating because of its candor about mistakes, false starts, losers, and also-rans.

THE KINGDOM IN THE COUNTRY, by James Conaway (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). The federal government owns some three hundred million acres between the Rockies and the Pacific, administered by the Bureau of Land Management, in the Department of the Interior, or by the Forest Service, in the Department of Agriculture. The author, a former Washington newspaperman, decided to go out and take a look at his (and our) property, and he roamed through spectacular scenery, and encountered cowboys and Indians, stockmen, and a gunfighter who

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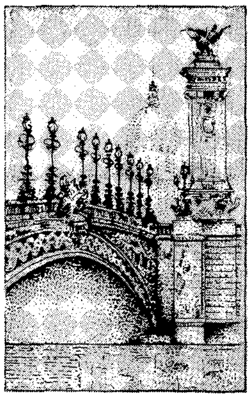

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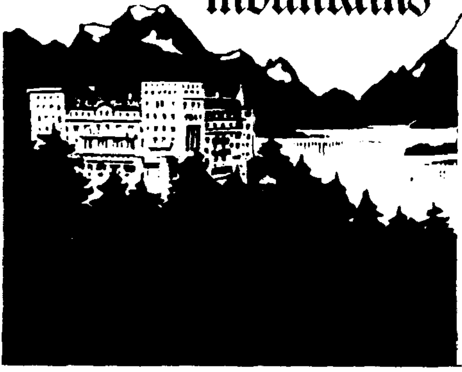

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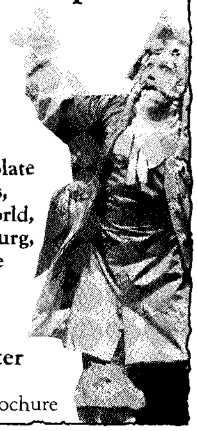

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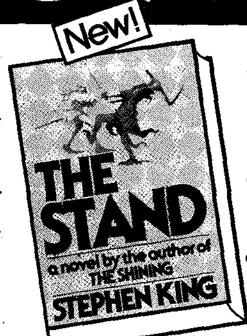

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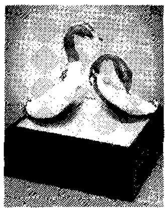
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chases rustlers; gold miners, marijuana growers, archeological thieves, resort developers, and naturalists. The people are really the stars of the book—they are lively, articulate, and often opinionated, and their comments, elicited by a good writer who has done his homework, explain our public-land policies and the controversies about them.

NOTE: "Sight Lines," a book of Arlene Croce's pieces on dance, has been published by Knopf ($19.95). Nearly all the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Curious World: A New Yorker at Large," a collection of pieces by Philip Hamburger, has been published by North Point ($19.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages. . . . "The Golden Age of Trash," a collection of drawings by Lee Lorenz, has been published by Chronicle Books ($8.95, paper). All the drawings first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

OUT ON THE RIM, by Ross Thomas (Mysterious Press; $17.95). Mr. Thomas's new, high-polish excitement could hardly be more topical; it is set in the Philippines and has to do with a plan to unseat the embattled Aquino government. There is an American in his vigorous sixties named Booth Stallings, an expert on terrorism who fought against the Japanese in the Philippines with a young local guerrilla named Espirutu. There is a mature Espirutu. There is an all-purpose American con man called Otherguy Overby and an Australian menace called Boy Howdy. There is a cashiered American Secret Service operative, a beautiful and dangerous woman called Georgia Blue. There is a brainy Chinese graduate of Princeton named Artie Wu and his partner-bodyguard, Quincy Durant, who are a kind of contemporary version of Mr. Jones and Ricardo in Conrad's "Victory." Mr. Thomas has never been more devious and duplicitous.

•

Bernard Shapiro, president of the North Adams Regional Hospital since November 1981, will be leaving at year's end to become chief executive at Memorial Hospital in Albany, N.Y. Marianne Congello, NARH board chairman, said a nationwide search for Shapiro will be launched.—*Williamstown (Mass.) Advocate.*

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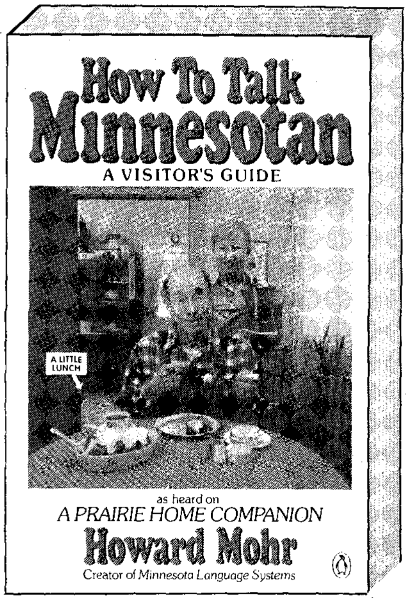
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